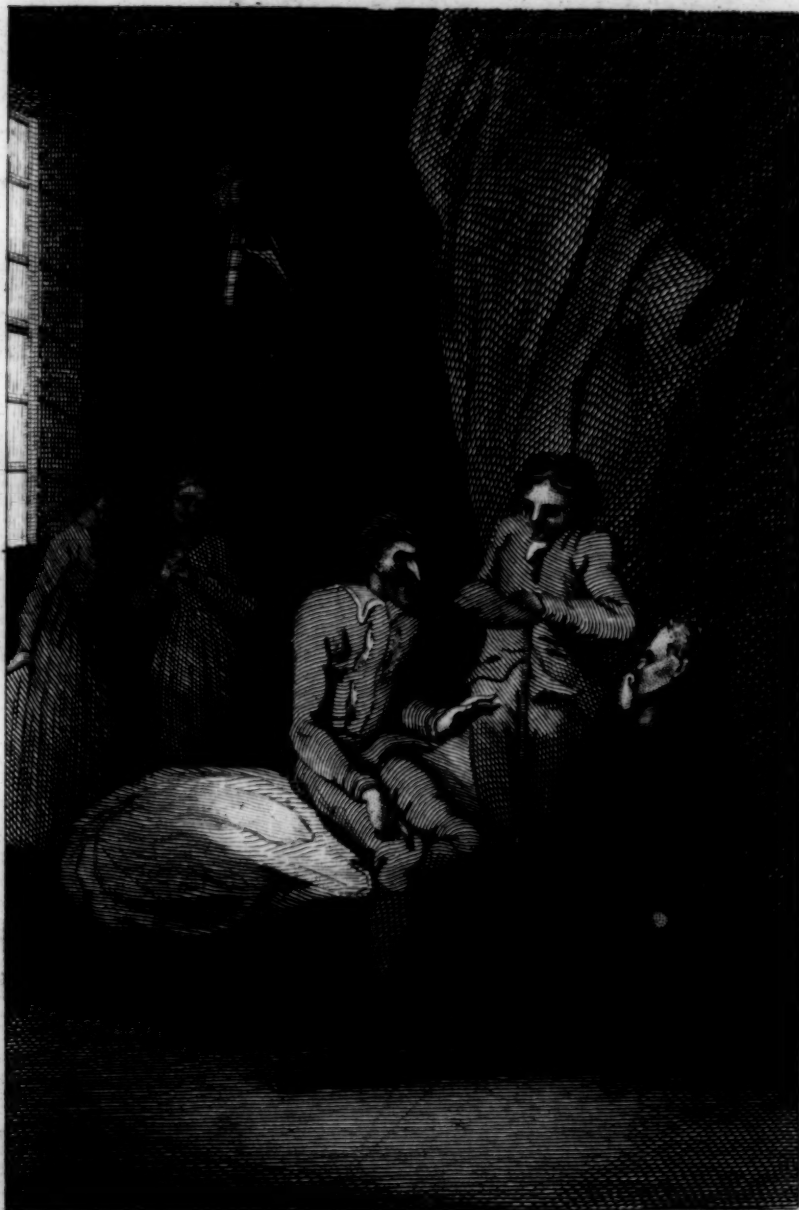


FRONTISPIECE.

Vol. III.



*The Curate and Barber conversing  
with Don Quixote to discover whither  
or not he was cured of his madness.*

*Published as the Act directs 1 Sept. 1799.*



THE  
H I S T O R Y  
AND  
A D V E N T U R E S  
OF THE RENOWNED  
DON QUIXOTE.

Translated from the SPANISH of  
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

To which is prefixed,  
Some Account of the AUTHOR's Life,  
By T. SMOLLETT, M.D.

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Illustrated with Twelve new COPPER-PLATES,  
elegantly engraved.

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THE SIXTH EDITION, IN FOUR VOLUMES.  
VOL. III.

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L O N D O N :

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MDCCXCII.



# P R E F A C E.

**H**EAVENS! with what eagerness must thou be waiting for this prologue, courteous reader, whosoever thou art, gentle or simple, in hope of finding it replete with resentment, reproaches, and revenge, against the author of the second Don Quixote: him, I mean, who, it is reported, was engendered at Tordefillas, and brought forth in Tarragona. But, truly, I have no intention to give thee that satisfaction: for, although injuries may awaken indignation in vulgar breasts; mine, I hope, will always be an exception to that rule. Thou wouldst be glad, perhaps, to find me bestowing upon him the epithets of ass, blockhead, and insolent coxcomb; but such low revenge never once entered my imagination; his own conscience will sufficiently chastise him: let him therefore chew the cud of remorse, and digest it if he can. I own, I cannot help feeling the unjust reproach, when he taxes me with lameness, and old age, as if it had been in my power to retard the lapse of time; or that I had been maimed in some tavern-brawl, and not on the most glorious occasion that ever the past or present age beheld, or posterity can ever hope to see. If my wounds do not brighten in

the eyes of every spectator, they are, at least, esteemed by those who know where they were acquired \* ; and who think, that a soldier, who falls in battle, makes a much more noble appearance than he who saves himself by flight. This opinion is so rooted within my own breast, that, were such an impossibility proposed and effected, I would rather be lame, as I am, with the share I had in that stupendous action, than sound of body, without the honour of having been there. The wounds that appear in a soldier's countenance and bosom, are so many stars to guide the rest of mankind to the haven of honour, and the desire of honest praise; and it ought to be observed, that an author does not write with his grey hairs, but according to the dictates of his understanding, which is usually improved by years and inexperience. I perceive also, that he calls me envious; and, as if I were utterly ignorant, is at the pains to describe the nature of envy; though, I protest, of the two kinds, I only harbour that which is pure, virtuous, and noble. This being the case, as it undoubtedly is, I have not the least inclination to inveigh against any priest, especially one who bears the office of familiar to the holy inquisition; and, if what he says be advanced in behalf of him whose cause he seems to espouse, he is altogether mistaken, in my opinion, of that person, whose genius I adore: I admire his works, together with his continual occupation in the practice of virtue; but I am actually obliged to this honourable author, for saying that my novels † are more satirical than exemplary, though he owns they are good of their kind; for, without being exemplary, they cannot possibly be good.

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\* The battle of Lepanto.

† Novellas Exemplares,



I suppose, gentle reader, thou art, by this time, of opinion, that I walk with great circumspection, and scrupulously confine myself within the bounds of modesty, conscious that it is inhuman to heap affliction on the afflicted; and that this gentleman's must needs be very great, since he dares not appear in the open field, and in the face of heaven, but conceals his name, and dissembles his country, as if he had been guilty of high treason: tell him, therefore, in my name, if ever thou shouldst chance to find him out, that I do not at all think myself injured by what he has done; for, well do I know, what temptations the devil spreads before us; and that one of his most effectual snares, is to make a man believe, that he has capacity to write a book, by which he shall obtain an equal share of money and reputation. In confirmation of what I say, I will beg the favour of you to tell him a short story:

There was in Seville, a certain madman, seized with the most diverting whim that ever entered the brain of a lunatic. He used to walk with a hollow cane, pointed at one end; and whenever he met with a dog in the street, or in any other place, he clapped his foot on one of the creature's hind legs, pulled up the other with his hand, and applying, as well as he could, the pipe to his posteriors, instantly blew him up as round as a ball; this operation being performed, he clapt him twice on the belly, and dismissed the patient, saying, very gravely to the mob, that never failed to gather round him, "Gentlemen, I suppose now you think it is an easy matter to blow up a dog." In like manner, I say, "I suppose your worship thinks it an easy matter to write a book." If this

a 2

story

story should not be to his liking, be so good, friendly reader, as to tell this other, which also relates to a dog and a madman :

There was another ideot in Cordova, who had a trick of carrying upon his head a piece of marble, or heavy stone; and, as often as he perceived any dog off his guard, he would approach him sily, and let it fall plump upon his head. This was no joke to the poor dog, who used to run barking and howling the length of three whole streets, before he ventured to look behind. But, among others, he one day happened to discharge his burthen on a cap-maker's favourite dog; down went the stone upon his head, and the injured beast set up the howl; the master seeing what passed, was filled with indignation, snatched up his measure, and fallying out upon the lunatic, did not leave a whole bone in his skin, saying, at every blow he bestowed, "Dog! rascal! use my spaniel in this manner! did you not see, barbarous villain, that my dog was a spaniel!" Thus repeating the word Spaniel a great many times, he beat the aggressor into jelly.

The madman being documented, sneaked off, and kept his chamber a whole month; at the end of which, he returned to his former pastime, with a greater stone than ever, and coming up to a dog that lay asleep, considered him with great attention; but was afraid of discharging the stone, saying, "Ware spaniel!" In short, all the dogs he afterwards met with, whether curs or mastiffs, were in his opinion, spaniels; so that he never ventured to repeat his experiment.——Now this may be the fate of our historian, who will not choose to open the flood-gates of his wit again, in composing books, which, if bad, are harder than stone.

Tell



Tell him likewise, that I value not his threats a farthing, when he says, that his performance will deprive me of bread; but answer him with a quotation from the famous interlude of the Perendenga; "To four-and-twenty live, my lord, and Christ be with us all." Long live the great count de Lemos, whose well-known christian generosity supports me against all the strokes of adverse fortune; and long life to the transcendent charity of the most illustrious archbishop of Toledo, Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas; if there was not one printing-press in the whole world, or if more books were published against me than there are letters in the couplets of Mingo Rebulgo; these two princes, unsolicited by any adulation or other kind of praise on my part, but purely out of their own benevolence, have been pleased to honour me with their countenance and favour, in which I think myself infinitely more happy and rich than if I had been conducted to the highest pinnacle of fortune in the ordinary way. Honour may be enjoyed by a poor, but never by a vicious man: nobility may be clouded by indigence, but never altogether obscured; for virtue shining by its own internal light, even through the inconveniencies and crannies of poverty, will recommend itself to the esteem of high and princely minds, and of consequence obtain their favour and protection. Thou needst say no more to him; nor will I give thee any farther trouble, except to observe, that thou art to consider this second part of Don Quixote, as a work of the same artificer, and composed of the same materials with the first, in which I present the knight at full length; and, in short, exhibit him dead and buried; that no man, for the future, may presume to raise fresh evidence against him; those already examined being sufficient for the purpose.

purpose. The more so, as a man of honour has already given an account of his ingenious follies, without any intention to resume the subject: for there may be too much even of a good thing; and the scarcity of those things which are in themselves indifferent, often brings them into some degree of estimation. I had almost forgot to tell thee, that thou mayst expect the *Perfiles*, which I am now finishing, together with the second part of *Galatea*.

16 MA 64

A P P R O-

## A P P R O B A T I O N.

**B**Y order of signor doctor Gutierrez de Cetina, vicar-general of the city of Madrid, where his majesty keeps his court, I have perused the second part of the sage Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra; in which I can find nothing unworthy of a zealous christian, or deviating from that respect which is justly due to good example and moral virtue. On the contrary, the performance contains much erudition and profitable amusement; not only in the well-supported sequel of his design, to extirpate those vain and lying books of chivalry, which had already too far spread their infection, but also in the purity of his Castilian language, unadulterated with insipid affectation, which every man of sense abhors; and in his manner of correcting the vicious, who generally feel the point of his satire. Yet he so wisely observes the laws of christian rebuke, that the patient labouring under the infirmity which he intends to cure, may, in such sweet and palatable medicine, even without his own knowledge, or the least hindrance and lothing, swallow down an effectual detestation for vice; so that he will find himself at once delighted and reformed, in consequence of an art which is known to few. There are many authors, who not knowing how to blend and mix instruction with delight, have seen all their tedious labours miscarry; because, not being able to imitate Diogenes as a learned philosopher, they have presumed licentiously, not to say obscurely, to mimic him as a cynic, giving ear to slander, and inventing things that never happened; by which means

means they enlarge the vicious capacity of those whom their harsh reproofs stigmatize, and, perhaps, strike out new paths of lewdness hitherto unknown: so that instead of reformers they become teachers and abettors of vice. In this manner they grow hateful to men of sense, and lose all their credit, if they had any, with the people who refuse to encourage their writings: while the vicious are rather hardened than amended by their rash and imprudent corruption; for the knife and caustic are not proper for all kinds of tumors, some of which are more successfully treated by soft and gentle remedies, by the application of which the experienced and learned physician often attains his end of discussing them; a period much more eligible than that which is obtained by the barbarity of steel.

The writings of Miguel de Cervantes have met with a very different reception, not only from our nation, but likewise from strangers; who, as if he was something miraculous, are inflamed with the desire of seeing the author of those books which have met with such general applause, on account of the decency and decorum, as well as the agreeable sweetness of his style, in Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and Flanders. This I can with great truth affirm, that on the twentieth and fifth day of February, in this year of God one thousand six hundred and fifteen, I attended my master, his grace Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, cardinal archbishop of Toledo, when he returned the visit of the French ambassador, who came to treat about a double match between the princes and princesses of France and Spain; and several gentlemen of that country, belonging to the embassy, who were equally sensible and well-bred, as well as lovers of the Belles Lettres, in their conversation with me and the other chaplains of the cardinal, desired to know what books of

10

genius



genius were in highest esteem among us : I chanced to mention this performance, which was then under my examination ; but no sooner did they hear the name of Miguel de Cervantes, than they began to expatiate upon the high esteem in which France and the neighbouring kingdoms held his productions ; namely, the *Galatea*, which one of them could almost repeat, with the *Novels*, and the first part of *Don Quixote*. Such were the commendations they bestowed upon them, that I offered to introduce them to the author, whom they honoured with a thousand demonstrations of regard. They were curious to know his age, profession, quality, and fortune ; and when I found myself obliged to tell them he was a foldier and a gentleman, oppressed with poverty and old age, one of them replied in these very words, “ What ! does not Spain load such a man with riches, and maintain him out of the public treasury ? ” — Another of those gentlemen, hearing this observation, interposed, saying, with great vivacity, “ If necessity compels him to write, God grant that he may never enjoy affluence ; but, in being poor, enrich the world with his works.”

I believe this will be thought rather too much for a certificate ; and some will say, that I have even encroached upon the bounds of flattery : but the truth of my allegation disproves that suspicion, and acquits me of the charge ; besides, in this age, adulation is bestowed upon none but those who are in a capacity of greasing the fist of the flatterer ; who, though he praises in fulsome fiction, expects to be rewarded in substantial truth.

Madrid, Feb. 27,  
1615.

The Licentiate Marques Torres.

The

## The Ordinary L I C E N C E.

**B**Y order and command of the lords of council, I have caused to be examined, the book specified in this petition; which book contains nothing to the prejudice of religion or morals; but, on the contrary, is fraught with much lawful amusement, blended with moral philosophy: wherefore, it may be allowed to be printed.

Madrid, Nov. 5,  
1615,

Doctor Gutierrez de Cetina.

## A P P R O B A T I O N.

**B**Y order and command of the lords of council, I have perused the second part of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Miguel de Cervantes: a book that contains nothing to the prejudice of our holy catholic faith, or sound morals; on the contrary, much honest recreation, and agreeable amusement, such as the ancients judged not only allowable, but convenient for the commonwealth: even the severe Lacedæmonians erected a statue to the goddess of laughter; and the Theſſalians instituted festivals to the same power, according to Pausanias, quoted by Vossius, lib. ii. De Signis Eccles. cap. 10. for exhilarating the melancholy, and raising the dejected spirits; as observed by Tully, in his first book, De Legibus; and by the poet, who says, 'Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis:' which maxim hath been the guide of this author, who has mingled fiction with truth, delight with instruction, and morals with pleasantry; disguising the book of reproof with the bait of sprightly entertainment, and fulfilling the  
sequel

fequel of his well-executed scheme, to depreciate and expel the books of chivalry, from the mischievous contagion of which he hath purged these kingdoms, with admirable diligence and dexterity. In fhort, it is a work worthy of that great genius which is the honour and ornament of our nation, and the envy and admiration of strangers. This is my opinion, with fubmiffion, &c.

Madrid, March 17,  
1615.

J

Joseph de Valdivielso.

16 MA 64



THE  
ATC H I E V E M E N T S  
Of the SAGE and VALIANT  
DON QUIXOTE  
DE LA MANCHA.

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PART II. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Of the behaviour of the curate and barber, with regard to Don Quixote's infirmity.

CID Hamet Benengeli, in the second part of this history, containing the third sally of Don Quixote, relates that the curate and barber forbore to visit him for a whole month, that they might not revive and recal to his imagination the remembrance of things past; but, during all that time, they frequently went to see the housekeeper and niece, on whom they laid strong injunctions to cherish the knight with great care and tenderness, and treat him with such comfortable food as should be most agreeable to his stomach and brain, in which they reasonably supposed that his whole disorder lay. The ladies assured them it was their chief study, which they would prosecute with all imaginable care and satisfaction; for they began to perceive that their

master, at certain intervals, gave tokens of being in his right wits. This information afforded great pleasure to the two friends, who now concluded they had acted wisely in bringing him home on the enchanted waggon, as hath been recounted in the last chapter of the first part of this sublime and punctual history; and determined to pay him a visit, that they might be convinced of his amendment, which they deemed almost impossible: though they agreed to avoid, with great care, the subject of chivalry, that they might run no risk of ripping up the wound so lately closed.

In short, they entered his chamber, and found him sitting upon his bed, in a waistcoat of green bays, and a red Toledan night-cap, so meagre, shrunk, and withered, that he looked like an *Ægyptian* mummy: he received them very courteously; and when they inquired into the state of his health, spoke of his indisposition and himself with great judgment and elocution. The conversation happening to turn on what is called reasons of state, and modes of administration, they amended certain abuses, and condemned others reforming one custom, and banishing another; as if each of the three had been a new legislator, a modern *Lycurgus*, or regenerated *Solon*; and in such a manner did they furbish up the commonwealth, that one would have imagined they had committed it to a forge, and brought out another quite different from that which they put in. *Don Quixote* spoke on every subject that was handled, with such discretion, as actually convinced the two examiners, that he was quite sound, and had recovered the right exercise of his judgment; while the niece and house-keeper, who were present all the time, thought they could never be thankful enough to God, when they heard their master talk so sensibly. But the curate altering his first resolution, which was, to avoid the subject of chivalry, now determined to make an experiment, by which he should be thoroughly satisf-

satisfied, whether the knight's cure was real or imaginary; with this view, he from one thing to another came to mention some news from court, and among other pieces of intelligence, said, he was certainly informed that the Turk had taken the sea, with a powerful armament, though his design was not known, nor could it be guessed where the expected storm would burst: but that these preparations, which keep us almost constantly in arms, had alarmed all Christendom; and that his majesty had ordered the coasts of Naples and Sicily, with the island of Malta, to be provided against all attempts. To this intimation Don Quixote replied, "His majesty has acted like a most prudent warrior, in providing for the safety of his dominions, that the enemy may not find them unprepared; but, if he would take my advice, I would furnish him with an expedient, which I believe our sovereign at present little thinks of."

The curate no sooner heard these words, than he said within himself, "Lord have mercy upon thee, poor Don Quixote! if I am not mistaken, thou art just going to cast thyself headlong from the highest pinnacle of madness, into the profound abyss of thy folly." But the barber, who immediately adopted the same suspicion, asked the knight what that expedient was, which he thought should be put in practice by way of prevention; observing, that it was, perhaps, such a scheme as deserved to be inserted in the list of those impertinent advices usually offered to crowned heads. "Mine, Mr. Shaver, said Don Quixote, will be pertinent, not impertinent." "I don't say otherwise, replied the barber, I only made that observation, because experience hath shewn that all, or the greatest part of those projects which have been offered to his majesty, are either impossible, extravagant, or prejudicial to the state." "My scheme, answered the knight, is neither impossible nor extravagant; but, on the contrary, the most easy, just, brief, and expeditious that

ever projector conceived." "Methinks your worship is very slow in delivering it, signor Don Quixote," said the priest. "I should not choose, answered the knight, to have what I say here carried by to-morrow morning, to the ears of the lords of the council; by which means another may reap the credit and reward of my labour." "For my own part, cried the barber, I here give my word, before God! never to disclose what your worship shall impart, either to king or knave, or any mortal man: an oath I learned in the romance of the Curate, who, in the preface, gives the king notice of the robber that stole his hundred ducats, and ambling mule." "I am not acquainted with the story, said Don Quixote, but the oath is a good oath, because I am convinced, that Mr. Nicholas is an honest man." "Be that as it will, replied the curate, I will be bound for him, and undertake, that with regard to this affair, he shall speak no more than if he was actually dumb, on pain of whatever penalty you shall think proper to inflict." "And who will be security for you, Mr. Curate?" said the knight. "My profession, answered the priest, by which I am bound to keep secrets." "Body of me! cried Don Quixote, his majesty has nothing to do, but to issue a proclamation, commanding all the knights-errant in Spain to assemble at his court, by such a day; and although not more than half a dozen should come, among these one may be found, who is alone sufficient to overthrow the whole Turkish power. Pray, gentlemen, give attention, and take me along with you: is it such a new thing, for a single knight to cut in pieces a whole army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had but one common throat, or were made of ginger-bread? How many histories are there, think you, filled with such marvellous exploits? Unfortunate it is for me (I will not say, for any other), that the renowned Don Belianis is not now alive, or some knight



knight of the innumerable race of Amadis de Gaul; for if any one of them was now living, to confront the Turks, in good sooth, I should not choose to farm their conquests; but God will provide for his own people, and produce some champion, who, if not equal in valour to former knights-errant, at least will be inferior to none of them in point of courage \*.—Heaven knows my meaning—I will say no more.” “Lack-a-day! (cried the niece, when she heard this insinuation) I’ll be hanged, if my uncle is not resolved to turn knight-errant again.” “A knight-errant, replied Don Quixote, I will live and die; and the Turks may make their descents or ascents, when they will, with all the power they are masters of—I say again, Heaven knows my meaning”—Here the barber interposing, “Gentlemen, said he, I beg you will give me leave to tell a short story of what once happened at Sevil; it comes so pat to the purpose, that I have a strong inclination to relate it.” Don Quixote and the curate granted his request, and the rest yielded him attention, when he began in these words:

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\* Ridiculous as this scheme may seem to be, such an expedient has actually succeeded in practice. During the captivity of John king of France, his dominions were ravaged by above one hundred thousand peasants, who, under the name of Jacquieres, assembled in arms to exterminate the noblesse; and among other horrid outrages, murdered every gentleman that fell in their way. The duchess of Normandy and Orleans, together with three hundred ladies of rank, retired for protection to Meaux, where they were surrounded, and would have actually perished by the swords of these banditti, had they not been rescued by the count de Foix, and the capital of Buch; who, hearing of their distress, hastened to their relief with no more than sixty knights; and, without hesitation, attacked that furious multitude with such bravery and vigour, that they were soon routed and dispersed.

“ There was in the mad-house at Sevil, a certain lunatic, whom his relations had sent thither on account of the defect in his judgment : he had taken his degrees in the canon law, at Ossuna ; and many were of opinion, that if he had acquired them at Salamanca, he would not have been a bit the wiser : this graduate, having been confined some years, took it in his head, that he was quite well, and restored to his right wits ; and in this imagination, wrote to the archbishop, earnestly intreating him, with many sensible arguments, to give order that he should be extricated from the misery in which he lived ; since, thro’ the mercy of God, he had recovered his lost judgment, though his relations kept him still in confinement, that they might enjoy his estate, and, in despite of truth, were resolved that he should be mad to the day of his death. The archbishop, persuaded by the many sensible and pathetic letters he received, ordered one of the chaplains to go to the rector of the mad-house, and inquire into the truth of what the licentiate alleged, and even to talk with himself, that, if he should find him quite recovered, he might bring him away, and set him at liberty. The chaplain obeyed the command of his grace, and the rector assured him that the man was still mad ; for although he would very often talk like a person of excellent understanding, at the long-run he commonly broke out into folly and nonsense, as absurd as the first part of his discourse was rational and discreet : however, he himself might make the experiment, by conversing with the licentiate. The chaplain accordingly went to his apartment, and talked with him a whole hour and more, during which time the lunatic did not utter one vague or incoherent sentence ; but, on the contrary, spoke so judiciously, that the chaplain could not help believing him quite sound of intellect ; among other things, he told him the rector was his enemy, and pronounced him still distracted, though with  
lucid

lucid intervals, that he might not lose the presents which he received from his relations: so that the greatest cause of his misfortune was no other than his own affluent estate, which to enjoy, his adversaries craftily pretended to doubt of the mercy which the Lord had vouchsafed him, in re-converting him from a beast into a man: in short, he talked so effectually as to render the rector suspected, to prove his relations covetous and unnatural, and himself so discreet, that the chaplain determined to carry him forthwith to the archbishop, that his grace might be personally satisfied of the truth. With this laudable intention, he desired the rector to order the licentiate to be dressed with the cloaths in which he entered the house: the rector again advised him to consider what he was about; for the licentiate was, without all question, still distracted. But these cautions and counsels had no effect in dissuading the chaplain from carrying him off, and the rector seeing the archbishop's order, was obliged to obey; so that the licentiate received his own cloaths, which were decent and new. Seeing himself thus divested of the badge of his disorder, and habited again like a person of sound intellects, he besought the chaplain, that he would be so charitable as to allow him to go and take leave of his companions in affliction: the other granted his request, and said he would accompany him, in order to see the patients; upon which they went up stairs, followed by several persons who chanced to be then present. The licentiate, going to the gate of a cell, in which there was a furious madman, though at that time he was calm and quiet, said to him, "Brother, have you any commands for me? I am going to my own house; for God of his infinite goodness and mercy, without any desert of mine, hath been pleased to restore unto me the use of my reason, and I am now perfectly recovered; so that there is nothing impossible to the power of the Almighty: put therefore

your hope and trust in him, who, as he hath restored me to my former state, will grant the same indulgence to you, if you confide in his protection. — I will take care to send you some cordial food, and be sure, at all events, to eat it; for, you must know, I conclude from experience, that all our disorder proceeds from an empty stomach, and the brain's being filled with wind. Take heart, brother, take heart; for despondence under misfortune consumes the constitution, and hastens the stroke of death." This discourse being overheard by another lunatic, who was confined in a cell opposite to that of the furious patient, he started up stark naked from an old mat on which he lay, and roared aloud, "Who is that going away so sober and so sound?" The licentiate replied, "'Tis I, brother, who am going home, being under no necessity of tarrying longer in this place: thanks be to Heaven for the signal favour I have received!" "Take care what you say, Mr. Licentiate, and let not the devil deceive you, answered the madman: halt a little, stay where you are, and spare yourself the trouble of being brought back." "I know that I am perfectly recovered, said the licentiate, and shall have no farther occasion to visit the Stations\*." "You recovered! cried the other, good! we shall see—adieu—but, I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that, for the transgression this day committed in Sevil, by discharging you from the house, as a person of sound judgment, I will take such vengeance as shall be a monument of wrath for ever and ever, amen. Do'st thou not know, pitiful licentiate, that all this is in my power, being, as I have already observed, Jove the thunderer, who wield the flaming bolts, with which I use to threaten, and can destroy the universe?

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\* A certain number of churches through which they made circuits, uttering an appointed prayer at each.



But with one evil only will I chastise this ignorant people: I will not suffer one drop of rain to fall upon the city, nor its confines, nor indeed in any part of this district, for the space of three whole years, reckoning from the day and minute in which this dreadful menace is made. Thou free! thou sound! thou recovered! and I mad! I distracted and confined! I will sooner hang myself than rain one spoonful." The bye-standers were very attentive to the vociferous exclamations of this madman, when our licentiate turning to the chaplain, and taking him by the hand, said, "Dear Sir, give yourself no uneasiness or concern about what he says; for if he who is Jupiter, with-holds refreshing showers from the earth, I who am Neptune, the father and god of waters, will rain as often as I please, should there be occasion for it, in consequence of the privilege I possess." To this promise the chaplain replied, "Nevertheless, signor Neptune, it will not be politic to incense signor Jupiter; therefore your worship will be so good as to stay where you are, till some other day, when we may have more leisure and convenience to remove you." The rector and the rest of the company could not help laughing, the chaplain was out of countenance, the licentiate was stripped, and sent back to his cell; and so ends my story."

"And this is the story, Mr. Barber, said Don Quixote, which came so pat to the purpose, that you could not help relating it? Ah! Mr. Shaver, Mr. Shaver, he must be blind indeed, that cannot see through the bottom of a sieve: is it possible your worship does not know that comparisons in point of genius, virtue, beauty, and descent, are always odious and ill received? I, Mr. Barber, am not Neptune, god of waters; neither do I set up for being thought a wise man, knowing that I am not so: the sole end of my labours is to convince the world of its error, in not seeking to renew those most happy times

when the order of knight-errantry exerted itself in full perfection; but this depraved age of ours is unworthy of tasting that felicity which was enjoyed by those ages, when knights-errant undertook the charge, and burdened their shoulders with the defence of kingdoms, the protection of damsels, the relief of wards and orphans, the chastisement of the proud, and the promotion of the humble. The greatest part of your modern knights rustle in damasks, brocades, and other rich and splendid attire, instead of rattling in coats of mail: no knight now sleeps in the open field, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, armed at all points cap-a-pie; no warrior, in this degenerate age, sits on horseback, and, without disengaging his feet from the stirrups, but, leaning upon his lance, endeavours to take, as it were, a snatch of sleep, after the example of former knights-errant: no champion, now-a-days, coming out of some dreary wood, immediately enters another rocky wilderness, through which he reaches the barren and deserted coast of the rough and stormy sea, where finding, in some creek, a crazy boat without oars, sails, mast, or tackle, he intrepidly throws himself into it, and launches out upon the implacable billows that whirl him aloft to heaven, and then sink him to the profound abyss, while his unshaken soul defies the storm: then, when he dreams of no such matter, he finds himself three thousand leagues and more from the place where he embarked, and leaping ashore on some remote and unknown country, achieves adventures worthy to be written, not on parchment, but on brass: but now sloth triumphs over activity, idleness over toil, vice over virtue, arrogance over valour, and the theory over the practice of arms, which obtained and shone resplendent in those golden ages that produced knights-errant. Pray, tell me, who could be more honourable and valiant than the famous Amadis de Gaul? who more discreet than  
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Palmerin of England? who more insinuating and pliant than Tirante the White? who more gallant than Lifuarte of Greece? who more hacked and hacking than Don Belianis? who more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? or, who more daring than Felixmarte of Hyrcania? who more sincere than Esplandian? who more desperate than Cirongilio of Thrace? who more brave than Rodamont? who more prudent than king Sobrino? who more bold than Reynaldo? who more invincible than Roldan? and who more gallant and courteous than Rugero, from whom (according to Turpin in his *Cosmographia*) the present dukes of Ferrara are descended? All these, and many more which I could name, Mr. Curate, were knights-errant, and the very light and glory of chivalry: these, or such as these, are the champions proposed by my scheme, which, should it take place, would effectually serve his majesty's purpose, spare an infinite expence, and the Turk would even tear his own beard in despair: in that case I would tarry where I am, since the chaplain would not think fit to enlarge me; and if Jupiter, as the barber said, would not rain, here am I ready to frustrate his intent: this I mention, that Mr. Bafon there may know I understand his meaning." "Verily, signor Don Quixote, said Mr. Nicholas, I meant no harm, so help me God! my intention was good, and therefore your worship ought not to be displeased." "Whether I am displeased or not, replied the knight, I myself know best."

Here the curate interposing, said, "Though I have hitherto scarce opened my mouth, I cannot be easy under a scruple which tears and gnaws my conscience, and which arose from what signor Don Quixote hath just now asserted." "In greater matters, Mr. Curate may command me, answered the knight: out with your scruple, then: for scruples of conscience are very uncomfortable companions." "With your good permission, replied the priest, this is it: I can

by no means persuade myself that the whole tribe of knights-errant, whom your worship has named, were really and truly earthly persons of flesh and blood: on the contrary, I imagine all these things are fictions, fables, and lying dreams, recounted by men who are awake, or rather by those who are half asleep." "That, said Don Quixote, is another error incident to many people, who do not believe that any such knights ever existed; and I have, on divers and fundry occasions, endeavoured to dissipate that almost general mistake by the light of truth: sometimes, indeed, I have not succeeded in my attempts; however, I have frequently gained my point, by supporting it on the shoulders of demonstration; and truly the case is so clear, that I could almost affirm I have with my own eyes beheld Amadis de Gaul, who was a tall man, of a fair complexion, well furnished with a black beard, his aspect something between mild and severe, concise of speech, slow to anger, and soon appeased. In the same manner, methinks, I could delineate and paint all the knights-errant that ever were recorded in history; for, according to the ideas formed by reading these histories, and by comparing their exploits and dispositions, sound philosophy may discover their lineaments, statures, and complexions." "Signor Don Quixote, said the barber, how large do you think the giant Morgante must have been?" "As to the affair of giants, answered the knight, there are different opinions; some affirming, and others denying, the existence of any such beings: but the holy scriptures, which surely cannot fail one atom in point of truth, put that affair beyond all dispute, in relating the story of that Philistine Goliath, who was seven cubits and an half in height: a most amazing stature! Besides, in the island of Sicily, several thigh and shoulder-bones have been dug up, so large as to manifest, that the persons to whom they belonged must have been huge giants,



as tall as high towers; and this can be proved by mathematical demonstration: but nevertheless I will not pretend to ascertain the size of Morgante; though I believe he was not very tall, because I find in the history which gives a particular account of his exploits, that he often slept under a roof: now, if there was any house capacious enough to receive him, his magnitude could not be very extraordinary." "No, surely," said the curate, who, being diverted with his extravagant assertions, asked his opinion concerning the looks and persons of Reynaldo de Montalban, Don Orlando, and the rest of the twelve peers of France, who were all knights-errant. "With regard to Reynaldo, answered Don Quixote, I will venture to say, he was broad visaged, of a ruddy complexion, with large rolling eyes, full of punctilio, excessively choleric, and a friend to robbers and vagabonds. As for Roldan, or Rotolando, or Orlando, for he is mentioned in history by all these names, it is my opinion, and I affirm, that he was of a middling stature, broad-shouldered, somewhat bandy-legged, of a dark complexion and carotty beard, hairy all over, with a frowning aspect, sparing of speech, though very affable and well-bred." "If Roldan was not more comely than you have represented him, replied the curate, I do not wonder that Angelica the Fair disdained and deserted him, for the gallantry, mirth, and pleasantry of the little smock-faced Moor, to whose embraces she yielded; and, surely, she was in the right to prefer the smoothness of Medoro to the roughness of Roldan." "That same Angelica, Mr. Curate, said the knight, was an unsettled rambling young woman, that longed after novelties, and left the world as full of her impertinent actions as of the fame of her beauty. She undervalued a thousand noblemen, a thousand valiant and discreet admirers, and contented herself with a yellow-haired page, who had neither fortune nor repu-

reputation, but that of being grateful to his friend. The renowned Ariosto, who sung the praises of her beauty, either not daring or not designing to rehearse what happened to her after her base intrigue, because he deemed it a theme not extremely honourable for his muse, dropped her at these lines :

Another bard may sing in loftier lay,  
How he obtain'd the scepter of Cathay.

And truly this was a sort of prophecy, for the poets are also called vates, which in Latin signifies diviners, and it was plainly verified in the event, an Andalusian bard having since that time sung in verse her tears and lamentation, as the most famous and sublime genius of Castile hath celebrated her beauty."

" Pray tell me, signor Don Quixote, said the barber, among all those authors who have written in her praise, hath not some one or other composed a satire against my lady Angelica?" " I firmly believe, replied the knight, that if Sacripante or Roldan had been bards, they would have made the damsel smart severely, it being natural and peculiar to poets, who are disdained and rejected by their false mistresses, whether real or imaginary, to revenge themselves by satires and lampoons; a resentment altogether unworthy of generous breasts; but hitherto I have not met with any such defamatory verses against the lady Angelica, though she made strange confusion in the world." " That is a wonder, indeed," said the curate; when hearing the house-keeper and niece, who had some time before quitted the company, bawling aloud in the yard, they ran out to see what was the occasion of such noise.

## CHAP. II.

The notable fray that happened between Sancho and Don Quixote's niece and house-keeper; with other diverting incidents.

THE history relates, that the noise which Don Quixote, the curate, and barber heard, was occasioned by the niece and house-keeper scolding at Sancho, who struggled to get in and see his master, while they defended the door. "What does the swag-bellied lurcher want in this house? said the house-keeper: get you home, brother; it was you, and none but you, that turned my poor master's brain, enticing him from his own home, to strole about the highways." To this apostrophe Sancho replied, "House-keeper of Satan! 'tis my brain that's turned; 'twas I that was enticed to strole about the highways, and not thy master; for he carried me a rambling: so that you have reckoned without your host. 'Twas he that wheedled me from my own house, with the promise of an island, which I expect to this good hour." "Devil choak thee with islands, thou cursed cormorant! cried the niece, and pray what is an island? is it any thing to eat, thou gorbellied glutton, ha?" "No not to eat, but to govern, answered Sancho, and a fat government it is. Better than four cities, or the places of any four of the king's alcades." "Be that as it will, said the house-keeper, thou shan't set foot in this house, thou bag of mischief and bundle of malice! go and look after thy own family, fatten thy hogs, and let us hear no more of these islands or oyl-lands."

The curate and barber were highly entertained with this dialogue; but Don Quixote fearing that Sancho would open his budget, and disburthen himself of some mischievous load of folly, by blabbing things not much to his credit, called him in, bidding  
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the women hold their tongues, and give him entrance. Sancho being accordingly admitted, the curate and barber took their leave of Don Quixote, whose recovery they despaired of, seeing him so unalterably fixed in his folly, and so wholly possessed with the frantic spirit of knight-errantry. "You shall see, neighbour, said the curate to the barber, that when we least think of it, this poor gentleman will make another fally." "That I make no doubt of, answered the barber; but I don't wonder so much at the madness of the knight as at the simplicity of the squire, who believes so devoutly in this island, that I think all the invention of man could not extract it from his skull." "God mend them! replied the curate; mean while, let us keep a strict eye over their behaviour, and observe the operation of their joint extravagance; for the madness of the master seems to have been cast in the same mould with the foolishness of the man, and, in my opinion, the one without the other would not be worth a farthing." "True, said the barber, and I should be glad to know what they are now talking of." "I dare say, replied the curate, the niece and house-keeper will give us a good account of their conversation; for they are none of those who can resist the opportunity of listening."

In the mean time, Don Quixote having shut himself up in his apartment with Sancho, said, "It gives me much concern, Sancho, to hear thee say, as thou dost, that I enticed thee from thy cottage, when thou knowest that I, at the same time, quitted my own house: together we set out, lived and travelled together; sharing the same fortune and the same fate. If thou hast been once tossed in a blanket, I have been bruised an hundred times, and this is the only pre-eminence I enjoyed." "And that's but reasonable, replied Sancho, according to your worship's own remark, that misfortune belongs more to knights-

knights-errant than to their squires." "There you are mistaken, Sancho, said Don Quixote; for the Latin adage says, Quando caput dolet, &c." "Nay, quoth Sancho, I understand no lingo but my mother-tongue." "The meaning, said the master, is, When the head akes, all the members are affected. I therefore, as thy lord and master, am thy head, and thou, as my servant, art a part of me; so that whatever mischief has happened or may happen to me, ought to extend to thee likewise, in the same manner as I bear a share in all thy sufferings." "So it ought to be, said Sancho; but when I, as a member, was tossed in a blanket, my head sat peaceably on the other side of the wall, and beheld me vaulting in the air, without feeling the least uneasiness; and since the members are obliged to ake with the head, I think it is but just that the head should ake with the members." "How canst thou affirm, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, that I felt no pain while thou wast tossed in the blanket? Say or think so no more; for I was, at that time, more afflicted in mind than thou in body.

"But let us wave this subject for the present; and time will, no doubt, offer an opportunity of considering it more maturely, and of setting every thing to rights: and tell me, friend Sancho, how am I spoke of in this place? what say the vulgar? what character do I bear among the gentry? and how am I treated by the knights? what is their opinion of my valour, exploits, and courteous behaviour? and how do they relish the design I have undertaken of raising and restoring to the world the long-forgotten order of knight-errantry? In short, Sancho, I desire that thou wilt inform me of every thing thou hast heard on this subject, without adding to the good, or subtracting from the evil; it being the duty of faithful servants to represent the truth to their masters in its own native form, neither exaggerated by adulation, nor diminished

minished by any other vain respect; and let me tell thee, Sancho, if the naked truth was always conveyed to the ears of princes, undisguised by flattery, we should see better days, and other æras would deserve the name of the iron age more than the present, which would be justly looked upon as the age of gold. Remember this advice, Sancho, and inform me, with honesty and discretion, of all that thou knowest in regard to what I have asked." "That I will with all my heart, Sir, answered Sancho, on condition that your worship won't be offended with the truth, since you desire to see it in its nakedness, just as it came to my knowledge." "I shall not be offended in the least, replied Don Quixote: speak therefore freely, without going about the bush."

"Well then, said the squire, in the first place, you must know that the common people think your worship a stark staring madman, and me a most notorious fool: the better sort say, that, scorning the rank of a private gentleman, you have put Don before your name, and dubbed yourself knight, with a small garden, a few acres of land, and a doublet clouted on both sides. The knights forsooth are affronted that your small gentry should pretend to vie with them, especially those needy squires who sole their own shoes, and darn their black hose with green filk." "That observation, said Don Quixote, cannot affect me; for I always wear good cloaths, and never appear patched. My doublet may, indeed, be torn; but then it is by my armour, not by time." "Touching the valour, courtesy, adventures, and design of your worship, said Sancho, there are different opinions. Some say he is mad, but a diverting madman; others allow that he is valiant, but unlucky; a third set observe that he is courteous, but impertinent; and in this manner we are handled so severely, that neither your worship nor I have a whole bone left." "You see, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that



that whenever virtue shines in an eminent degree, she always meets with persecution. Few or none of the celebrated heroes of antiquity could escape the calumnies of malice: Julius Cæsar, a most daring, wise, and valiant general, was accused of being ambitious, and not over-cleanly in his customs or apparel: Alexander, who by his achievements acquired the name of Great, was said to be a drunkard: and Hercules, renowned for his labours, reported to have been lewd and effeminate: Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, was grumbled at for being excessively quarrelsome; and Amadis himself ridiculed as an arrant whiner. Therefore, son Sancho, among so many aspersions thrown upon such great men, I may well overlook what is said against me; since it is no worse than what thou hast repeated." "That's the very thing, body of my father!" replied Sancho. "What, is there any thing more?" said his master. "More! cried the squire, the tail is yet unflea'd. What you have heard is but cakes and gingerbread; but, if your worship would know all the backbitings we suffer, I will this moment bring hither one, who can inform you of every circumstance, without losing a crumb; for, last night, the son of Bartholomew Carrasco arrived from Salamanca, where he has been at his studies, and got a bachelor's degree: and when I went to welcome him home, he told me there was a printed book of your worship's history, in which you go by the name of 'the ingenious squire Don Quixote de la Mancha;' and that I am mentioned in it by my own name of Sancho Panza, as well as my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, with other things that passed between you and me only; at hearing of which I crossed myself through fear, wondering how they should come to the knowledge of the historian." "You may depend upon it, Sancho, said Don Quixote, the author of our history must be some sage enchanter; for nothing is hid from writers  
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of that class." "How can he be a sage enchanter, said Sancho, when batchelor Sampson Carrasco (for that's the name of him who told me) says the author of our history is called Cid Hamet Bean-and-jelly?" "That name is Moorish," replied Don Quixote. "Very like, said the squire; for I have often heard, that the Moors are very fond of beans and jellies." "Thou must certainly be mistaken, Sancho, said Don Quixote, in the surname of that Cid, which, in Arabic, signifies Signor." "Very possible, answered the squire; but if your worship desires to see the batchelor, I will bring him hither in a twinkling." "Thou wilt oblige me very much, my friend, said Don Quixote, for what thou hast told me has bred such doubts and suspense within me, that I cannot eat a morsel with any satisfaction, until I am informed of the whole affair." "Then I'll go seek him," replied Sancho; who leaving his master, went in quest of the batchelor, with whom he returned in a little time, and a most pleasant dialogue ensued.

### C H A P. III.

The ludicrous conversation that passed between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the batchelor Sampson Carrasco.

**D**ON Quixote remained extremely pensive, in expectation of the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear news of himself in print, according to Sancho's information; though he could hardly persuade himself, that there could be such a history extant; the blood of his enemies whom he had slain, being scarce, as yet, dry upon the blade of his sword, and yet they would have his high achievements already recorded in printed books. He therefore imagined that some sage, either friend or foe, had cast them off, by the power of enchantment; if a friend, in order to aggrandize, and extol them

them above the most distinguished exploits of knight-errantry ; if an enemy, to annihilate and depress them beneath the meanest actions that ever were recorded of any squire. " Although, said he within himself, the deeds of squires are never committed to writing ; and if my history actually exists, seeing it treats of a knight-errant, it must, of necessity, be pompous, sublime, surprising, magnificent, and true." This reflection consoled him a little : but he became uneasy again, when he recollected that his author was a Moor, as appeared by the name of Cid ; and that no truth was to be expected from that people, who are all false, deceitful, and chimerical. He was afraid that his amours were treated with some indecency, that might impair and prejudice the honour of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, wishing for nothing more than a true representation of his fidelity, and the decorum he always preserved, in refusing queens, empresses, and damsels of all ranks, thus keeping the impulse of his passions under the rein. Tossed therefore, and fluctuating on these and many other fancies, he was found by Sancho and Carrasco, whom the knight received with great courtesy.

The batchelor, though his name was Sampson, was not very big, but a great wag, of a pale complexion and excellent understanding ; he was about the age of four and twenty ; had a round visage, flat nose, and capacious mouth, all symptoms of a mischievous disposition, addicted to jokes and raillery ; as appeared, when he approached Don Quixote, before whom he fell upon his knees, saying, " Permit me to kiss your most puissant hand, signor Don Quixote de la Mancha ; for by the habit of St. Peter, which I wear, though I have received no other orders than the first four, your worship is one of the most famous knights-errant that ever were, or ever will be, within the circumference of the globe ! Blest be Cid Hamet Benengeli, who wrote the history of your great-

greatness ! and thrice blest that curious person who took care to have it translated from the Arabic into our mother tongue, for the entertainment of mankind." Don Quixote raising him up, said, " 'Tis true, then, that there is a history of me, and that the sage who composed it is a Moor." " So true, signor (said Sampson), that to my certain knowledge, there are twelve thousand volumes of it this day in print ; let Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they were printed, contradict me, if they can. It is even reported to be now in the press at Antwerp ; and I can easily perceive, that there is scarce a nation or language into which it will not be translated." " One of the things, said Don Quixote on this occasion, which ought to afford the greatest satisfaction to a virtuous and eminent man, is to live and see himself celebrated in different languages, and his actions recorded in print, with universal approbation ; I say with approbation, because to be represented otherwise, is worse than the worst of deaths." " In point of reputation and renown, said the batchelor, your worship alone bears away the palm from all other knights-errant ; for the Moor in Arabic, and the Christian in his language, have been careful in painting the gallantry of your worship to the life ; your vast courage in encountering dangers, your patience in adversity, your fortitude in the midst of wounds and mischance, together with the honour and chastity of your Platonic love for my lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso."

Here Sancho interposing, said, " I never heard my lady called Donna Dulcinea, but simply the lady Dulcinea del Toboso ; so that there the history is wrong." " That is no material objection," answered Carrasco. " No sure, replied the knight ; but tell me, Mr. Batchelor, which of my exploits is most esteemed in this history." " As to that particular, said the batchelor, there are as many different opinions



nions as there are different tastes. Some stick to the adventure of the windmills, which to your worship appeared monstrous giants; others, to that of the fulling-mills: this reader, to the description of the two armies, which were afterwards metamorphosed into flocks of sheep: while another magnifies that of the dead body, which was carrying to the place of interment at Segovia: one says, that the deliverance of the galley-slaves excels all the rest; and a second affirms, that none of them equals the adventure of the Benedictine giants, and your battle with the valiant Biscayner."

Here Sancho interrupting him again, said, "Tell me, Mr. Batchelor, is the adventure of the Yanguelians mentioned, when our modest Rozinante \* longed for green pease in December?" "Nothing, replied Sampson, has escaped the pen of the sage author, who relates every thing most minutely, even to the capers which honest Sancho cut in the blanket." "I cut no capers in the blanket, answered Sancho; but in the air I grant you I performed more than I desired." "In my opinion, said Don Quixote, there is no human history that does not contain reverses of fortune, especially those that treat of chivalry, which cannot always be attended with success." "Nevertheless, resumed the batchelor, some who have read your history, say they should not have been sorry, had the author forgot a few of those infinite drubbings, which, in different encounters, were bestowed on the great Don Quixote." "But, in this, consists the truth of history," said the squire.

Don Quixote observed, that they might as well have omitted them; for those incidents, which nei-

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\* *Pedir co'ufas en el golfo*, signifies to look for tartuffes in the sea; a proverb applicable to those who are too sanguine in their expectations, and unreasonable in their desires.

ther change nor affect the truth of the story, ought to be left out, if they tend to depreciate the chief character. "Take my word for it, said he, Æneas was not so pious as Virgil represents him, nor Ulysses so prudent as he is exhibited by Homer." "True, said Sampson; but it is one thing to compose as a poet, and another to record as an historian: the poet may relate or rehearse things, not as they were, but as they ought to have been; whereas an historian must transmit them, not as they ought to have been, but exactly as they were; without adding to, or subtracting the least tittle from the truth." "Since this Moorish gentleman has told all the truth, said Sancho, I don't doubt that, among the drubbings of my master, he has mentioned mine also; for they never took the measure of his shoulders, without crossing my whole body: but at this I ought not to wonder, since, as he observes, when the head aches, the members ought to have their share of the pain." "You are a sly rogue, Sancho, replied Don Quixote; and I find you don't want memory, when you think proper to use it." "If I had all the mind in the world, said Sancho, to forget the blows I have received, the marks, which are still fresh upon my carcase, would by no means allow me."

"Hold your peace, Sancho, said the knight, and don't interrupt Mr. Batchelor, whom I intreat to proceed; and let me know what more is said of me in this same history." "Ay, and of me too, cried Sancho, who, they say, am one of the principal personages of it." "You mean persons and not personages, friend Sancho," said Sampson. "What! have we got another reprimander of words? said the squire; since it is come to this, we shall never have done." "Plague light on me! Sancho, replied the batchelor, if you are not the second person of the history; and there are many who would rather hear you speak than the first character in the book; though some there be al-

fo, who say you are excessively credulous, in believing there could be any foundation for the government of that island, which was promised to you by signor Don Quixote, here present." " \* There is no time lost, said Don Quixote: while thou art advancing in years, Sancho, age will bring experience; and then thou wilt be more qualified and fit to govern than thou art at present." " 'Fore God! Sir, said Sancho, the island which I cannot govern with these years I shall never govern, were I as old as Methusalem: the mischief is, that this same island is delayed I don't know how; not that I want noddle to govern it." " Recommend it, Sancho, said Don Quixote, to the direction of heaven, which does all for the best, and may perhaps exceed your expectation; for not a leaf can move upon a tree, without the permission of God." " True, said Sampson, if it be the will of God, Sancho shall not want a thousand islands, much less one to govern." " I have seen governors in my time, quoth Sancho, who, to my thinking, did not come up to the sole of my shoe, and yet they were called your lordship, and served in plate." " Those were not governors of islands, replied Sampson, but of other governments more easily managed; for such as govern islands ought at least to have some grammatical knowledge." " I know very well how to † cram, said Sancho; but as to the matted cawl, I will neither meddle nor make, because I don't understand it: but leaving this government in the hands of God, who will dispose of me the best for his own service, I am, Mr. Batchelor Sampson Carrasco, infinitely pleased and rejoiced that

\* *Aun ay sol en las bardas*—There is still sun-shine on the wall.—i. e. It is not yet too late.

† Finding it impossible to translate the original pun or blunder, I have substituted another in its room, on the word Grammatical, which I think has at least an equally good effect.

the author of our history has spoke of me in such a manner as not to give offence; for, by the faith of a good squire! if he had said any thing of me, that did not become an old christian as I am, the deaf should have heard of it." "That were a miracle indeed!" answered Sampson. "Miracle or no miracle, said Sancho, let every man take care how he speaks or writes of honest people, and not set down at a venture the first thing that comes into his jolterhead."

"One of the faults that are found with the history, added the batchelor, is, that the author has inserted in it a novel, intituled, The Impertinent Curiosity. Not that the thing itself is bad, or poorly executed; but because it is unseasonable, and has nothing to do with the story of his worship signor Don Quixote." "I'll lay a wager, cried Sancho, that this son of a cur has made a strange hodge-podge of the whole." "Now I find, said the knight, that the author of my history is no sage, but some ignorant prater, who, without either judgment or premeditation, has undertaken to write it at random, like Orbaneja the painter of Ubeda, who being asked what he painted, answered, "Just as it happens;" and when he would sometimes scrawl out a mishapen cock, was fain to write under it in Gothic letters, This is a cock; and my history being of the same kind, will need a commentary to make it intelligible." "Not at all," answered Sampson, "it is already so plain, that there is not the least ambiguity in it: the very children handle it, boys read it, men understand, and old people applaud it: in short, it is so thumb'd, so read, so well known by every body, that no sooner a meagre horse appears, than they say, "There goes Rozinante;" but those who peruse it most, are your pages: you cannot go into a nobleman's antichamber where you won't find a Don Quixote, which is no sooner laid down by one, than another takes it up, some struggling, and some intreating for a sight of



of it: in fine, this history is the most delightful and least prejudicial entertainment that ever was seen: for in the whole book there is not the least shadow of a dishonourable word, nor one thought unworthy of a good catholic." "To write otherwise, said Don Quixote, were not to publish truth, but to propagate lies; and those historians who deal in such, ought to be burnt like coiners of false money: but I cannot imagine what induced the author to avail himself of novels and stories that did not belong to the subject, when he had such a fund of my adventures to relate: he doubtless stuck to the proverb \*. So the gizzard is crammed, it matters not how; for, truly, had he confined himself to the manifestation of my reveries, my sighs, my tears, my benevolence, and undertakings, he might have compiled a volume larger, or as large as all the works of † Tostatus bound together: really, Mr. Batchelor, according to my comprehension, it requires great judgment, and a ripe understanding, to compose histories, or indeed any books whatever; for to write with elegance and wit is the province of great geniuses only: the wittiest person in the comedy is he that plays the fool; for, he must be no simpleton who can exhibit a diverting representation of folly. History is a sacred subject, because the soul of it is truth; and where truth is, there the divinity will reside: yet there are some who compose and cast off books, as if they were tossing up a dish of pancakes."

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\* The original is *De paja, y di leno, el jergon lleno*; i. e. The bed is filled, tho' it be with hay and straw.

† Alphonsus Tostatus, bishop of Avila, was said to have known every thing that could be known. He made a figure at the council of Basil; wrote twenty-seven volumes; and dying in the fortieth year of his age, was interred in the church of Avila, with this epitaph:

*Hic stupor est mundi, qui scibile discutit omne.*

“ There is no book so bad, said the batchelor, but you may find something good in it.” “ Doubtless, replied the knight; but it frequently happens, that those who have deservedly purchased and acquired great reputation by their writings, lose it all, or at least forfeit a part of it, in printing them.” “ The reason, said Sampson, is, that printed works are perused with leisure, consequently their faults easily observed; and the greater the reputation of the author is, the more severely are they scrutinized: men celebrated for their genius, great poets, and illustrious historians, are, for the most part, if not always, envied by those whose pleasure and particular entertainment consists in criticising the works of others, without having obliged the world with any thing of their own.” “ That is not to be wondered at, said Don Quixote; for there are many theologists who make but a poor figure in the pulpit, and yet are excellent in discerning the faults and superfluities of those who preach well.” “ That is all true, signor Don Quixote, said Carrasco; and I could wish that those censurers were either a little more compassionate, or something less scrupulous, than to insist upon such blemishes of the work they decry, as may be compared to little spots in the sun, and as aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus, consider how long the author watched, in order to display the light of his performance, with as little shade as possible: perhaps too, those things which disgust them are no other than moles, that sometimes add to the beauty of the face on which they grow: and therefore I affirm, that he who publishes a book runs an immense risk; because it is absolutely impossible to compose such an one as will please and entertain every reader.” “ I believe few will relish that which treats of me,” said the knight. “ Quite the contrary, answered Sampson; for as stultorum infinitus est numerus, the number of those who are delighted with your history

is infinite ; though some accuse the author's memory as false or faulty, because he has forgot to tell who the thief was that stole Sancho's Dapple, of whom there was not a word mentioned ; we can only infer from the history, that he was stolen ; and by-and-by we find the squire mounted on the same beast, without knowing how he was retrieved : they say likewise, that he has omitted telling what Sancho did with those hundred crowns which he found in the portmanteau, in Sierra Morena ; and which are never mentioned, though many people desire to know what use he made of them ; and this is one of the chief defects in the work."

" Mr. Sampson, answered the squire, I am not in a humour at present to give accounts and reckonings of that affair ; for I feel a certain qualmsickness in my stomach, and if I don't recruit it with a couple of draughts of old stingo, I shall be in most grievous taking\* ; I have the cordial at home, and my dame waits for me ; but when I have filled my belly, I will return and satisfy your worship, and all the world, in whatever they shall desire to ask, both with regard to the loss of my beast, and spending of the hundred crowns." So, without expecting a reply, or speaking another word, he hied him home, while Don Quixote desired and intreated the batchelor to stay and do penance with him. The batchelor accepted the invitation, and stayed ; a pair of pigeons was added to the knight's ordinary : he talked of nothing but chivalry at table, and Carrasco encouraged the discourse : the repast ended, they took their afternoon's nap, Sancho returned, and the former conversation was renewed.

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\* In Spanish, *Me pondra en la Espina de Santa Lucia* ; i.e. Will put me on St. Lucia's thorn : applicable to any uneasy situation.

## C H A P. IV.

In which Sancho Panza satisfies the doubts, and answers the questions of batchelor Sampson Carrasco; with other incidents worthy to be recited and known.

SAncho returning to his master's house, resumed the former conversation, to gratify Mr. Sampson, who said he wanted to know when, in what manner, and by whom his ass had been stolen: "You must know, then, said he, that very night we fled from the holy brotherhood, and got into the brown mountain, after the misventuresome adventure of the galley-slaves, and the corpse that was carrying to Segovia, we took up our quarters in a thicket, where my master and I, being both fatigued, and sorely bruised in the frays we had just finished, went to rest, he leaning upon his lance, and I lolling upon Dapple, as if we had been stretched upon four featherbeds; I, in particular, slept so sound, that the thief, whosoever he was, had an opportunity of coming and propping me up with four stakes, fixed under the corner of my pannel, on which I was left astride; so that he slipt Dapple from under me, without my perceiving it in the least." "And this is no difficult matter, nor new device, said Don Quixote; for the same thing happened to Sacripante at the siege of Albraca, where, by this contrivance, his horse was stolen from between his legs by the famous robber Brunelo\*." "When morning came, proceeded Sancho, I no sooner began to stretch myself, than the stakes gave way, and down I came to the ground with a vengeance: I looked for my beast, and finding he was gone, the tears gushed from my eyes, and I set up a lamentation, which, if the author of our history has not set down, you may depend upon it, he hath

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\* As related in the famous poem *Orlando Incomrato*, composed by Boyarde, of which the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto is the continuation.



neglected a very excellent circumstance: a good many days after this mischance, as I chanced to be travelling with my lady the princess Micomicona, descrying a person riding towards me in the habit of a gypsy, I immediately knew my own ass, and discovered the rider to be Gines de Passamonte, that impostor and notorious malefactor, whom my master and I delivered from the galley-chain."

"The error lies not in that part of the history, replied the batchelor, but consists in the author's saying that Sancho rode on the same ass, before it appears that he had retrieved him." "As to that affair, said the squire, I can give you no satisfactory answer: perhaps it was an oversight in the historian, or owing to the carelessness of the printer." "Doubtless it was so, replied Sampson; but what became of those hundred crowns? where they laid up or laid out?" "I laid them out, answered Sancho, in necessities for my own person, my wife, and children; and those crowns were the cause of my gossip's bearing patiently my ramblings and roving in the service of my lord and master Don Quixote; for if, after such a long absence, I had come home without my ass, and never a cross in my pocket, I might have expected a welcome the wrong way. Now if you have any thing else to ask, here I am ready to answer the king in person; and it matters not to any person, whether I did or did not bring them home, or whether I spent them or lent them; for if the blows I have received in our peregrinations were to be repaid with money, rated at no more than four maravedis a-piece, another hundred crowns would not quit one half of the score: therefore, let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and not pretend to mistake an hawk\* for a hand-saw; for we are all as God made us, and a great many of us much worse."

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\* In the original, "Black for white."

“ I will take care, said Carrasco, to apprize the author of the history, that if it should come to another edition, he may not forget to insert what honest Sancho observes, as it will not a little contribute to raise the value of the work.” “ Mr. Batchelor, said the knight, did you, in reading it, perceive any thing else that ought to be amended?” “ There might be some things altered for the better, replied Carrasco; but none of such consequence as those already mentioned.” “ And pray, resumed Don Quixote, does the author promise a second part?” “ Yes, said Sampson, but he says, he has not yet found it, nor does he know in whose possession it is; so that we are still in doubt, whether or not it will see the light: on that account therefore, and likewise because some people say that second parts are never good, while others observe, that too much already hath been written concerning Don Quixote, it is believed that there will be no second part; though there is a third fort more jovial than wise, who cry, “ Quixote for ever! let the knight engage, and Sancho Panza harangue; come what will, we shall be satisfied.” “ And how does the author seem inclined?” said the knight. “ How! answered Carrasco, to set the press agoing, as soon as he can find the history, for which he is now searching with all imaginable diligence; thereto swayed by interest, more than by any motive of praise.” “ Since the author keeps interest and money in his eye, said Sancho, it will be a wonder if he succeeds: for he’ll do nothing but hurry, hurry, like a taylor on Easter-eve; and your works that are trumped up in a haste, are never finished with that perfection they require: I would have Mr. Moore take care and consider what he is about; for my master and I will furnish him with materials, in point of adventures and different events, sufficient to compose not only one, but a hundred second parts. What! I suppose the honest man thinks we are now sleeping among

among straw; but let him lift up our feet, and then he will see which of them wants to be shod; all that I shall say is, if my master had taken my advice, we might have been already in the fields, redressing grievances, and righting wrongs, according to the use and custom of true knights-errant."

Scarce had Sancho pronounced these last words, when their ears were saluted by the neighing of *Rozinante*, which Don Quixote considered as a most happy omen, and determined in three or four days to set out on his third expedition: accordingly, he declared his intention to the batchelor, whose advice he asked with regard to the rout he should take. Sampson said, that in his opinion, he ought to direct his course towards the kingdom of Arragon, and go to Saragossa, where, in a few days, was to be held a most solemn tournament on the festival of St. George; there he would have an opportunity of winning the palm from the Arragonian knights, which would raise his reputation above that of all the champions upon earth: he applauded his design as a most valiant and honourable determination, and begged he would be more cautious in encountering dangers, because his life was not his own, but the property of all those who had occasion for protection and succour in distress.

"That is the very thing I repose, Mr. Sampson, said the squire; for my master thinks no more of attacking a hundred men in arms, than a hungry boy would think of swallowing half a dozen \* pippins: Body of the universe! Mr. Batchelor, if there are times for attacking, there are also reasons for retreating: the cry must not always be, *St. Jago* †! charge, Spain; especially as I have heard, and, if I remem-

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\* Literally *Badeas*, a kind of water melon.

† This is the cry uttered by the Spaniards when they charge in battle.

ber aright, my master himself has often observed, that valour lies in the middle, between the extremes of cowardice and rashness: this being the case, I would not have him fly without good reason, nor give the assault when he is likely to be overpowered by numbers; but, above all things, I give my master notice, that if he carries me along with him, it shall be on condition, that he fight all the battles himself, and I be obliged to do nothing, but tend his person, that is, take care of his belly, and keep him sweet and clean; in which case, I will \* jig it away with pleasure; but to think that I will put hand to sword, even against base-born plebeians, with cap and hatchet, is a wild imagination: for my own part, Mr. Sampson, I do not pretend to the reputation of being valiant, but of being the best and loyalest squire that ever served a knight-errant; and if my master Don Quixote, in consideration of my great and faithful services, shall be pleased to bestow upon me one of those many islands which his worship says will fall in his way, I shall very thankfully receive the favour; and even if he should not keep his word, here stand I, simple as I am, and one man must not depend upon another, but trust in God alone: besides, the bread I eat, without a government, mayhap will relish better than the dainties of a governor; and how do I know but the devil may, in these governments, raise some stumbling-block, over which I shall fall and beat out my grinders? Sancho I was born, and Sancho will I die; but nevertheless, if by the favour of providence, I could fairly and softly, without much risk or anxiety, obtain an island, or some such matter, I am not such a ninny as to throw it away; for,

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\* *Baylar el agua delante*, is a phrase applicable to those who do their duty with alacrity, taken from the practice of watering the courts in Spain, an office which the maids perform with a motion that resembles dancing.



as the saying is, when the heifer is offered, be ready with the rope; and when good fortune comes to thy door, be sure to bid it welcome."

"Brother Sancho, said the batchelor, you have spoke like a professor; but for all that, put your trust in God, and signor Don Quixote, who instead of an island will give you a whole kingdom." "The one as likely as the other, answered Sancho; though I dare venture to assure signor Carrasco, that the kingdom, which my master shall bestow upon me, will not be put into a rotten sack; for I have felt my own pulse, and find myself in health sufficient to rule kingdoms and govern islands, as I have, upon many other occasions, hinted to my master." "Consider, Sancho, said the batchelor, that honours often change the disposition; and, perhaps, when you come to be governor, you will not know the mother that bore you." "That may be the case, answered the squire, with those who were born among mallows; but not with me, who have got four inches of old Christian suet on my ribs: then if you come to consider my disposition, you will find I am incapable of behaving ungratefully to any person whatever." "God grant it to be so, said the knight, but this will appear when you arrive at the government, which methinks I have already in mine eye."

He then intreated the batchelor, if he was a poet, to favour him with a copy of verses on his intended parting from his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, and desired that every line might begin with a letter of her name, so that the initials being joined together, might make Dulcinea del Toboso. Carrasco, though he owned he was not one of the famous poets of Spain, who were said to be but three \* and a half,

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\* Alonzo de Ercilla, author of the *Auracana*, Juan Rufo de Cordova, author of the *Aufriada*, Christopher Verves de Valentia, author of the *Monferratte*; and as for the half, Cervantes in all probability meant himself.

promised to compose such an acrostic as he desired, which, by the bye, he foresaw would be no easy task, because the name consisted of seventeen letters, and if he should make four stanzas of four lines each, one must be left out; or should they be composed of five, called decimas or roundelays, three letters would be wanting to complete the number: however, he would endeavour to sink one letter as much as he could; so that in four stanzas the name Dulcinea del Toboso should be included. "That must be done, at all events, said Don Quixote; for if the name be not plain and manifest, no woman will believe that she was the subject of the poem." This affair being thus settled, as also the time of their departure, which was fixed at the distance of eight days, Don Quixote charged the batchelor to keep it secret, especially from the curate, Mr. Nicholas, his niece, and housekeeper, that they might not obstruct his honourable and valiant determination. Carrasco, having promised to observe this caution, took his leave of the knight, whom he begged to favour him on every occasion, with an account of his good or evil fortune; and Sancho went home, to provide every thing necessary for their expedition,

## C H A P. V.

Of the sage and pleasant dialogue between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Panza, with other incidents worthy to be most happily recorded.

THE translator says, he looks upon this chapter as apocryphal, because it represents Sancho Panza speaking in a style quite different from that which might be expected from his shallow understanding, and making such ingenious observations, as he thinks it impossible he should know; but he would not leave it out, that he might punctually perform the

the duty of a faithful translator, and therefore proceeds in these words :

Sancho returned to his own house in such high spirits, that his wife perceived his gaiety at the distance of a bow-shot, and could not help saying, "What is the matter, friend Sancho, that you seem so joyful?" To this question the squire answered, "An it pleased God, wife, I should be very glad if I were not so joyful as I seem to be." "Truly, husband, replied \* Teresa, I don't understand you; and cannot conceive what you mean, by saying you should be very glad, an it pleased God, you were not so joyful; for, simple though I be, I am always glad with what makes me joyful." "Mark me, Teresa, said the squire, I am rejoiced, because it is determined that I shall return to the service of my master Don Quixote, who is going to make a third sally in quest of adventures, and I must accompany him in his expedition; for so my destiny will have it, together with the comfortable and lively hope of finding another hundred crowns like those I have expended: on the other hand, sorry am I to part with thee and my children; and if God would permit me to eat my bread dry-shod at home, without dragging me over cliffs and cross-paths (and this might be done at a small expence, if he would only say the word); it is plain that my joy would be more firm and perfect; whereas that which I feel at present is mingled with the melancholy thoughts of leaving thee, my duck: wherefore I justly said I should be glad, an it pleased God, I were less joyful." "Verily, Sancho, said his wife, ever since you made yourself a member of knight-errantry, you talk in such a round-about manner, that there is no understanding what you say." "Let it suffice, answered the squire, that I

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\* Sancho's wife has already been mentioned under the names of Juana and Mary, and now she is called Teresa.

am understood by God, who is the understander of all things; and there let it rest: meanwhile, take notice, gossip, it will be convenient for you to tend Dapple for these two or three days with special care: let his allowance be doubled, that he may be enabled to carry arms, and look out for the pannel and the rest of the tackle; for we are not going to a wedding, but to traverse the globe, and give and take dry blows with your giants, dragons, and hobgoblins, and hear nothing but hissing, roaring, bellowing, and bleating; and all this would be but flowers of lavender, were it not our doom to encounter with Yanguessians and enchanted Moors." "I very well believe that squires-errant do not eat the bread of idleness, replied Teresa; and therefore, husband, I shall continually pray to our Lord, to deliver you from such misfortunes." "I tell thee, wife, said Sancho, if I did not expect to see myself in a little time governor of an island, I should drop down dead upon the spot." "By no means, dear husband, cried Teresa, let the hen live, though she have the pip; and I hope you will live, though the devil run away with all the governments upon earth; without a government did you come from your mother's womb; without a government have you lived to this good hour; and without a government shall you go or be carried to your grave, in God's own time: there are many in the world who have no governments; and yet, for all that, they live and are numbered among the people. Hunger is the best fauce; and as that is never wanting among the poor, they always relish what they eat: but take care, Sancho, if you come to a government, that you do not forget me and your children: consider, Sanchico has already fifteen good years over his head, and that it is time for him to go to school, if in case his uncle the abbot has a mind to breed him to the church: consider too, that your daughter Mary Sancha will not break her heart if we marry



marry her ; for I am much mistaken if she does not long for a husband as much as you do for a government ; and the short and the long of it is, you had better have your daughter ill buckled as a wife than well kept as a concubine."

"Take my word for it, answered Sancho, if by the blessing of God I come to any sort of government, I intend, my dear, to match Mary Sancha so high, that no body shall come near her, without calling her your ladyship" "Never think of that, Sancho ! cried Teresa, match her with her equal ; which will be more prudent than to raise her from clogs to patens, from good fourteen-penny hoyden grey, to farthingales and petticoats of silk, and from Molly and thou, to Donna and my lady such-a-one : the girl's head would be quite turned, and she would be continually falling into some blunder, that would discover the coarse thread of her home-spun breeding."

"Shut that foolish mouth of thine, said Sancho : in two or three years practice, quality and politeness will become quite familiar to her ; or, if they should not, what does it signify ? let her first be a lady, and then happen what will." "Meddle, Sancho, with those of your own station, replied Teresa, and seek not to lift your head too high ; but remember the proverb that says, when your neighbour's son comes to the door, wipe his nose and take him in. It would be a fine thing, truly, to match our Mary with a great count or cavalier, who would, when he should take it in his head, look upon her as a monster, and call her country wench, and clod-breaker's and hemp-spinner's brat : that shall never happen in my life-time, husband ; it was not for that I brought up my child : do you find a portion, and as to her marriage, leave that to my care : there is Lope Tocho, old John Tocho's son, a jolly young fellow, stout and wholesome, whom we all know, and I can perceive that he has no dislike to the girl :  
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besides, he being our equal, she will be very well matched with him; for we shall always have them under our eye, and the two families will live together, parents and children, sons-in-law and grandsons, and the peace and blessing of God will dwell amongst us: wherefore you shall not match me her in your courts and grand palaces, where she will neither understand nor be understood." "Hark ye, you beast and yoke-fellow for Barabbas! replied Sancho; why wouldst thou now, without rhyme or reason, prevent me from matching my daughter, so as that my grandchildren shall be persons of quality? Remember, Teresa; I have often heard my elders and betters observe, He that's coy when fortune's kind, may after seek but never find. And should not I be to blame, if, now that she knocks at my door, I should bolt it against her? Let us, therefore, take the advantage of the favourable gale that blows."

It was this uncommon style, with what Sancho says below, that induced the translator to pronounce the whole chapter apocryphal.

"Can't you perceive, animal, with half an eye, proceeded Sancho, that I shall act wisely, in devoting this body of mine to some beneficial government, that will lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to match Mary Sancha according to my own good pleasure? then wilt thou hear thyself called Donna Teresa Panza, and find thyself seated at church upon carpets, cushions, and tapestry, in despite and defiance of all the small gentry in the parish; and not be always in the same moping circumstances, without increase or diminution, like a picture in the hangings: but no more of this; Sanchica shall be a countess, though thou shouldst cry thy heart out." "Look before you leap, husband, answered Teresa: after all, I wish to God this quality of my daughter may not be the cause of her perdition: take your own way, and make her duchess or princess, or what you please; but

but I'll assure you, it shall never be with my consent or good-will: I was always a lover of equality, my dear, and can't bear to see people hold their heads high without reason. Teresa was I christened, a bare and simple name, without the addition, garniture, and embroidery of Don or Donna; my father's name is Cascajo, and mine, as being your spouse, Teresa Panza, though by rights I should be called Teresa Cascajo: but as the king minds, the law binds: and with that name I am contented, though it be not burthened with a Don, which weighs so heavy, that I should not be able to bear it; neither will I put it in the power of those who see me dressed like a countess or governor's lady, to say, Mind Mrs. Porkfeeder, how proud she looks! it was but yesterday she toiled hard at the distaff, and went to mass with the tail of her gown about her head, instead of a veil; but now, forsooth, she has got her fine farthingales and jewels, and holds up her head, as if we did not know her. If God preserve me in my seven or five senses, or as many as they be, I shall never bring myself into such a quandary: as for your part, spouse, you may go to your governments and islands, and be as proud as a peacock; but as for my daughter and me, by the life of my father! we will not stir one step from the village; for, the wife that deserves a good name, stays at home as if she were lame; and the maid must still be a-doing, that hopes to see the men come a-wooing. You and Don Quixote may therefore go to your adventures, and leave us to our misventures; for God will better our condition, if we deserve his mercy; though truly I cannot imagine who made him a Don; I am sure neither his father nor grandfather had any such title." "I tell thee, wife, replied the squire, thou hast certainly got some devil in that carcase of thine: the Lord watch over thee, woman! what a deal of stuff hast thou been tacking together, without either head or tail! What  
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the devil has your Cascajos, jewels, proverbs, and pride, to do with what I have been saying? Hark ye, you ignorant beast; for such I may call thee, as thou hast neither capacity to understand my discourse, nor prudence to make sure of good fortune, when it lies in thy way, were I to say, that my daughter shall throw herself from the top of a steeple, or go strolling about the world, like the Infanta Donna Uraca, thou wouldst have reason to contradict my pleasure: but if, in two turnings of a ball, and one twinkling of an eye, our good fortune should lay a title across our shoulders, and raising thee from the stubble, set thee in a chair of state, under a canopy, or lay thee upon a sofa, consisting of more velvet\* almohadas, than there are Moors in all the family of the Almohadas in Morocco; wherefore wouldst not thou consent, and with me enjoy the good-luck that falls?" "I'll tell thee wherefore, husband, replied Teresa, because, as the saying is, what covers, discovers thee: the eyes of people always run slightly over the poor, but make a halt to examine the rich; and if a person so examined was once poor, then comes the grumbling, and the slandering; and he is persecuted by back-biters, who swarm in our streets like bees."

"Give ear, Teresa, and listen to what I am going to say, answered Sancho; for mayhap thou hast never heard such a thing in all the days of thy life: and I do not now pretend to speak from my own reflection, but to repeat the remarks of the good father who preached last Lent in our village: he said, if I right remember, that all objects present to the view, exist, and are impressed upon the imagination, with much greater energy and force, than those which we only remember to have seen. (The arguments here used by Sancho, contributed also to make the translator

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\* Almohada signifies a cushion.



believe this chapter apocryphal; because they seem to exceed the capacity of the squire, who proceeded thus :) From whence it happens, that when we see any person magnificently dressed, and surrounded with the pomp of servants, we find ourselves invited, and, as it were, compelled to pay him respect; although the memory should, at that instant, represent to us some mean circumstances of his former life; because that defect, whether in point of family or fortune, is already past and removed, and we only regard what is present to our view; and if the person, whom fortune hath thus raised from the lowness of oblivion to the height of prosperity, be well-bred, liberal, and courteous, without pretending to vie with the ancient nobility, you may take it for granted, Teresa, that no body will remember what he was, but reverence what he now is, except the children of envy, from whom no thriving person is secure." "I really do not understand you, said Teresa: you may do what you will; but seek not to distract my brain with your rhetorick and haranguing, for if you be revolved to do what you say—" "You must call it resolved, woman, and not revolved," cried Sancho. "Never plague yourself to dispute with me, husband, answered Teresa: I speak as God pleases, and meddle not with other people's concerns. If you are obstinately bent upon this same government, I desire you will carry your son Sancho along with you, and from this hour teach him the art of that profession: for it is but reasonable that the sons should inherit and learn the trade of their fathers." "As soon as I have obtained my government, said Sancho, I will send thee money for him by the post, as by that time I shall have plenty; for there are always people in abundance that will lend to a governor, who has no money of his own; and be sure you clothe him in such a manner as to disguise his present condition, and make him appear like what he is to be." "Send you the money,

money, answered Teresa, and I will dress him up like any branch of palm \*." " Well then, said Sancho, we are agreed about making our daughter a countess——." " That day I behold her a countess, cried the wife, I shall reckon her dead and buried; but, I tell you again, you may use your pleasure: for we women are born to be obedient to our husbands, though they are no better than blocks."

So saying, she began to weep as bitterly as if she had actually seen her daughter laid in her grave: Sancho consoled her, by saying, that although she must be a countess, he would defer her promotion as long as he could. Thus ended the conversation, and the squire went back to Don Quixote, to concert measures for their speedy departure.

#### C H A P. VI.

Of what passed between Don Quixote, his niece, and housekeeper, being one of the most important chapters of the whole history.

**W**HILE this impertinent conversation passed between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Cascajo, Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper were not idle; for collecting from a thousand symptoms that their master wanted to give them the slip a third time, and return to the exercise of his unlucky knight-errantry, they endeavoured, by all possible means, to divert him from his extravagant design; but all they could say was like preaching to the desert, or hammering cold iron. However, among many other arguments, the housekeeper said to him, " As I hope to be saved, dear master, if your worship will not fettle at home in your own house, but are resolved to stray about the mountains and valleys, like a troubled

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\* Alluding to the bough that is adorned and carried in procession on Palm-sunday.

ghost, in quest of what you term adventures, but what I call mischances, I will complain in person, and raise up my voice to God and the king, that they may apply some remedy to your disorder." To this declaration the knight replied, "Mrs. Housekeeper, how God will accept of thy complaints I know not; neither can I guess in what manner his majesty will answer thy petition: this only I know, that if I were king, I would excuse myself from answering that infinite number of impertinent memorials which are daily presented; for one of the greatest of the many fatigues that attend royalty, is that of being obliged to listen and reply to all petitions; therefore, I would not have his majesty troubled with any affair of mine." "Pray, Sir, said the housekeeper, are there no knights at court?" "Yes, there are many, answered Don Quixote; and it is reasonable that there should be always a good number in attendance to adorn the court, and support the pomp and magnificence of majesty." "Would it not be better, then, for your worship, replied the matron, to be one of that number, and serve your king and master quietly and safely at court?" "You must know, good woman, said Don Quixote, all knights cannot be courtiers; neither can or ought all courtiers to be knights-errant: there ought to be plenty of both; and though we are all knights, there is a great difference between the one sort and the other: your courtiers, without crossing the thresholds of their own apartments, travel over the world, in maps, gratis, and never know what it is to suffer either heat, cold, hunger, or thirst, in their journey; whereas, we real knights-errant measure the whole globe with our own footsteps, exposed night and day, on horse-back and a-foot, to the summer's sun and winter's cold, and all the inclemencies of the weather: we not only seek to see the picture, but the person of our foe, and on all emergencies and occasions attack him, without paying any regard to the trifling rules

rules of challenges; whether, for example, his sword and lance be shorter or longer than our own; whether he wears about him any relick or secret coat of mail; or whether the sun and wind be equally divided; with other ceremonies of that nature, which are usually observed in duelling, and which, though I know them punctually, thou art little acquainted with; thou must also know, that a good knight-errant, though he sees ten giants, whose heads not only touch, but overtop the clouds, with legs like lofty steeples, and arms resembling the masts of vast and warlike ships; while each eye, as large as a mill-wheel, beams and burns like a glass furnace, is by no means confounded or abashed; but, on the contrary, with genteel demeanour and intrepid heart, approaches, assaults, and, if possible, vanquishes and overthrows them in a twinkling, though they are armed with the shell of a certain fish, said to be harder than adamant; and instead of a sword, use a keen scymitar of damasked steel, or a huge club armed with a point of the same metal, as I have seen on a dozen different occasions. All this I have mentioned, good woman, that thou mayest see what difference there is between knights of different orders; and every prince ought, in reason, to pay greater respect to this second, or rather this first species of knights-errant, among whom, as we read in history, there have been some who were the bulwarks not only of one, but of many kingdoms."

" Ah, dear Sir, cried the niece, interrupting him, consider that all those stories of knights-errant are nothing but lies and invention; and every one of the books that contain them deserve, if not to be burnt, at least to wear a \* fan benito, or some other badge; by which it may be known for an infamous perverter of virtue and good sense." " By the God that protects me! cried the knight, wert thou not undoubt-

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\* A dress put upon convicted heretics.



edly my niece, as being my own sister's child, I would chastise thee in such a manner, for the blasphemy thou hast uttered, that the whole world would resound with the example! How! shall a pert baggage, who has scarce capacity enough to manage a dozen lace-bobbins, dare to wag her tongue in censuring the histories of knights-errant? What would signor Amadis say to such presumption? But, surely, he would forgive thy arrogance; for he was the most humble and courteous knight of his time, and, besides, the particular champion and protector of damsels: but thou mightest have been heard by another who would not treat thee so gently; for all are not affable and well-bred: on the contrary, some there are extremely brutal and impolite. All those who call themselves knights, are not intitled to that distinction; some being of pure gold, and others of baser metal, notwithstanding the denomination they assume. But these last cannot stand the touchstone of truth: there are mean plebeians, who sweat and struggle to maintain the appearance of gentlemen; and, on the other hand, there are gentlemen of rank who seem industrious to appear mean and degenerate: the one sort raise themselves either by ambition or virtue, while the other abase themselves by viciousness or sloth; so that we must avail ourselves of our understanding and discernment in distinguishing those persons, who, though they bear the same appellation, are yet so different in point of character."

"Good God! said the niece, that your worship should be so learned, that even, if need were, you might mount the pulpit, or go a-preaching in the streets, and yet remain in such woeful blindness and palpable folly, as to persuade the world that you are a valiant and vigorous righter of wrongs, when you are old, feeble, and almost crippled with age; but, above all things, to give yourself out for a knight, when you are no such thing; for, though rich gentlemen

men may be knighted, poor gentlemen, like you, seldom are."

"There is a good deal of truth in what thou hast observed, cousin, replied Don Quixote; and I could tell thee such things, concerning families, as would raise thine admiration; but these I suppress, that I may not seem to mix what's human with what's divine: take notice, however, my friends, and be attentive to what I am going to say: all the families in the world may be reduced to four kinds, which are these: one, that from low beginnings hath extended and dilated to a pitch of power and greatness; another, that from great beginnings hath continued to preserve and maintain its original importance; a third, that from vast beginnings hath ended in a point, diminishing and decaying from its foundation, into an inconsiderable point like that of a pyramid, which in respect of its base, is next kin to nothing; a fourth, and that the most numerous, had neither a good foundation, nor reasonable superstructure, and therefore sinks into oblivion, unobserved; such are the families of plebeians and ordinary people. The first, that from low beginnings hath mounted to power and greatness, which it preserves to this day, is exemplified in the house of Ottoman, that from a humble shepherd, who gave rise to it, attained that pinnacle of grandeur on which it now stands: the second sort of pedigree, that without augmentation hath preserved its original importance, is exhibited in the persons of many princes, who are such by inheritance, and support their rank without addition or diminution, containing themselves peaceably within the limits of their own dominions: of those who, from illustrious beginnings have dwindled into a point, there are a thousand examples in the Pharaohs and Ptolemys of Egypt, the Cæsars of Rome, with all the tribe, if they may be so called, of our Median, Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Bar-

barian princes, monarchs, and great men. All these families and states, together with their founders, have ended in a very inconsiderable point; since, at this day, it is impossible to trace out one of their descendants; or, if we could, he would be found in some base and low degree. I have nothing to say of the plebeians, who only serve to increase the number of the living, without deserving any other fame or pagnegric. From what I have said, I would have you infer, my precious Wiseacres, that there is a great confusion of pedigrees; and that those only appear grand and illustrious, whose representatives abound with virtue, liberality, and wealth: I say virtue, liberality, and wealth, because the vicious great man is no more than a great sinner; and the rich man without liberality, a mere covetous beggar; for happiness does not consist in possessing, but in spending riches; and that not in squandering them away, but in knowing how to use them with taste: now a poor knight has no other way of signalizing his birth, but the practice of virtue, being affable, well-bred, courteous, kind, and obliging; a stranger to pride, arrogance, and slander; and, above all things, charitable; for, by giving two farthings cheerfully to the poor, he may shew himself as generous as he that dispenses alms by sound of bell: and whosoever sees him adorned with these virtues, although he should be an utter stranger to his race, will conclude that he is descended of a good family. Indeed, it would be a sort of miracle to find it otherwise; so that praise is always the reward of virtue, and never fails to attend the righteous. There are two paths, my children, that lead to wealth and honour: one is that of learning, the other that of arms: now I am better qualified for the last than for the first, and (as I judge from my inclination to arms) was born under the influence of the planet Mars: so that I am, as it were, obliged to choose that road, which I will pursue in

pite of the whole universe : you will therefore fatigue yourselves to no purpose, in attempting to persuade me from that which Heaven inspires, fortune ordains, reason demands, and, above all things, my own inclination dictates : knowing, as I do, the innumerable toils annexed to knight-errantry, I am also well acquainted with the infinite benefits acquired in the exercise of that profession. I know the path of virtue is very strait, while the road of vice is broad and spacious ; I know their end and issue is different : the wide extended way of vice conducts the traveller to death ; while the narrow toilsful path of virtue leads to happiness and life—not that which perisheth, but that which hath no end ; and I know, as our great Castilian poet observes,

By these rough paths of toil and pain,  
Th' immortal seats of bliss we gain,  
Deny'd to those who heedless stray  
In tempting pleasure's flow'ry way."

" Ah ! woe is me ! cried the cousin, my uncle is a poet too ! he knows every thing, and can do every thing : I'll lay a wager, if he should turn bricklayer, he could build a house like any cage." " I do assure thee, Niece, replied Don Quixote, if those knightly sentiments did not wholly engross my attention, there is not a thing on earth that I could not make ; nor a curiosity that should not go thro' my hands, especially bird-cages, and tooth-picks."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a knocking at the gate, which, as they found upon enquiry, was made by Sancho ; whose presence was no sooner intimated than the housekeeper ran away to hide herself, that she might avoid the sight of him whom she abhorred : the niece, therefore, opened the door, and his master came out to receive him with open arms : then shutting themselves up together, another dialogue passed, no ways inferior to the former.



## CHAP. VII.

Of what passed between Don Quixote and his Squire ;  
with other surprising incidents.

THE housekeeper seeing that her master and Sancho were locked up together, immediately guessed the subject of the conversation ; and imagining, that the result of this consultation would be a third sally, she put on her veil, and, full of trouble and anxiety, went in quest of the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, thinking, that as he was a well-spoken man, and her master's new friend, he might persuade him to lay aside such an extravagant design : accordingly, she found him taking a turn in his own yard, and fell upon her knees before him, in a cold sweat, occasioned by her vexation. Carrasco seeing her appear with such marks of sorrow and consternation, said, " What is the matter, Mrs. Housekeeper ? what hath befallen you ? something seems to have harrowed up your very soul ! " " Nothing at all, dear Mr. Sampson, cried the housekeeper, only my master is breaking out—he is certainly breaking out. " " How breaking out ? said Sampson ; is any part of his body unsound ? " " Where should he break out, replied the other, but thro' the gate of his madness ? My meaning, dear batchelor of my soul ! is, that he is going to make another sally (and that will be the third), searching up and down the world for what he calls adventures, tho' I cannot imagine why they should have that \* name : the first time, he returned so battered and bruised, that they were fain to lay him across an ass, like a sack of oats, because he could not sit upright : the second time, he was brought home in a waggon, stretched and cooped up in a cage, in which he imagined himself enchanted, in such a woeful plight, that he could scarce be known by the mother that

\* The original, *ventura*, signifies good luck, as well as adventures.

bore him, so lank and meagre, with his eyes sunk into the lowest pit of his brain; so that before I could bring him into any tolerable degree of strength, I expended more than six hundred new laid eggs, as God and all the world know, as well as my hens, that will not suffer me to tell a lie." "That I verily believe, said the batchelor; your hens are so good, plump, and well-bred, that they would rather burst than say one thing and mean another: well then, Mrs. Housekeeper, nothing else hath happened, neither have you met with any other misfortune, but the apprehension of what your master Don Quixote will do?" "Nothing else," said she. "Give yourself no trouble then, resumed the batchelor, but go home a-God's name, and get ready something hot for my breakfast; and in your way, repeat St. Apollonia's prayer, if you can; I will follow, in a little time, and then you shall see wonders." "Dear heart! cried the housekeeper, St. Apollonia's prayer, say you? that I should repeat if my master had the tooth-ach, but, lack-a-day! his distemper lies in his skull." "I know what I say, answered Sampson: take my advice, Mrs. Housekeeper, and do not pretend to dispute with me; for I would have thee to know that I am a batchelor of Salamanca; there's no higher batcheleering than that." She accordingly moved homeward, while Sampson went to communicate to the curate that which will be in due time disclosed.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were closeted together, there passed between them a conversation which the history recounts with great punctuality and truth. "Signor, said the squire, I have at length traduced my wife to consent that I shall attend your worship wheresoever you please to carry me." "Say reduced, and not traduced, Sancho," replied the knight. "I have once or twice, if my memory serves me, said Sancho, intreated your worship not to correct my words, if you understand my meaning; and  
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when you can't make it out, I desire you would say, Sancho, or devil, I don't understand thee: then if I fail in explaining myself, you may correct me as much as you please; for I am so fossil." "I do not understand thee now, cried Don Quixote, nor can I comprehend what thou would'st be at, in saying I am so fossil." "So fossil, said the squire; that is, whereby as how I am just so." "Nay, now thou art more and more unintelligible," replied the knight. "If your worship does not understand me now, answered Sancho, I know not how to express it; for I am already at my wit's-end, and Lord have mercy upon me." "O! now I conceive thy meaning, said the knight; thou wouldst say thou art so docil, gentle, and tractable, as to comprehend every thing I say, and retain whatsoever I shall teach thee." "I'll lay a wager, said the squire, that from the beginning, you knew my meaning by my mumping, but wanted to confound me by leading me into a thousand more blunders." "It may be so, said the knight, but in reality, what says Teresa?" "Teresa, answered Sancho, says I must be sharp with your worship. Fast bind fast find: he that shuffles does not always cut; and that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush: now I know that a wife's counsel is bad, but he that will not take it is mad." "So say I, replied Don Quixote; proceed, friend Sancho, you speak like an oracle to-day." "Why then the case is this, resumed Sancho; your worship very well knows we are all mortal, here to-day, and gone to-morrow; for the lamb goes as fast as the dam; and no man in this world, can promise himself more hours of life than God is pleased to grant him; because death is deaf, and when he knocks at the door of life is always in a hurry, and will not be detained, either by fair means or force, by sceptres or mitres, as the report goes, and as we have often heard it declared from the pulpit." "All this is very true, said the knight;

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knight; but I cannot guess what you drive at.”

“What I drive at, answered Sancho, is, that your worship would appoint me a certain monthly salary for the time I shall serve you, to be paid out of your estate; for I don’t choose to depend upon recompences that come late or low, or never. God will protect me with my own. In short, I would know what I have to trust to, whether little or much; for the hen clucks though but on one egg; many littles make a mickle; and he that is getting aught, is losing nought. True it is, if it should happen, which I neither believe nor expect, that your worship can give me that island you have promised me so long, I am not so greedy or ungrateful, but that I will suffer my rent to be appraised, and my salary deducted in due portion.”

“To be sure, friend Sancho, said the \* knight, all portions ought to be proportioned.”

“I understand you, replied the squire, I should have said proportion instead of portion; but that is of no signification, since my meaning is comprehended by your worship.”

“Ay, and so thoroughly comprehended, said Don Quixote, that I have penetrated into the inmost recesses of thy thoughts, and perceive the mark at which those innumerable shafts of thy proverbs are aimed. Look you, Sancho, I would appoint thee a salary, if I could find in any history of knights-errant, one precedent, by which I might discover, or have the least glimpse of what they used to give monthly or yearly; but I have carefully perused all, or the greatest part of those histories, and cannot remember to have read, that any knight-errant ever paid a certain salary to his squire. I only know that all of them trusted to favour, and when it was least in their thoughts, provided their masters chanced to be fortunate, they found themselves re-

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\* I have substituted this play upon the word proportion, in lieu of Sancho’s blundering on *Rata*.



warded with an island, or something equivalent, and, at least, were honoured with rank and title. If with these hopes and expectations, you are willing to return to my service, do it a-God's name; but if you think I will unhinge and deviate from the ancient customs of chivalry, you are grievously mistaken: wherefore, friend Sancho, you may go home again, and declare my intention to your wife Teresa; and if she is pleased, and you are willing to depend upon my favour, bene quidem; if not, let us shake hands and part; while there are peace in the dove-house, I shall never want pigeons; and remember, my child, that it is better to be rich in hope, than poor in possession; and that a good claim is preferable to bad pay. I talk in this manner, Sancho, to shew that I can pour forth a volley of proverbs as well as you; and finally, I must and will give you to understand, that if you do not choose to serve me on those terms, and share my fortune, whatsoever it may be, I pray God may prosper and make a saint of you; for my part, I shall not want squires more obedient and careful, though less troublesome and talkative than your worship."

When Sancho heard this firm resolution of his master, the sky began to lour, and down flagged the wings of his heart in a moment; for he had believed that the knight would not set out without him, for all the wealth in the world. While he thus remained pensive and dejected, in came Sampson Carrasco, followed by the niece, who was very desirous to hear with what arguments he would dissuade her uncle from going again in quest of adventures. Sampson, who was a notable wag, no sooner entered, than embracing the knight, as at first, he pronounced with an audible voice, "O flower of knight-errantry, resplendent sun of arms, thou glory and mirror of the Spanish nation! may it please the

Almighty, of his infinite power, that if any person or persons shall raise any impediment to obstruct thy third fall, they may never extricate themselves from the labyrinth of their desires, or accomplish what they so unjustly wish!" Then turning to the duenna, "Mrs. Housekeeper, said he, you need not now repeat St. Apollonia's prayer; for I know it is the precise determination of the stars, that signor Don Quixote shall again execute his new and lofty plan: and I should greatly burden my conscience if I forbore to intimate, and desire, that this knight will no longer withhold and detain the force of his valiant arm, and the virtue of his heroic soul; because, by his delay, he retards the righting of wrongs, the protection of orphans, the honour of maidens, the favour of widows, the support of wives, with many other things of that nature, which regard, concern, depend upon, and appertain to the order of knight-errantry. Courage! signor Don Quixote, beautiful and brave; may your worship and grandeur set out before to-morrow morning; and if any thing be wanting to forward your expedition, here am I, ready to make it good with my person and fortune; and, if need be, to serve your magnificence in quality of squire; an office, in the execution of which I should think myself extremely happy."

Don Quixote hearing this proffer, turned to Sancho, saying, "Did not I tell thee, Sancho, that I should not want for squires? Take notice who it is that offers to attend me: who but the unheard-of batchelor Sampson Carrasco, the perpetual darling and delight of the court-yards belonging to the Salamanca schools, sound of body, strong of limb, a silent sufferer of heat and cold, hunger and thirst, and endued with all those qualifications which are requisite in the squire of a knight-errant: but Heaven will not permit me, for my own satisfaction, to break  
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and demolish this pillar of learning, this urn of sciences, and to hew down such an eminent branch of the liberal arts. No, let this new Sampson stay at home, and honour the place of his nativity, together with the grey hairs of his ancient parents; while I make shift with any sort of squire, since Sancho will not vouchsafe to go along with me."

"Y—yes, I do vouchsafe! cried Sancho, blubbering, it shall never be said of me, dear master, that when the victuals were eaten up, the company sneaked off; I am not come of such an ungrateful stock; for all the world, and especially my own townsmen, know, what sort of people the Panzas were, of whom I am descended; besides, I have perceived, and am sensible, by many good works, and more good words, that your worship is actually inclined to do for me; and if I have haggled more than enough about my wages, it was to please my wife, who, if she once takes in hand to persuade me to any thing, no cooper's adze drives the hoops of a barrel as she drives at her purposes until she hath gained it; but, after all, a man must be a man, and a woman a woman: now I being a man every inch of me, when or wheresoever I please to shew myself (that I cannot deny), I am resolved to be master in my own house, in spite of the devil, the world, and the flesh; and therefore your worship has no more to do but prepare your will<sup>e</sup> with the codicil, so as that it cannot be rebuked; and then let us take our departure, that we may not endanger the soul of Mr. Sampson, whose conscience, he says, prompts him to persuade your worship to make a third sally through the world; and here I promise again to serve your worship faithfully and lawfully, as well as, and better than all the squires that ever attended the knights-errant, either in past or present time."

The batchelor was astonished at hearing the manner and conclusion of Sancho's speech; for although

he had read the first part of his master's history, he never believed him so diverting as he is there represented; but now hearing him talk of the will and codicil that could not be rebuked, instead of revoked, he was convinced of the truth of what he had read, and confirmed in the opinion of his being one of the most solemn simpletons of the present age; saying, within himself, two such madmen as the master and his squire, are not to be paralleled upon earth. In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho were reconciled, and embraced each other; and, in consequence of the opinion and assent of the great Carrasco, whom they looked upon as an oracle, it was determined that they should depart in three days, during which they would have time to provide themselves with necessaries for the journey, and find a complete helmet for the knight, who insisted upon carrying one along with him into the field. Sampson, accordingly, undertook to accommodate him, saying he could command a helmet that was in possession of a friend of his; though the brightness of the metal was not a little obscured by the rust and mould which it had contracted.

Innumerable were the curses which were vented against the batchelor by the housekeeper and niece, who tore their hair, and scratched their faces; and like the hired mourners, formerly in use, lamented the departure as if it had been the death of their master. But Sampson's view in persuading him to another folly, was to execute a design which he had concerted with the curate and barber; as will appear in the sequel. In short, during those three days, Don Quixote and Sancho furnished themselves with every thing they thought they should have occasion for: the squire pacified his wife, the knight appeased his niece and housekeeper; and on the evening of the fourth day, without being perceived by any living soul but the batchelor, who insisted upon accompanying



nying them half a league out of town, they set out, and took the road to Toboso; Don Quixote mounted on his trusty Rozinante, and Sancho throned upon his old friend Dapple, with a pair of bags well lined with belly-timber, and a purse of money, which his master deposited in his hands, in case of accidents in their expedition.

Sampson, embracing the knight, intreated him to write an account of his good or evil fortune, that he might congratulate or sympathize with him, as the laws of friendship require. Don Quixote assured him, he would comply with his request; the batchelor returned to the village, and the other two pursued their way towards the great city of Toboso.

#### CHAP. VIII.

An account of what happened to Don Quixote, in his journey to visit his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso.

“**B**lessed be the almighty Ala!” saith Cid Hamet Benengeli, in the beginning of this chapter; and this benediction he repeats three times, in consequence of finding Don Quixote and Sancho in the field again; observing, that the readers of this agreeable history may assure themselves that, from this period, the exploits of the knight and his squire begin. He therefore persuades them to forget the former adventures of our sage hero, and fix their attention upon those which are to come; and which now begin in the road to Toboso, as the others took their origin in the field of Montiel; and truly his demand is but reasonable, considering the fair promise he makes. Thus therefore he proceeds:

Scarce had Sampson left Don Quixote and Sancho by themselves, when Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to bray most melodiously; a circumstance which was looked upon by both our adventurers as a

fortunate signal and most happy omen, though, to deal candidly with the reader, the brayings of the ass exceeded in number the neighings of the horse; from whence Sancho concluded, his fortune would surmount and overtop that of his master. But whether or not he founded his belief on his knowledge in judicial astrology, I cannot determine, the history being silent on that subject; yet certain it is he had been heard to say when he stumbled or fell, that he wished he had not stirred over his own threshold; for nothing was to be got by a stumble or fall but a torn shoe, or a broken bone; and truly, simple as he was, he had some reason for making that observation.

“ Friend Sancho, said Don Quixote, the night is so far advanced, that we shall not be able to reach Toboso by day-light: yet thither I am determined to go, before I engage in any other adventure, that I may receive the benediction and good leave of the peerless Dulcinea, by the help of which I shall certainly achieve and happily perform the most perilous exploits; for nothing in this life exalts the valour of knights-errant so much as the favour of their mistresses.” “ I am of the same way of thinking, replied the squire; but I believe your worship will find some difficulty in seeing her in a proper place for courtship, or indeed for receiving her blessing, unless she throws it over the pales of the yard through which I saw her for the first time, when I carried the letter that gave an account of the folly and mad pranks I left your worship committing in the heart of the brown mountain.” “ Didst thou then actually imagine, said Don Quixote, that those were the pales of a yard, over or through which thou sawest that paragon of gentleness and beauty? Certainly they could be no other than galleries, arcades, or corridors, such as belong to rich and royal palaces.” “ It may be so, answered Sancho, but either my  
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memory fails me very much, or to me they seemed no better than the pales of a farmer's yard." "Be that as it will, resumed Don Quixote, thither we will go, and at any rate get sight of her; for be it through pales, windows, crannies, or the rails of a garden, so the least ray of that sun of beauty reach mine eyes, it will enlighten my understanding, and fortify my heart in such a manner, that I shall remain the unequalled phoenix of valour and discretion." "Truly, sir, said the squire, when I saw that same sun of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so bright as to send forth any rays at all; but the case was, the wheat that her ladyship was winnowing, as I told you before, raised such a cloud of dust about her, as quite darkened her countenance." "Wilt thou still persist, Sancho, replied the knight, in saying, thinking, believing, and affirming, that my mistress Dulcinea was employed in such a mean office, so wide of all that is or ought to be practised by persons of rank, who are created and reserved for other exercises and amusements, that denote their quality at the distance of a bow-shot? Thou seemest to forget, O Sancho! those verses of our poet, in which he paints the labours that in their crystal bowers engrossed the four nymphs, who, raising their heads above the waves of their beloved Tagus, sat down to work in the verdant meadow those rich and silken webs which, as the ingenious poet describes, were with gold and pearls adorned and interweaved. In this manner my mistress must have been employed when thou sawest her; but some wicked inchanter, envious of my happiness and fame, converts and perverts every thing that yields me pleasure, into shapes and figures different from its real appearance; and in that history of my achievements which they say is printed, if the author be some sage who is an enemy to my success, I am afraid he hath confounded one thing with another, and clogged every fact with  
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a thousand falsehoods ; straying from his subject, to recount actions quite foreign to the skilful detail of a true history. O envy ! thou root of infinite mischief, and canker-worm of virtue ! The commission of all other vices, Sancho, is attended with some sort of delight ; but envy produces nothing in the heart that harbours it but rage, rancour, and disgust." " So say I, master, answered Sancho ; and I suppose, in this legend or history of us, which batchelor Carrasco says he has seen, my reputation goes like a jolting hackney coach, and is tossed about, as the saying is, like a tennis-ball ; though in good faith, I never spoke an ill word of any inchanter whatsoever ; nor am I rich enough to stir up envy in any living soul : true it is, I am a little waggish, and have a small spice of knavery at bottom ; but all this is crowned and covered with the broad cloak of my simplicity ; which is always natural and never affected : and if there was nothing else but my believing, as I always do, firmly and sincerely in God, as well as in all that is owned and believed by the holy Roman catholic church ; and my being a mortal enemy, as I certainly am, to the Jews ; the historians ought to have mercy upon me, and use me tenderly in their writings : but let them say what they will, I naked was born, and naked remain ; and if I lose nothing, as little I gain : though provided I see myself mentioned in a book, and circulate through the world from hand to hand, I don't value what they can say of me a fig's end."

" That observation, said Don Quixote, puts me in mind of what happened to a famous poet of this age, who having composed a severe satire against the court ladies, omitted to insert one in particular, by name, so that it was doubtful whether or not she was implied in any part of the performance. The lady thus neglected, complained to the poet, asking what he had seen in her character unworthy of being described among the rest, and desiring him to enlarge the

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the satire that she might be included in the supplement, or look to himself. The author complied with her request, lashing her in terms not fit to be named; and she was perfectly well satisfied with the fame of being infamous. Of a piece with this ambition was that reported of the shepherd, who set fire to the celebrated temple of Diana, reckoned one of the wonders of the world, with no other view than to render his name immortal; and although there was a severe edict, prohibiting all persons whatever from making mention of his name, either by word or writing, that he might not accomplish his aim, it is very well known at this day, that his name was Erostratus. This likewise bears an affinity to that occurrence which passed at Rome, between that great emperor Charles the Vth and a certain knight. The emperor went to visit the famous temple of the Rotunda, which was of old called the Pantheon, but is now more happily named the church of All-saints, the most entire edifice that remains of heathen Rome, and which most of all evinces the grandeur and magnificence of its founders. It is built in the shape of half an orange, of a vast extent, and very well lighted, though it has but one window, or rather a round lanthorn at its top, from whence the emperor considered the inside of the structure, being attended by a Roman knight, who described the excellence and ingenious contrivance of that vast and memorable work; and after they had descended, said to him, "Sacred Sir, a thousand times was I seized with an inclination to clasp your majesty in my arms, and throw myself down from the lanthorn, in order to eternize my name." "I thank you, replied the emperor for having resisted such a wicked suggestion, and henceforward will never give you an opportunity of repeating such a proof of your loyalty; avoid my presence, and never presume to speak to me again." But, notwithstanding this severe command, he conferred

ferred upon him some extraordinary favour. My meaning, Sancho, is, that the desire of fame is a most active principle in the human breast. What dost thou imagine was the motive that prevailed on Horatius to throw himself from the bridge, armed at all points, into the depth of the river Tiber? what induced Mutius to burn his hand and arm? what impelled Curtius to dart himself into the flaming gulph which opened in the midst of Rome? what prompted Cæsar to pass the Rubicon, in spite of all the unfavourable omens that appeared? and to give you a more modern instance, what consideration bore the ships, and left on shore, encompassed with enemies, those valiant Spaniards in the new world, under the conduct of the most courteous Cortez? All these and many other great and various exploits are, were, and shall be performed, in consequence of that desire of fame, which flatters mortals with a share of that immortality which they deem the merited reward of their renowned achievements: although we catholic christian knights-errant ought to pay greater attention to that glory which is to come, and eternally survives within the ætherial and celestial mansions, than to the vanity of that fame, which is obtained in this present perishable state, and which, considered in its longest duration, must end at length with the world itself, which hath its appointed period. Wherefore, Sancho, our works must not exceed the limits prescribed by the christian religion, which we profess. We must, in slaying giants, extirpate pride; get the better of envy by benevolence and virtue; resist anger with patience and forbearance; conquer gluttony and sloth by temperance and watchfulness; luxury and lewdness by our fidelity to those whom we constitute mistresses of our inclination; and idleness by travelling through all parts of the world, in quest of opportunities to evince ourselves not only christians, but, moreover, renowned knights.

knights. Thus, Sancho, thou seest the means of acquiring that superlative praise which produces fame and reputation."

"All that your worship hath hitherto said, replied the squire, I understand perfectly well; but, for all that, I wish you would dissolve me one doubt, which hath this moment struck me in the noddle." "Thy meaning is resolve, Sancho, said the knight: in good time, out with it, and I will give thee satisfaction, as far as my own knowledge extends." "Tell me, then, signor, proceeded Sancho, where now are all those Julys and Augusts, and adventuresome knights who died so long ago?" "The heathens, answered Don Quixote, are doubtless in hell; and the christians, if they were good catholics, either in purgatory or in heaven." "Right, said the squire: let us next enquire, if the tombs that contain the bodies of that sort of gentry are lighted with silver lamps; or the walls of their chapels adorned with crutches, winding sheets, periwigs, legs, and eyes, made of wax: if not, pray in what manner are they adorned?" To this question Don Quixote answered, "That the sepulchres of the heathen heroes were, for the most part, sumptuous temples: the ashes of Julius Cæsar were placed upon the top of a stone pyramid, of vast dimensions, still to be seen at Rome, under the name of St Peter's obelisk: the emperor Adrian's tomb was a building as large as a good village, formerly called Moles Adriani, but at present the castle of St. Angelo; and queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in a monument, that was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world. But none of these sepulchres, nor any other belonging to the heathens, were adorned with shrouds, offerings, or marks, to denote the sanctity of the persons there buried." "So I perceive, said Sancho: and now tell me whether it be more meritorious to slay a giant, or raise up the dead to life again?" "The answer is plain, replied

replied the knight: it is more meritorious to reanimate the dead." "Then I have caught you fairly," cried the squire: he who revives the dead, restores sight to the blind, straightens the crooked, heals the sick; before whose tomb the lamps continually burn, whose chapels are filled with devout people who adore his relics upon their knees: I say, he shall have more fame in this world, and that which is to come, than all the heathen emperors and knights-errant that ever lived have left, or will leave behind them." "I am very sensible of the truth of what you allege," answered the knight. "Now this fame, this grace, this prerogative, or what you call it, resumed the squire, is vested in the bodies and relics of the saints; and with the approbation and licence of our holy mother-church, they have their lamps, tapers, shrouds, crutches, pictures, periwigs, eyes, and legs, whereby the devotion of the people is increased, and their own christian fame promulgated: the bodies and relics of saints are carried upon the shoulders of kings, who kiss the very fragments of their bones, with which they enrich and adorn their most precious altars and oratories." "What would'st thou have me infer from all this?" said Don Quixote. "My meaning, replied Sancho, is, that we should turn saints immediately, and so with the greater dispatch acquire that fame which we are in search of; and pray take notice, signor, it was but yesterday, or t'other day, as one may say in comparison, that they canonized and beautified two bare-footed friars; and people now think it a great happiness to be allowed to touch and kiss the iron chains with which they girded and tormented their poor bodies, and which are in greater esteem than the sword of Orlando, which, as the report goes, is kept in the armoury of our lord the king, whom God in heaven bless: wherefore, dear master, it is better to be an humble friar of any order whatever, than the most valiant knight that  
that



that ever breathed; for, with God, two dozen of disciplines will more avail than as many thousand backstrokes, whether they be bestowed on giants, dragons, or hobgoblins." "All this is very true, answered Don Quixote; but we cannot all be friars, and various are the paths by which God conducts the good to heaven. Chivalry itself is a religious order, and some that were knights are now saints in glory." "True, resumed the squire; but I have often heard it observed, that there are more friars than knights in heaven." "The reason, said the knight, is, because there is a greater number of monks than of the other order." "And yet there are many knights-errant," replied the squire. "There is indeed a good number, answered Don Quixote; but very few that deserve the name."

In this, and other such discourse, they passed that night and the following day, without encountering any thing worthy of being mentioned; a circumstance, that chagrined our knight not a little. Next day however in the twilight, they descried the great city of Toboso: at sight of which Don Quixote's spirits were exhilarated, and Sancho's depressed, because he did not know where to find the house of Dulcinea, whom he had never seen, neither had his master ever beheld this peerless princess: so that the one suffered perturbation from the desire of seeing her, and the other because he had not seen her; and, indeed, Sancho could not contrive how to manage the affair, when his master should send him to Toboso. In fine, Don Quixote resolved to enter the city in the dark; and with this view they tarried in a grove of oaks, not far from the gate, till the night was advanced; then entered the town, where they met with things which amount to things indeed.

## C H A P. IX.

Which contains what you will see in the perusal of it.

**I**T was midnight, or thereabout, when Don Quixote and Sancho leaving their covert, entered the city of Toboso, which was then in profound silence, all its inhabitants being asleep, and lying with outstretched legs, as the saying is. The night was clear, tho' Sancho wished it otherwise, that, in the darkness, he might find an excuse for his imposition; and nothing was heard in the whole town but the barking of dogs, which thundered in Don Quixote's ears, and very much disturbed the heart of Sancho: yet from time to time they were saluted by the braying of asses, the grunting of hogs, and the mewing of cats; which different notes being augmented by the stillness of the night, were considered as ill omens by the enamoured knight, who, nevertheless, said to his squire, "Son Sancho, lead on to the palace of Dulcinea, whom, perhaps, we shall find awake." "Body of the fun! cried Sancho, what palace should I lead to? when I saw her highness she was in a very small cottage." "Then she must have been retired, answered the knight, to some small apartment of her castle, to divert herself with her damsels, according to the use and custom of princesses and ladies of rank." "Signor, said the squire, since your worship, in spite of all that I can say, will have my lady Dulcinea's house to be a castle, is this an hour to find the gate open? and will it be decent for us to throw the whole family into confusion and uproar, by making a racket, and demanding entrance, at this time of night? Do you think we are going to a bawdy-house, like your fornicators, who rap and knock, and enter at any hour of the four-and-twenty?" "First of all, let us fairly find the castle, replied

plied the knight, and then I will tell thee what is to be done ; and take notice, Sancho, for either mine eyesight fails me, or that great shadowy building before us is the palace of Dulcinea." " Advance then, answered Sancho ; perhaps it may be so : and yet, though I should see it with mine eyes, and touch it with my hands, I will believe it as much as I believe it is now twelve o'clock at noon."

Don Quixote however proceeded ; and having gone about two hundred paces, came up with the building that produced the shadow, and perceiving it a high steeple, found it was no castle, but in reality the principal church in town. " We are arrived at the cathedral, Sancho," said he. " So I perceive, replied the squire, and God grant we be not arrived at our graves ! for it is no good sign to be strolling about church yards at these hours : besides, I have already told your worship, (if my memory serves me right,) that my lady's house stands in a blind alley." " The curse of God light on thee, for a blockhead as thou art ! cried Don Quixote : where didst thou ever hear of castles and royal palaces built in blind alleys ?" " Signor, answered Sancho, every country has its own customs ; and perhaps it is the custom here, in Toboso, to raise palaces and grand edifices in blind alleys ; I therefore humbly beseech your worship to let me search all the streets and alleys I shall meet with ; and who knows but in some corner I may light on this same castle, which I wish the dogs had devoured, before it had brought us to such perplexity and confusion !" " Talk respectfully, Sancho, of those things that appertain to my mistress, said the knight : let us spend our holiday in peace, and not throw the helve after the hatchet." " Well, I will be pacified, answered the squire ; though how can I endure your worship should expect that I, who have seen my lady's house but once, should know it always, and even find it out in the middle of the night,

night, when you yourself are at a loss, though you must have seen it a thousand times." "You distract me, Sancho, cried Don Quixote: heark ye, heretic, have not I told you a thousand times, that in all the days of my life I never saw the peerless Dulcinea, nor ever crossed the threshold of her palace, being only enamoured by hearsay, and the great reputation of her beauty and discretion?" "I hear your worship say so now, replied Sancho; and tell you in my turn, that if you have not seen her, no more have I." "That is impossible, resumed the knight; at least, you told me you had seen her winnowing wheat, when you brought back an answer to the letter with which I sent you to her habitation." "Truly, signor, you must not depend upon that, answered Sancho; for you must know, my seeing her, and bringing back the answer, was also upon hearsay; and I am as incapable of giving any account of the lady Dulcinea, as I am of pulling the moon by the nose." "Sancho! Sancho! said Don Quixote, there is a time for jesting, and a time when jokes are very unseasonable: though I say I have never seen, or spoke with the mistress of my soul, there is no reason for thy making the same declaration, which thou knowest is so contrary to the truth."

While they thus conversed together, they perceived a person passing that way with a couple of mules; and by the noise of a plough-share, which they dragged along, justly concluded that he was a peasant, who had risen before day to go to labour: they were not mistaken; it was actually a labourer, who went along singing the ballad of Ronsevalles\*; which the knight no sooner heard, than he exclaimed, "Let me die, Sancho! if any thing lucky will befall us to-night: don't you hear what that peasant is singing?" "Yes, said Sancho; but what has the defeat at Ronsevalles

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\* Like our Chevy-chase.



to do with our affair? If he had sung the ballad of Calaynos, it would have been the same thing with regard to our good or evil fortune."

Don Quixote said to the peasant, who was by this time come up, "Can you tell me, honest friend, and the blessing of God attend you, in what part of this city stands the palace of the peerless princess Donna Dulcinea del Toboso?" "Signor, answered the young man, I am a stranger, and have been but a few days in town, in the service of a rich farmer, whose lands I till; but in that house that fronts you live the curate and sexton of the parish, and either or both can give your worship an account of that same princess; for they keep a register of all the inhabitants of Toboso, though, I believe, there is no such thing as a princess in the whole place: there are, indeed, many ladies of fashion, and every one may be a princess in her own house." "She whom I ask for must be one of these," said the knight. "It may be so, answered the peasant; but I shall be overtaken by the morning." So saying, he drove on his mules, without waiting for any more questions.

Sancho seeing his master in suspense, and over and above dissatisfied, "Signor, said he, day begins to break, and it will not be altogether convenient to let the sun find us here in the street: we had better quit the city, and look out for some wood in the neighbourhood, where your worship may enjoy the cool shade; and I will return by day, and search every hole and cranny in Toboso for this house, castle, or palace of my lady, and it will be very unfortunate, indeed, if I cannot find it; and if I have the good luck to meet with her ladyship, I will tell her where and how I have left your worship, in expectation of her contriving some means whereby you may visit her, without any prejudice to her honour  
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and reputation." "Sancho, cried Don Quixote, thou hast uttered a thousand sentences within the compass of a few words: the counsel thou hast given me, I relish, and most willingly receive. Come, my son, let us go in quest of some thicket, where I may embower myself, while thou shalt return to seek, see, and talk with my mistress, from whose courtesy and discretion I hope to receive more than miraculous favours."

Sancho burned with impatience to see his master fairly out of town, that he might not detect the falsehood of the answer which he pretended to bring from Dulcinea, while he remained in the brown mountain: he therefore pressed him to depart, and about two miles from the city they found a thicket or wood, where Don Quixote took up his residence, while Sancho went back to commune with Dulcinea; and in the course of his embassy, met with adventures that demand new credit and fresh attention.

## C H A P X.

Gives an account of the stratagem which Sancho practised, in order to enchant the lady Dulcinea; with other circumstances equally ludicrous and true.

**T**HE author of this stupendous history, when he comes to relate what is contained in this chapter, says, he would have willingly passed it over in silence, because he was afraid that it would not be believed; for here the madness of Don Quixote soars to the highest pitch of extravagance that can be imagined, and even by two bow-shots, at least, exceeds all credit and conception: yet, notwithstanding this jealousy and apprehension, he has recounted it in the same manner as it happened, without adding to the history, or detracting one tittle from the truth, under-

valuing the risk he runs of being deemed apocryphal : and surely he was in the right ; for truth may bend, but will never break, and always surmounts falsehood, as oil floats above water. Wherefore he proceeds in the narrative, saying :

Don Quixote having taken his station in the forest, grove, or wood, near the great city of Toboso, ordered Sancho to go back to town, and not return to his presence before he should have spoken to his mistress, and begged, in his name, that she would be pleased to grant an interview to her captive knight, and deign to bestow upon him her blessing, through which he might expect the most happy issue to all his attempts and enterprizes.

The squire, having undertaken to execute this command, and to bring back as favourable an answer as he had brought the first time ; “ Go, my son, said the knight, and be not confounded when you find yourself beamed upon by that resplendent sun of beauty, which is the object of your inquiry : happy thou, above all the squires that ever lived ! Be sure to retain in thy memory every circumstance of thy reception : observe if she changes colour, while thou art delivering my message ; if she is discomposed, and under confusion at the mention of my name ; whether she sinks upon her cushion, or happens at the time to be seated under the rich canopy of her authority : if she be standing, take notice whether or not she some times supports herself on one foot, sometimes on the other ; and if she repeats her answer more than once, changing it from kind to harsh, from sour to amorous ; and if she lifts up her hand to adjust her hair, although it be not disordered : finally, son, mark all her gestures and emotions ; and if thou bringest me an exact detail of them, I shall be able to divine her most abstruse sentiments, touching the concerns of my passion : for know, Sancho, if thou art still to learn, among lovers, the least gesti-

culatation in their external behaviour, while the conversation turns upon their amours, is, as it were, a messenger that brings a most certain account of what passes within the soul. Go, friend, and enjoy thy fate, so much more favourable than thy master's; and return with much more success than that which I dread and expect in this cruel solitude, where I now remain." "I go, replied Sancho, and will return in a twinkling; therefore, good your worship, do encourage that little heart of your's, which, at present, must be no bigger than a hazle-nut; and consider, as the saying is, a stout heart flings misfortune; where you meet with no hooks, you need expect no bacon; and again, the hare often starts, where the hunter least expects her. This I observe, because, though we did not find the palace and castle of my lady in the night; now that it is day, I hope to stumble upon it, when I least expect to see it; and if so be I once catch it, let me alone with her." "Sancho, said the knight, God grant me better fortune in my desires than you have in the application of the proverbs you utter."

This was no sooner said, than Sancho switching Dapple, quitted the knight, who remained on horseback, resting his legs upon his stirrups, and leaning upon his lance, his imagination being engrossed by the most melancholy suggestions. Here let us leave him, and proceed with Sancho Panza, who, parting from his master, in equal perplexity and confusion, no sooner found himself clear of the wood, than looking back, and perceiving that Don Quixote was not in sight, he alighted from his ass, and sitting down at the root of a tree, began to catechise himself in these words: "Brother Sancho, be so good as to let us know, where your worship is going? are you in search of some stray beast? No, truly! What then is your errand? Why really, I am going in search of a thing of nought, a princess, God wot, and in her, the



the sun and the whole heaven of beauty. And pray, where may you expect to meet with this that you mention, Sancho? Where, but in the great city of Toboso. Well, and by whose order are you going upon this inquiry? By order of the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, the righter of wrongs, who gives thirst to the hungry, and food to those that are dry. All this is mighty well; but do you know the house, Sancho? My master says, it must be some royal palace, or stately castle. But have you never once seen this same princess? Neither I nor he ever set eyes on her. And do you think it will be well bestowed, if the inhabitants of Toboso, getting notice that you are come with an intention to wheedle away their princesses, and disturb their dames, should break every bone of your skin, and grind your ribs to a paste, with pure cudgelling? Verily they would not be much to blame, unless they considered, that I do nothing but execute my master's command, and being only a messenger, am not in fault. Never trust to that, Sancho; for the Manchegans are as cholerick as honourable, and will not suffer themselves to be tickled by any person whatever. Ecod! if you are once smoked, you will come but scurvily off. Bodikins! since that be the case, why should I plague myself, seeking a cat with three legs, for another man's pleasure? Besides, you may as well seek for a magpye in Rabena, or a batchelor in Salamanca, as for Dulcinea in Toboso. The devil, and none but the devil, has sent me on this fool's errand!"

The result of this soliloquy was another, that broke out in these words: "There is a remedy for every thing but death, under whose yoke we must all pass, will we nill we, when this life is at an end. This master of mine, as I have perceived by a thousand instances, is mad enough to be shackled among straw: and, truly, I am not much behind him in folly: nay, indeed, I am more mad than he, seeing I

serve and follow him, if there be any truth in the proverb that says, Tell me your company, and I will tell you your manners: and the other, Not he with whom you was bred, but he by whom you are fed. Now, he being, as he certainly is, a madman, ay, and so mad as for the most part to mistake one thing for another, affirming white to be black, and black to be white; as plainly appeared when he took the windmills for giants, the mules of the friars for dromedaries, the flocks of sheep for opposite armies; and a great many other things in the same style: I say, it will be no difficult matter to make him believe the first country-wench I shall meet with to be his mistress Dulcinea: and if he boggles at swallowing the cheat, I will swear lustily to the truth of what I affirm; and if he swears also, I will swear again; and if he is positive, I will be more positive; so that come what will, my obstinacy shall always exceed his. Perhaps, by this stubborn behaviour, I shall get rid of all such troublesome messages for the future; when he finds what disagreeable answers I bring: or perhaps, which I rather believe, he will think that one of those enchanters, who, he says, bear him a grudge, hath transmographed her shape, in order to vex and disquiet him."

Sancho having found out this expedient, was quite calm and satisfied in his mind, and thinking he had brought the business to a good bearing, remained where he was till the evening, that Don Quixote might think he had sufficient time to execute his orders, and return. Every thing succeeded so well to his wish, that when he got up to mount Dapple, he descried three country wenches riding from Toboso, towards the place where he stood, upon three young he or she-asses, for the author does not declare their sex: though in all likelihood they were of the female gender; as your village maidens commonly ride upon she-asses; but this being a circumstance of small

small importance, we shall not give ourselves any trouble to ascertain it.

In short, Sancho no sooner perceived the wenches, than he rode back at a round trot to his master, whom he found sighing bitterly, and pouring forth a thousand amorous complaints: the knight seeing him arrive, "Well, friend Sancho, said he, is this day to be marked with a white or black stone?" "Your worship, answered the squire, had better mark it with red ochre, like the titles on a professor's chair, that it may be seen the better by those who look at it." "At that rate, replied Don Quixote, thou bringest me good news." "So good, answered Sancho, that your worship has nothing to do but to mount Rozinante, and gallop into the plain, where you will see my lady Dulcinea del Toboso and two of her damsels coming this way to pay you a visit." "Gracious God! cried the knight, what is that you say, friend Sancho? Take care how you deceive me, endeavouring, by feigned joy, to enliven my real sadness." "What should I get by deceiving your worship? said the squire; besides, you can easily be satisfied of the truth of what I say; make haste, squire, come and see our mistress the princess, arrayed and adorned; in short, as she ought to be: her damsels and she are all one flame of gold; all covered with pearls, diamonds, rubies, and brocade, more than ten hands deep; their hair flowing loose about their shoulders, like so many sun-beams waving with the wind; and moreover they are mounted on three pyed bellfrets, that it would do one's heart good to see them." "Palfrets you mean, Sancho," said the knight. "There is no great difference, answered the squire, between palfrets and bellfrets; but, be that as it will, they are the finest creatures one would desire to see, especially my lady Dulcinea, who is enough to stupify the five senses." "Come then, my son, replied Don Quixote, and as a gratuity for

bringing this piece of news, equally welcome and unexpected, I bestow upon thee the spoils of the first adventure I shall atchieve; and if thou art not satisfied with that recompence, I will give unto thee the foals that shall this year be brought forth by my three mares, which thou knowest we left with young upon our town common." "I stick to the foals, cried the squire, for as to the spoils of our first adventure, I question whether or not they will be worth accepting."

By this time, they were clear of the wood, and in sight of the three country-maidens; when the knight lifting up his eyes, and surveying the whole road to Toboso, without seeing any thing but them, began to be troubled in mind, and asked Sancho if the ladies had got out of town when he left them. "Out of town? said Sancho. What! are your worship's eyes in the nape of your neck, that you don't see them coming towards us, glittering and shining like the sun at noon?" "I see nobody, replied the knight, but three country-wenches riding upon asses." "God deliver me from the devil!" cried the squire, is it possible that three bellfres, or how-d'ye-call-ums, white as the driven snow, should appear no better than asses in your worship's eyes? By the Lord! I'll give you leave to pluck off every hair off my beard if that be the case." "Then I tell thee, Sancho, said his master, they are as certainly he or she-asses as I am Don Quixote, and thou Sancho Panza, at least so they seem to me." "Hold your tongue, signor, replied Sancho, and never talk in that manner, but snuff your eyes, and go and make your reverence to the mistress of your heart, who is just at hand."

So saying, he advanced towards the damsels, and alighting from Dapple, seized one of their beasts by the halter; then fell upon his knees before the rider, to whom he addressed himself in this manner: "Queen, princess, and dutchess of beauty, will your highness and



and greatness be pleased to receive into grace and favour your captive knight, who sits there, stupified to stone, utterly confounded and deprived of pulse, at seeing himself in presence of your magnificence : I am Sancho Panza his squire, and he is the perplexed and down-trodden knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, alias the knight of the rueful countenance."

By this time Don Quixote having placed himself on his knees, by Sancho, gazed with staring eyes and troubled vision, upon the object which the squire called queen and princess ; and perceiving nothing but a country-wench's visage, and that none of the most agreeable, for it was round and flat-nosed, he remained in the utmost confusion and surprize, without daring to open his lips. The other two damsels were equally astonished at seeing a couple of such different figures kneeling before their companion, whom they had detained ; but she, breaking silence, pronounced in a most ungracious and resentful manner : " Get out of the way, and let us pass, for we are in a hurry." To this apostrophe Sancho replied, " O princess and universal lady of Toboso ! do not your magnificent bowels yearn, to see upon his marrow-bones before your sublimated presence, the very pillar and prop of knight-errantry ?" One of the other two hearing this pathetic remonstrance, bawled aloud, " Would I had the currying that ass's hide of thine : mind, forsooth, how your small gentry come and pass their gibes upon us country-folks : as if we could not give them as good as they bring ; go about your business, friend, and leave us to mind our'n, and so God b'w'ye."

Here the knight interposing, said " Rise, Sancho, I can plainly perceive that fortune, not yet tired of persecuting me, hath barred every avenue by which any comfort could arrive at the miserable soul that this carcase contains : and thou ! the essence of every thing that is desirable in nature, thou sum of human

perfection, and sole remedy of this afflicted heart, by which thou art adored! altho' that malicious enchanter, my inveterate enemy, hath spread clouds and cataracts before mine eyes, to them and them only changing and transforming thy unequalled beauty into the appearance of a poor country-wench; if he hath not also altered my figure into that of some frightful spectre horrid to thy view, deign to look upon me with complacency and love: because thou mayest perceive, by this submissive posture I have assumed, even before thy person thus disguised, the humility with which my soul adores thy charms." "You may go kiss my grannam, cried the damsel, I'm a fine madam, truly, to hear such gibberish; we should be more obliged to you if you would get out of our way, and let us go about our own affairs."

Sancho accordingly quitted his hold, leaving her free to go whither she would, and highly pleased with the issue of his stratagem. The supposititious Dulcinea no sooner found herself at liberty, than pricking her palfrey with a goad which was in the end of a stick she had in her hand, the creature galloped across the field with great speed, and feeling the application more severe than usual, began to plunge and kick in such a manner, that my lady fell to the ground. Don Quixote perceiving this accident, ran with great eagerness to raise her up, and Sancho made haste to adjust and gird on the pannel, which had got under the ass's belly. This affair being set to rights, the knight went to lift his enchanted mistress in his arms, and place her on her seat again; but she, starting up from the ground, saved him that trouble; for, retreating a few paces backward, she made a small run, and clapping both hands upon the crupper, leaped upon the pannel as nimble as a falcon, seating herself astride like a man.

"By St. Roque! cried Sancho, my lady mistress is as light as a hawk, and can teach the most dextrous

trous horseman to ride; at one jump she has sprung into the saddle, and without spurs made her palfrey fly like any zebra: and truly, her damsels are not a whit behind: for they go scouring along as swift as the wind." This was actually true; for Dulcinea was no sooner remounted, than the other two trotted after her, and at last disappeared, after having gone more than half a league, at full speed, without once looking behind them.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes, until they vanished; then turning to his squire, "Sancho, said he, thou seest how I am persecuted by enchanters, and mayest perceive how far the malice and grudge they bear me extends; seeing they have deprived me of the pleasure I should have enjoyed at the sight of my mistress in her own beauteous form. Surely, I was born to be an example of misery; the very mark and butt for all the arrows of misfortune; nay, thou art also to observe, Sancho, that those traitors were not contented with a simple metamorphosis of my Dulcinea, but have transformed and changed her into the base and homely figure of that country-wench; robbing her, at the same time, of that which is so peculiar to ladies of fashion, I mean that sweet scent which is the result of their living among flowers and perfume; for know, my friend, when I went to lift Dulcinea upon her palfrey, as thou sayest it was, tho' to me it seemed neither more nor less than a she-ass, I was almost suffocated and poisoned with a whiff of undigested garlic!"

"O! ye miscreants! cried Sancho; O! ye malicious and mischievous inchanters! would to God, I could see you all strung by the gills, like so many haddocks! much you know, much you can, and much more will you still be doing. Was it not enough, ye knaves, to change the pearls of my lady's eyes into a couple of cork-tree galls, and her hair of shining gold into the bristles of a red cow's tail;

tail; and, in short, to transinography every feature of her countenance, without your meddling with the sweetness of her breath, by which we might have discovered what was concealed beneath that bark of homeliness: tho' to tell the truth, I saw not her homeliness but beauty, which was exceedingly increased by a mole upon her upper lip, something like a whisker, consisting of seven or eight red hairs, like threads of gold, as long as my hand." "According to the correspondence which the moles of the face have with those of the body, said Don Quixote, Dulcinea must have just such another on the brawny part of her thigh of the same side; but hairs of such a length are, methinks, rather too long for moles." "I do assure your worship, answered Sancho, they seemed as if they had come into the world with her." "I very well believe what you say, my friend, replied the knight; for nature hath bestowed nothing on Dulcinea but what is perfectly finished; wherefore, if thou hadst seen a hundred such moles, in her they would be so many moons and resplendent stars: but tell me, Sancho, that which you adjusted, and which to me seemed a pannel, was it a plain pad or a side-saddle?" "It was a great side-saddle, answered the squire, so rich, that half the kingdom would not buy it." "And why could not I see all this? said the knight. I say again, Sancho, and will repeat it a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate of men."

The rogue Sancho, finding his master so dexterously gulled, and hearing him talk in this mad strain, could scarce refrain from laughing in his face: in fine, a good deal more of this sort of conversation having passed between them, they remounted their beasts, and took the road to Saragosa, where they expected to arrive time enough to be present at the solemn festival yearly celebrated in that famous city; but before they accomplished their journey they met  
with



with adventures, which, for their variety, novelty, and greatness, deserve to be read and recorded, as in the sequel.

## C H A P. XI.

Of the strange adventure which befel the valiant Don Quixote, with the cart or waggon containing the Parliament of Death.

**D**ON Quixote jogged along, exceedingly pensive, his thoughts being ingrossed by the scurvy trick which the enchanters had played him, in transforming his mistress Dulcinea into the disagreeable figure of a country-wench; and he could not conceive what remedy he should find for restoring her to her former shape. So much was he absorpt in this reflection, that he insensibly dropt the reins upon the neck of Rozinante, who being sensible of the liberty he enjoyed, at every two steps turned aside to take a pluck at the inviting pasture with which those fields abounded. At length, Sancho Panza roused him from this fit of musing, saying, "Signor, melancholy was not made for beasts, but for men; and yet if men encourage melancholy too much, they become no better than beasts: good your worship be contented, mind what you're about, take hold of Rozinante's reins, rouse up, awake, and shew that gaiety which all knights-errant ought to have, What the devil is the meaning of all this faint-heartedness? Sure you don't know whether we are here or in France! let Satan rather run away with all the Dulcineas upon earth; for the health of one single knight is of more value than all the enchanted persons or transformations that ever were known." "Peace, Sancho, cried Don Quixote, with a voice that was none of the faintest, Peace, I say, and utter no such blasphemies against that enchanted lady, of whose disgrace and misfortune I am the sole cause: for;

from the envy of my wicked foes, her mischance hath sprung." "So say I, answered Sancho, for he that hath seen her before, let him look at her now, and her fortune deplore." "Well mayest thou make that observation, Sancho, said the knight, seeing thou sawest her in the full perfection of her beauty; as the enchantment did not extend so far as to disturb thy vision, or conceal her charms from thy view: no! against me alone, and my longing eyes, was the force of its poison directed! Yet, nevertheless, Sancho, I cannot help observing that you made but an indifferent picture of her beauty; for if I rightly remember, you likened her eyes to pearls: now, eyes resembling pearls are more peculiar to dead whittings than to living beauties; and, in my conjecture, Dulcinea's must be rather like green emeralds, arched over with two celestial rainbows: those pearls, therefore, must be compared to her teeth, which, without doubt, you have mistaken for her eyes." "Nothing more likely, answered the squire, for I was as much confounded by her beauty as your worship by her ugliness; but let us recommend this whole business to God, who fore-ordains every thing that is to happen in this vale of tears; in this evil world of our's, where scarce any thing is to be had, without a mixture of falsehood, knavery, and sin. One thing, dear sir, of all others, gives me the greatest pain, and that is, to think what method is to be fallen upon, when your worship, after having vanquished some giant or knight, shall command him to go and present himself before the beauty of the lady Dulcinea; where will this poor giant, or this poor miserable object of a vanquished knight, find out the person to whom he is sent? Methinks I see them strolling up and down, and gaping about thro' the streets of Toboso, in quest of my lady Dulcinea; and if they should stumble upon her in their way, they would no more know her than they would know my father." "Sancho, resumed

resumed Don Quixote, perhaps the enchantment will not extend so far as to disguise Dulcinea to the eyes of those vanquished giants and knights who shall present themselves before her; and in one or two of the first whom I shall conquer and send thither, we will make the experiment, commanding them to return and give me an account of what shall happen to them, with regard to that affair." "Truly, signor, said Sancho, I heartily approve of your worship's scheme, because, by this artifice, we will soon learn what we want to know; and if so be that she is only concealed from your worship, you are the most unfortunate person of the two: for as my lady Dulcinea enjoys good health and satisfaction, we will comfort ourselves, and make the best of a bad bargain, going about in quest of adventures, and leaving the rest to time, who is the best physician for these and other greater calamities."

Don Quixote would have replied, but was prevented by the appearance of a sort of waggon that crossed the road, full of the strangest figures that can be imagined, and conducted by a frightful demon that drove the mules. The cart being altogether open, without tilt or cover, the first figure that struck the eyes of Don Quixote, was death itself in human shape; next to which appeared an angel with broad painted wings: on one side, stood an emperor with a crown (seemingly) of gold, upon his head; and hard by death, was the god Cupid, with his bow, quiver, and arrows, but without the bandage on his eyes: there was likewise a knight armed cap-a-pie, except that he wore neither helmet nor head-piece, but a hat adorned with a plume of variegated feathers. Besides these, there were other personages of different countenance and dress; so that the whole groupe appearing of a sudden, discomposed our hero a little, and filled the heart of Sancho with fear; but Don Quixote soon recollected

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ed himself, and rejoiced, because he looked upon it as some new and perilous adventure. On this supposition, and with an effort of courage capable of encountering the greatest danger, he placed himself before the wain, and with a loud and threatening voice pronounced, "Driver, coachman, devil, or whatsoever thou art, tell me, strait, whither thou art going, and who those people are whom thou drivest in that carriage, which looks more like Charon's bark than any modern vehicle." The devil stopping his waggon, very courteously replied, "Signor, we are players belonging to the company of Angulo el Malo, and have, this morning, which is the octave of Corpus Christi, been representing, in a village on the other side of yon hill, the piece called the Parliament of Death, which we are going to act over again, this very evening, in that other village now in sight; we therefore travel in our habits, to save ourselves the trouble of undressing and dressing anew: this young man plays the part of death, that other represents an angel; the woman, who is the author's wife, acts the queen; he with the plume of feathers is our hero; the emperor you may distinguish by his gilded crown; and I am the devil, which is one of the best characters in the performance; for I myself am the chief actor of this company. If your worship is desirous of knowing any thing else concerning our affairs, question me freely, and I will answer with the utmost punctuality, for being a devil I understand every thing."

"By the faith of a knight-errant! said Don Quixote, when I first descried the waggon, I thought myself on the eve of some great adventure; and now I affirm, that a man ought to examine things with more senses than one, before he can be assured of the truth: proceed, my honest friends, a God's-name, in order to exhibit your entertainment, and if I can  
serve



serve you in any respect, you may command my endeavours, which shall be heartily and freely exerted for your advantage; for from my childhood I have been a great lover of masques and theatrical representations."

While this conversation passed between them, they chanced to be overtaken by one of the company, dressed in motley, hung round with a number of morrice-bells, with a pole in his hand, to the end of which were tied three blown ox-bladders. This merry-andrew advancing to Don Quixote, began to fence with his pole, beating the ground with his bladders, and skipping about, so that his bells rung continually: till at length Rozinante, being disturbed at the uncommon apparition, took the bridle between his teeth; and the knight being unable to restrain him, began to gallop across the plain with more nimbleness than could have been expected from the bones of his anatomy. Sancho seeing his master in danger of falling, leaped from Dapple, and ran with all dispatch to give him all possible assistance; but before he came up the knight was overthrown close by Rozinante, who had come to the ground with his lord; and this was the usual end and consequence of all his frolicksome adventures. Scarce had Sancho quitted his beast, to run to the assistance of his master, when the bladder-shaking devil jumped upon Dapple, and began to belabour him with his rattle; so that being frightened at the noise, rather than with the smart of the application, he took to his heels, and flew towards the village where they intended to perform. Sancho seeing, at the same time, the career of Dapple, and his master's fall, scarce knew which of these misfortunes he ought first to remedy: but at length, as became a loyal servant and trusty squire, his love for his master prevailed over his tenderness for the beast; tho' every time he saw the bladders raised aloft, and discharged  
upon

upon Dapple's buttocks, he felt the pangs and tortures of death, and would rather have received every thwack upon the apple of his own eye, than have seen it fall upon the least hair of his afs's tail.

In this state of perplexity and tribulation, he arrived at the place where Don Quixote lay, in a very indifferent plight, and helping him to mount Rozinante, "Signor, said he, the devil has run away with Dapple." "Which devil?" cried the knight. "He with the bladders," answered the squire. "I will retrieve him, replied Don Quixote, even if he should conceal him in the darkeft and deepeft dungeon in hell: follow me, Sancho, the waggon moves slowly, and the mules shall atone for the loss of Dapple."

"There is no occasion for putting ourselves to that trouble, said the squire: good your worship, be pacified! for I see the devil has quitted my afs, and returned to the rest of his crew."

This observation was actually true; Dapple and his new rider had come to the ground, in imitation of the knight and Rozinante: upon which the devil trudged on foot to the village, and the afs returned to his right owner. "For all that, said Don Quixote, it will not be amifs to punish the troop for that devil's incivility, though it should be in the person of the emperor himself." "I hope your worship's imagination will harbour no such thoughts, answered Sancho; take my advice, and never meddle with players, who are a set of people in such high favour with the public, that I have known an actor taken up for two murders, and yet 'scape scot-free: your worship must know, that being the ministers of mirth and pleasure, they are favoured, protected, assisted, and esteemed by every body: especially if they belong to the king's company, or to some grandee; in which case all, or most of them, look like princes in their  
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manners and drefs." " Nevertheless, replied the knight, that farcical devil shall not escape unpunished, or applaud himself for what he has done, tho' all mankind should appear in his favour."

So saying, he rode towards the waggon, which was by this time pretty near the village, and called aloud, " Stay, my merry men; halt a little, and I will teach you how to treat the asses and cattle belonging to the squires of knights-errant." Don Quixote followed so loud as to be heard and understood by the people in the waggon, who judging, by his words, the intention of the speaker, death instantly jumped out of the cart, and was followed by the emperor, the devil-driver, and the angel, with the queen and Cupid in their train: in short, the whole company armed themselves with stones, and, drawing up in order of battle, stood without flinching to receive the assailant at point of pebble.

The knight perceiving them arranged in such a formidable squadron, their arms lifted up in a posture that threatened a powerful discharge of stones, checked Rozinante, and began to consider in what manner he should attack them with least hazard to his person. During this pause, Sancho came up, and seeing him bent upon assaulting such a well-compacted brigade, " It will be the height of madness, said he, to attempt any such adventure: consider, dear Sir, that there is no kicking against the pricks; and that there is no armour upon earth sufficient to defend your body from such a shower, unless your worship could creep into a bell of brass: you ought to remember, that it favours more of rashness than of true valour, for one man to attack a whole army, in which death and emperors fight in person, being aided and assisted both by good and evil angels; and if that consideration will not prevail upon you to be quiet, you ought to be diverted from your purpose, by knowing certainly, that among all those

those enemies, in the appearances of kings, princes, and emperors, there is not so much as one single knight-errant." "Now, indeed, cried Don Quixote, thou hast hit upon the sole reason that can and ought to dissuade me from my determined design: I neither can or ought to draw my sword (as I have told thee, on many other occasions) against any person who hath not received the honour of knighthood: to thee, Sancho, it belongs, if so thou art inclined, to take vengeance for the injury done to Dapple, while I from hence will assist and encourage thee with salutary advice." "Signor, answered the squire, there is no occasion to take vengeance of any person whatever; for it is not the part of a good christian to revenge the wrongs he hath suffered: besides, I will prevail upon my ass to leave the affair to my inclination, which is to live peaceably all the days that heaven shall grant me in this life." "Since that is thy determination, replied the knight, honest Sancho, discreet Sancho, christian and sincere Sancho, let us leave these phantoms, and go in quest of adventures more dignified and substantial; for this country seems to promise a great many, and those very extraordinary too."

He accordingly turned his horse, Sancho went to catch Dapple, while death with his whole flying squadron returned to their waggon, and proceeded on their journey. Thus was the dismal adventure of the waggon of death happily terminated by the wholesome advice which Sancho Panza gave to his master; who next day met with another equally surprising, in the person of an enamoured knight-errant.



## CHAP. XII.

Of the strange adventure that happened to the valiant Don Quixote, in his encounter with the knight of the mirrours.

THE night that followed the rencounter with death, Don Quixote and his squire passed among some tall and shady trees; the knight, by Sancho's persuasion, having eaten of what was found in the store that Dapple carried. During this meal, Sancho said to his master, "What a fool should I have been, signor, if I had chosen, by way of gratification, the spoils of your worship's first adventure, instead of the three foals? Verily, verily, a bird in hand is worth two in the bush." "But, for all that, answered Don Quixote, hadst thou suffered me to attack them, as I intended, thou wouldst have enjoyed among the spoils the emperor's golden crown, with Cupid's painted wings, which I would have stript off against the grain, and put into thy possession." "The sceptres and crowns of your stage emperors are never made of pure gold, but of tin or tinsel," replied the squire. "True, said the knight, the ornaments of comedy ought not to be rich and real, but feigned and artificial, like the drama itself, which I would have thee respect, Sancho, and receive into favour, together with those who represent and compose it; for they are all instruments of great benefit to the commonwealth, holding, as it were, a looking-glass always before us, in which we see naturally delineated all the actions of life; and no other comparison whatever represents to us more lively what we are, and what we ought to be, than comedy and her attendants: for example, hast thou never seen a play acted, in which kings, emperors, popes, knights, ladies, and many other characters were introduced? One acts the ruffian, another the sharper, a third the mer-

merchant, a fourth the soldier, a fifth the designing fool, and a sixth the simple lover ; but the play being ended, and the dresses laid aside, all the actors remain upon an equal footing." " Yes, I have seen all this," answered Sancho. " Then the very same thing, said the knight, happens in the comedy and commerce of this world, where one meets with some people playing the parts of emperors, others in the characters of popes, and, finally, all the different personages that can be introduced in a comedy ; but when the play is done, that is, when life is at an end, death strips them of the robes that distinguished their stations, and they become all equal in the grave." " A brave comparison ! cried Sancho, though not so new but I have heard it made on divers and sundry occasions, as well as that of the game of chess, during which every piece maintains a particular station and character ; but when the game is over, they are all mixed, jumbled, and shaken together in a bag, like mortals in the grave." " Sancho, resumed the knight, every day you become less simple and more discreet." " Yes, said the squire, some small portion of your worship's discretion must needs stick to me ; as lands which are, in their own nature, sterile and barren, being well dunged and cultivated, come to yield excellent fruit. My meaning is, that your worship's conversation hath fallen like dung upon the barren desert of my understanding, which being cultivated by the time of my service and communication, will, I hope, produce blessed fruit, such as shall not disgrace, nor stray from the path of that good breeding which your worship hath bestowed on my narrow capacity."

Don Quixote could not help smiling at the affected terms in which Sancho delivered himself, tho' what he said of his own improvement was actually true ; for at certain times he talked to admiration ; and yet, when he attempted to argue, or speak in a polite style,

style, his efforts always, or for the most part, ended in precipitating himself from the pinnacle of simplicity to the depth of ignorance; his chief talent lying in his memory, which never failed to furnish him with proverbs that he lugged into his discourse, whether they were pat to the purpose or not, as may be seen and observed thro' the whole course of this history.

In this, and other such conversation, the greatest part of the night elapsed, when Sancho began to be inclined to let fall the portcullices of his eyes, as he termed it, when he wanted to go to sleep: he therefore unpannelled Dapple, to let him graze among the rich pasture with which the place abounded; but Rozinante's saddle he would not remove, in consequence of his master's express order, which was never to unsaddle his steed while they were in the field, or did not sleep under cover; it being an ancient established custom, observed by all knights errant, in these cases, to take the bridle out of the horse's mouth, and hang it upon the pummel of the saddle, but to leave the saddle itself untouched. This expedient was accordingly practised by Sancho, who turned Rozinante loose with Dapple; and between these two animals such a strict reciprocal friendship subsisted, that, according to tradition from father to son, the author of this true history wrote particular chapters on this very subject; but, in order to preserve the decency and decorum which belongs to such an heroic composition, omitted them; though sometimes he seems to neglect this precaution, and writes, that these two friends used to approach and scrub each other most lovingly; and after they had rested and refreshed themselves, Rozinante would stretch his head more than half a yard over Dapple's neck, while the two were wont to stand in this posture, with their eyes fixed upon the ground, three whole days together; at least, till they were parted.

parted, or compelled by hunger to go in quest of sustenance : nay, it is confidently reported, that the author had compared their mutual attachment to the friendship of Nisus and Euryalus, or that which subsisted between Pylades and Orestes. If this be the case, we may with admiration conceive how firm the fellowship of those two pacific animals must have been ; to the utter confusion of mankind, who so little regard the laws of friendship and society, according to the common saying, There is no trust in profession ; the staff will turn into a spear ; as the song goes \*, The modes of the court so common are grown, that a true-friend can hardly be met. Let no man imagine the author went out of his road, in comparing the friendship of brutes with that of the human species ; for men have received valuable hints, and learned many things of importance from beasts, such as the clyster from storks, gratitude and the use of vomits from dogs, vigilance from the crane, foresight and frugality from the ant, honesty from the elephant, and loyalty from the horse.

In fine, Sancho went to sleep at the root of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote began to slumber under an oak ; but being, in a very little time, awaked by a noise behind him, he started up, and employing both eyes and ears to distinguish whence it proceeded, he perceived two men on horseback, one of whom, letting himself drop, as it were, from the saddle, said to the other, " Alight, my friend, and unbit the horses ; for this place seems to abound with pasture for them, and with silence and solitude, which are the necessary food of my amorous thoughts." He had no sooner pronounced these words, than he threw him-

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\* As the original quotation is a fragment that will not complete the sense, I have taken the liberty to make the allusion altogether English.



self upon the ground, and his armour rattled as he fell, furnishing Don Quixote with a manifest proof of his being a knight-errant : he therefore approached Sancho, who was asleep, and shaking him by the arm, with no small difficulty, brought him to himself ; saying, in a low voice, “ Brother Sancho, here is an adventure.” “ God grant it may be a good one, answered the squire ; and pray, signor, whereabouts may her ladyship be ?” “ Where ? said Don Quixote, turn thine eyes this way, and behold lying upon the grass a knight-errant, who, by what I have already observed, cannot be over and above easy in his mind ; for I saw him throw himself upon the ground, with evident marks of vexation, and heard his armour clatter in his fall.” “ But how has your worship found that this is an adventure ?” replied the squire. “ I will not positively say that it is altogether an adventure, answered the knight, but rather the beginning of one ; for thus they usually commence : but hark ! he seems to tune a lute or rebeck, and by his hawking and hemming, I suppose he is going to sing.” “ In good faith, it is even so, said Sancho, and he must be some knight-errant in love.” “ All knights-errant are so, resumed Don Quixote ; but let us listen, and by the thread of his song, discover the clue of his thoughts ; for from the abundance of the heart the tongue speaketh.”

Sancho would have made some reply, but was prevented by the voice of the knight of the wood, which was neither very sweet nor disagreeable ; and, listening with surprize, they heard him sing the following song :

## I.

Subjected to thy sov'reign will,  
 Ah, cruel maid ! my fate decree :  
 The sentence, tho' inhuman still,  
 Shall never be declin'd by me.

## II.

Say, that my death thy joy would move,  
 My breath with freedom I'll resign—  
 Or wouldst thou listen to my love,  
 The God himself shall whisper mine.

## III.

This heart, thy vassal whilst I live,  
 Like ductile wax, and diamond hard,  
 Thy stamp will yieldingly receive,  
 And keep th' impression unimpair'd.

The knight of the wood finished this complaint with an ah! that seemed to be heaved from the very bottom of his soul, and soon after exclaimed, in a sorrowful tone, "O thou most beautiful and ungrateful woman upon earth! is it possible, that the most serene Casildea de Vandalia has doomed this her captive knight to consume and exhaust himself in continual peregrinations, in harsh and rugged toils! Is it not enough that I have established the fame of thy beauty above all comparison, by the extorted confession of all the knights of Navarre, Leon, Tartesia, Castile, and finally of La Mancha?"

"Not so, neither, cried Don Quixote, interposing; for I, who am of La Mancha, never made any such acknowledgment; neither could I, or ought I, to make a confession so prejudicial to the beauty of my own mistress: therefore, Sancho, this knight must certainly be disordered in his judgment; but let us listen, perhaps he will explain himself." "Very like, answered the squire, he seems to be in the humour of complaining for a whole month."

But this was not the case; for the knight of the wood, hearing people talk so near him, proceeded no farther in his lamentation, but starting up, called with a courteous and sonorous voice, "Who is there?"

are you of the number of the happy or afflicted?" "Of the afflicted," replied Don Quixote. "Come hither, then, resumed the stranger, and depend upon it you will find the very essence of sorrow and affliction."

Don Quixote hearing him speak in such civil and pathetic terms, went towards him, with Sancho at his back, when the complaining knight took him by the hand, saying, "Sit down, sir knight, for that you are one of those who profess knight-errantry, I am convinced, by finding you in this place, accompanied by solitude and the dews of night, which are the peculiar companions of those who belong to our order."

To this address Don Quixote replied, "I am a knight of that order you mention; and though melancholy, mischance, and misfortune have taken up their habitation in my soul, they have not been able to banish from it that compassion which I feel for the unhappy. From the soliloquy you just now uttered, I gather that your misfortunes are of the amorous kind; I mean, that they proceed from the passion you entertain for that beautiful ingrate whom you named in your complaint." While this conversation passed, they sat down together upon the grass, with all the marks of amity and good fellowship, as if at break of day they had not been doomed to break each other's head. "Perchance, sir knight, said the stranger, you are in love?" "By mischance I am so, answered Don Quixote, tho' the vexation that proceeds from well-placed affection ought rather to be deemed a benefit than misfortune." "True, said the knight of the wood, if our judgment and reason are not disturbed by disdain, which, if exerted severely, seems akin to revenge." "I never was disdained by my mistress," replied Don Quixote. "No, indeed, (cried Sancho, who stood hard by,) my lady is as meek as a lamb, and as soft as butter."

The stranger knight asked if that was his squire, and the other answering in the affirmative, "I never saw a squire, said he, that like him durst intrude upon his master's conversation; at least, I can say so much for mine, who, tho' as tall as his father, was never known to open his lips, when I was engaged in discourse." "In good faith! cried Sancho, I have spoke, and will speak again before as good a man as—but let that rest—the more you stir it, the more it will —."

Here the other squire took hold on Sancho by the arm, saying, "Let you and I go somewhere, and talk our bellies-full, in our own way, and leave our masters at liberty to recount their amours; for sure I am, the night will be spent before they are done." "With all my heart, replied Sancho, and I will tell your worship who I am, that you may see whether or not I am qualified to be ranked among your talking squires." They accordingly retired together, and between them passed a conversation every bit as merry as that of their masters was grave.

### C H A P. XIII.

In which is continued the adventure of the knight of the wood; with a sage, uncommon, and agreeable dialogue that passed between the two squires.

**T**HE knights and their squires being thus parted, the first entertained each other with the story of their loves, while the last indulged themselves with a reciprocal account of their own lives; but the history first of all records the conversation of the domestics, and then proceeds to relate what passed between the masters. The squires, therefore, having chosen a situation, at a convenient distance from the knights, he of the wood accosted Sancho in these words: "Signor, this is a troublesome life that we squires to knights-errant lead: in good sooth, we earn our bread with



with the sweat of our brows, which is one of the curses that God denounced against our first parents." "It may also be said, replied Sancho, that we earn it with the frost of our bodies; for no creatures on earth suffer more heat and cold than the miserable squires of knight-errantry; and even that would be more tolerable, if we had any thing good to eat; for hearty fare lightens care, as the saying is; but we often pass a whole day, nay sometimes two, without ever breaking our fast, except upon the winds of heaven." "All this, said the other, may be endured, with the hope of reward: for if the knight-errant is not extremely unfortunate, his squire must, in a very little time, see himself recompensed with the handsome government of some island, or with the possession of a profitable earldom." "For my own part, answered Sancho, I have already told my master, that I shall be satisfied with the government of an island, which he has been so noble and generous as to promise me, divers and sundry times." "And I, said the stranger, am contented with a canonship, which my master has already bespoke for me, on account of my faithful services." "It seems, then, your master must be an ecclesiastical knight, replied Sancho, seeing he can provide for his squire in the church: but as for mine, he is a mere layman; though I remember, that certain very wise persons (and yet, I believe, not very honest at bottom) advised him to procure for himself an archbishopric; but he would be nothing but an emperor: and I was then in a grievous quandary, for fear he should take it in his head to be of the church; in which case, I should not have been qualified to hold a benefice; for your worship must know, tho' I look like a man, I am no better than a beast at church-matters." "Verily, said he of the wood, your worship mistakes the matter quite: your governments of islands are not at all desirable; some are vexatious; some are beggarly; others attended with much me-

lancholy and fatigue: in short, the most creditable and orderly brings along with it a load of care and inconvenience, that lies heavy on the shoulders of the unhappy person whose lot it is to bear it: it would be abundantly better for us who undergo this accursed slavery, to return to our own homes, and there amuse ourselves with more agreeable pastime; such, for example, as hunting or fishing; for what squire is there on earth, so poor as to want a horse, a couple of hounds, and a fishing-rod, wherewith to entertain himself at his own habitation?"

"For my own part, answered Sancho, I want none of these conveniencies: true it is, I have not a horse, but then I am in possession of an ass, which is worth my master's steed twice over: God let me never see a joyful Easter, if I would truck with him for four bushels of barley to boot; you may laugh, if you will, at the price I set upon Dapple, (for that is the colour of my beast;) then, I should never be in want of hounds: for there are plenty, and to spare, in our town, and you know nothing is so relishing as to hunt at another's expence." "Really and truly, signor squire, resumed the stranger, I am fully resolved and determined to quit these knights-errant, with all their crazy pranks, and betake myself to my own town, where I will bring up my children; for, thank God, I have three, like as many oriental pearls." "And I have a couple, said Sancho, that may be presented to the pope in person; especially my daughter, whom I breed up to be a countess, by the blessing of God, though it be contrary to her mother's inclination." "And of what age may this young lady be, whom you are breeding for a countess?" said the squire of the wood. "Fifteen years, or thereabouts, answered Sancho; but she is as tall as a spear, fresh as an April morn, and strong as a porter." "These are qualifications not only for a countess, but even  
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for the nymph of the green-wood tree, said the other : ah, the whoreson baggage ! what a buxom jade she must be." Sancho, nettled at this epithet, replied, " She is no whore ; neither was her mother before her : nor shall either of them be so, and please God, whilst I live : so I think you might talk more civilly : for considering your worship has been bred among knights-errant, who are, as it were, courtesy itself, methinks your words might be better chosen." " How little are you acquainted with the nature of commendation, signor squire ! answered he of the wood : don't you know, that when any cavalier, at a bull-feast, wounds the bull dexterously, or when any person behaves remarkably well, the people exclaim, How cleverly the son of a whore has done it ? and that which looks like reproach, is, on such occasions, a notable commendation. Take my word, signor, you ought to renounce all children, if their behaviour does not entitle the parents to such praise." " I do renounce them, answered Sancho ; at that rate, and for that reason, your worship may call my wife and daughter as many whores as you please ; for both in word and deed, they richly deserve the name ; and that I may see them again, I beseech God to deliver me from this mortal sin, which will be the case, if he delivers me from this dangerous employment of squire, which I have incurred a second time, being seduced and inticed by a purse of one hundred ducats, which I found one day in the midst of the brown mountain ; and the devil continually sets before mine eyes, here and there and every where, a bag full of doubloons, which, at every step, methinks I have fast in my clutches, hugging it in my arms, and carrying it home to my own house, where I purchase mortgages and estates, and live like any prince ; and while I please myself with these notions, I bear, without murmuring, all the toils and fatigues I un-

dergo, in the service of the wiseacre my master, who, I know, is more of a madman than a knight."

"So that, according to the proverb, replied the stranger, covetousness bursts the bag. But if you talk of wiseacres, there is not a greater in the universe than my master, who is one of those concerning whom people say, He is burthened like an ass, with another man's load: for truly, he is turned mad, that another knight may turn wise, and is going about in quest of that which, when he hath found it, may hit him in the teeth." "And pray is he in love?"

said Sancho. "Yes, replied the other, he is enamoured of one Casildea de Vandalia, the most fickle dame that ever was seen; but her cruelty is not the foot that he halts upon at present: he has got other crotchets of greater importance grumbling in his gizzard, which ere long will more plainly appear."

"There is no road so smooth, resumed Sancho, but you'll meet with rubs and hollows in it. Other people use beans, but I boil whole kettles full. Madness is always more accompanied and followed after, than discretion: but if it be true, as it is commonly alleged, that company in affliction lessens the weight of it, I shall comfort myself by reflecting that your worship serves a master who is as distracted as mine."

"Distracted, I grant you, said he of the wood, but valiant, and still more mischievous than valiant or distracted." "That is not the case with my master, replied Sancho, he has nothing at all mischievous about him; on the contrary, is as dull as a beetle, and knows not what it is to harm man, woman, or child, or to harbour the least malice, but seeks to do good unto all mankind. A child may persuade him that it is night at noon; and indeed for that very simplicity, I love him as my own bowels, and cannot find in my heart to leave him, notwithstanding all the mad pranks he is guilty of." "But for all that,



that, signor and brother of mine, said the stranger, if the blind lead the blind, they are both in danger of falling into the ditch: we had much better retire fair and softly, and return to our own habitations; for they who go in search of adventures do not always find them to their liking."

About this time Sancho began to hawk a kind of dry spitting, which being observed by the charitable squire of the wood, "Methinks, said he, we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths; but I have got something that will agreeably moisten them, at my saddle-bow." He accordingly got up, and going aside to his horse, soon returned with a large leathern bottle of wine, and a pye half a yard long: and this is really no exaggeration; for it contained a whole fed rabbit, so large, that when Sancho felt it, he took it for a whole goat or a large kid at least, crying, as soon as he perceived it, "How! does your worship usually carry such provision as this about with you?" "What d'ye think? answered the other: d'ye take me for a hackney squire\*? I carry a better cupboard on my horse's crupper than e'er a general on his march."

Sancho fell to, without staying for intreaty, and swallowed, in the dark, huge mouthfuls, with as much ease as if it had been flummery, saying between whiles, "Yes, indeed your worship is a true and loyal squire, well dammed and grifted, as the saying is, grand and magnificent withal, as plainly appears from this banquet, which if it did not come hither by the art of enchantment, at least seems so to have done: this is not the case with such an unhappy poor devil as me, who carry nothing in my bags but a piece of

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\*Literally, "a squire of wool and water," an allusion to a custom among the Spaniards, who sometimes have domestics to attend them to mass, and sprinkle them with holy water: they are generally shabby fellows, who have very poor appointments:

cheese hard enough to knock out a giant's brains, accompanied by three or four dozen of carrobes, and as many hazle-nuts; thanks to the niggardliness and opinion of my master, and the rule he observes, by which knights-errant must maintain and support themselves with nothing but dried fruits, and the herbs of the field." "In good faith, brother! resumed he of the wood, my stomach was not made for your sweet thistle, wild pear, and mountain roots: let our masters please themselves with their own opinions and rules of chivalry, and live according to their meagre commands: for my own part, I always carry some cold pasty, happen what will, and this bottle hanging at my saddle-bow, which I love so devoutly, that I kiss and embrace it almost every minute." So saying, he handed it to Sancho, who lifting it up to his mouth, stood gazing at the stars a whole quarter of an hour, and when his draught was out, he hung his head on one side, pronouncing with a long sigh, "Ah whoreson! how catholic it is!" "You see now, said he of the wood, hearing Sancho's whoreson, how you have praised the wine, by giving it such a title." "I am sensible, replied Sancho, and confess that it is no disparagement to any body to be called the son of a whore, when it is understood in the way of commendation: but tell me, signor, by the life of what you best love, is not this wine from Cividad Real?"

"You have an excellent taste, answered he of the wood, it comes from no other part, I'll assure you, and has, moreover, some good years over its head."

"Let me alone for that, said Sancho, you'll never catch me tripping in the knowledge of wine, let it be never so difficult to distinguish: is it not an extraordinary thing, signor squire, that I should have such a sure and natural instinct in the knowledge of wine, that give me but a smell of any sort whatever, and I will tell you exactly its country, growth, and age, together with the changes it will undergo, and all other

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circumstances appertaining to the mystery? But this is not to be wondered at; for by my father's side I had two kinsmen who were the most excellent tasters that La Mancha hath known for these many years; as a proof of which, I will tell you what once happened to them: a sample of wine was presented to them out of a hog'shead, and their opinions asked, concerning the condition and quality, that is, the goodness or badness of the liquor to which it belonged: one of them tasted it with the tip of his tongue; the other did no more than clap it to his nose: the first said the wine tasted of iron; the other affirmed it had a twang of goats leather: the owner protested that the pipe was clean, and the contents without any sort of mixture that could give the liquor either the taste of iron, or the smell of goats leather: nevertheless, the two famous tasters stuck to the judgment they had given; time passed on, the wine was sold, and when the pipe came to be cleaned, they found in it a small key, tied to a leathern thong. By this your worship may perceive whether or not one who is descended from such a race may venture to give his opinion in cases of this nature." "Therefore, I say, replied the stranger, that we ought to quit this trade of going in quest of adventures, and be contented with your loaf, without longing for dainties: let us return to our own cottages, where God will find us, if it be his blessed will." "I will serve my master till he arrives at Saragossa, said Sancho, and then we shall come to a right understanding."

In fine, the two honest squires talked and drank so copiously, that sleep was fain to tie up their tongues, and allay their drought, which it was impossible to remove: each therefore, grasping the bottle, which by this time was almost empty, fell asleep, with the morsel half-chewed in his mouth. In this situation we will leave them for the present, and relate what

happened between the knight of the wood, and him of the rueful countenance.

#### C H A P. XIV.

Wherein the adventure of the knight of the wood is continued.

**I**N the course of the conversation that passed between the two knights, the history relates, that he of the wood said to Don Quixote, " Finally, sir knight, you must know, my destiny, or rather my choice, led me to place my affection on the peerless Casildea de Vandalia. I call her peerless, because she has no equal, either in point of stature, quality, fortune, or beauty. Now this lady, in return for all my virtuous inclination, and amorous desires, like the stepmother of Hercules, employs me in many various toils and dangers, promising, at the conclusion of each, that with the next my cares shall be finished; but thus she goes on, stringing one labour to another, without number, and I know not which will be the last that is to produce the accomplishment of my wishes. At one time she commanded me to go and challenge the famous giants of Sevil, called \* Giralda, who is so valiant and strong (her body being made of brass), and who, without shifting her station is the most changeable and fickle female in the whole world: I came, saw, and conquered; fixing her motionless to one point, for during a whole week the wind blew from the north. Another time, she ordered me to weigh the ancient figures called the valiant bulls of † Guisando; an enterprize more suitable to porters

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\* A brass statue on a steeple at Sevil, serving for a weather cock.

† These are stone statues of bulls, erected by the Romans at Guisando, a town in Castile; all the inscriptions are effaced, except the name of A. Quintus Cæcilius, Consul. II.



than to knights: nay, she even commanded me to throw myself headlong into the gulf of Cabra, an adventure equally new and dangerous, and bring to her a particular account of what is contained in that dark and deep abyfs. I fixed the inconstant Giralda, weighed the bulls of Guifando, precipitated myself into the gulf, and brought to light the secrets of its abyfs; and yet my hopes are dead—ah, how dead! while her cruelty and disdain are still alive—ah, how much alive! In short, to conclude, she ordered me to traverse all the provinces of Spain, and compel every knight-errant in the kingdom to confess that she is preferable, in point of beauty, to all the women upon earth; and that I am the most valiant and amorous knight in the world. In consequence of this command, I have travelled over the greatest part of Spain, and vanquished many knights who have presumed to contradict my assertion: but I value and applaud myself chiefly for having conquered, in single combat, that so renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea. Now, in that single conquest, I deem myself superior to all the knights in the universe; for that same Don Quixote hath vanquished all his contemporaries; and I, in conquering him, have transferred and conveyed to my own person all his honour, glory, and reputation; the victor being always honoured in proportion to the fame of his vanquished foe; wherefore, the innumerable achievements of the said Don Quixote are placed to my credit, as if they were the effects of my own personal prowess."

Don Quixote was astonished at hearing the knight of the wood talk in this manner, and was a thousand times tempted to give him the lie: nay, you lie was at the very tip of his tongue; but repressing his indignation as well as he could, that he might make the stranger's own tongue convict him of falsehood, he

happened between the knight of the wood, and him of the rueful countenance.

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\* A brass statue on a steeple at Sevil, serving for a weather cock.

† These are stone statues of bulls, erected by the Romans at Guisando, a town in Castile; all the inscriptions are effaced, except the name of A. Quintus Cæcilius, Consul. II.

than to knights: nay, she even commanded me to throw myself headlong into the gulf of Cabra, an adventure equally new and dangerous, and bring to her a particular account of what is contained in that dark and deep abyfs. I fixed the inconstant Giralda, weighed the bulls of Guifando, precipitated myself into the gulf, and brought to light the secrets of its abyfs; and yet my hopes are dead—ah, how dead! while her cruelty and disdain are still alive—ah, how much alive! In short, to conclude, she ordered me to traverse all the provinces of Spain, and compel every knight-errant in the kingdom to confess that she is preferable, in point of beauty, to all the women upon earth; and that I am the most valiant and amorous knight in the world. In consequence of this command, I have travelled over the greatest part of Spain, and vanquished many knights who have presumed to contradict my assertion: but I value and applaud myself chiefly for having conquered, in single combat, that so renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess that my Caildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea. Now, in that single conquest, I deem myself superior to all the knights in the universe; for that same Don Quixote hath vanquished all his cotemporaries; and I, in conquering him, have transferred and conveyed to my own person all his honour, glory, and reputation; the victor being always honoured in proportion to the fame of his vanquished foe; wherefore, the innumerable atchievements of the said Don Quixote are placed to my credit, as if they were the effects of my own personal prowess."

Don Quixote was astonished at hearing the knight of the wood talk in this manner, and was a thousand times tempted to give him the lie: nay, you lie was at the very tip of his tongue; but repressing his indignation as well as he could, that he might make the stranger's own tongue convict him of falsehood, he

replied very calmly, " That your worship, fir knight, may have vanquished the greatest part of the knights-errant in Spain, and even in the whole world, I do not pretend to question; but that you have conquered Don Quixote de la Mancha, I doubt very much: perhaps it might be another who resembles him, though there are few such." " How! not conquer him? cried he of the wood; now by yon canopy of heaven, under which we sit, I engaged, overcame, and subjected that very individual Don Quixote! he is a tall, meagre, long-legged, lanthorn-jawed, stalking figure; his hair inclining to grey, his nose hooked and aquiline, with long, straight, black mustachios: in his excursions he assumes the name of the knight of the rueful countenance; and is attended by a peasant, called Sancho Panza, who serves him in quality of squire: he presses the loins, and governs the reins of a famous steed hight Rozinante; and, in fine, he avows, as the mistress of his heart, one Dulcinea del Toboso, formerly known by the name of Aldonza Lorenzo; in like manner, my own mistress, whose name is Casildea, being a native of Andalusia, is now distinguished by the appellation of Casildea de Vandalia. If all these proofs are not sufficient to evince my veracity, here is my sword, which shall make a convert of incredulity itself."

" Have a little patience, fir knight, said Don Quixote, and give ear unto what I am going to say. You must know, that same Don Quixote you mention, is the dearest friend I have upon earth; so that I may say, I love him as well as my own individual person; now your description of him is so punctual and exact, that I should never doubt but he is actually the person you have vanquished, did I not see with my eyes, and, as it were, feel with my hands, the impossibility of the fact; and yet, as divers enchanters are his enemies, particularly one who persecutes him incessantly,  
some



some one among them may have assumed his figure, and allowed himself to be overcome, in order to defraud the knight of that fame which his gallant exploits had collected and acquired thro' the whole known world: in confirmation of this conjecture, I must also tell you that about two days ago, those perverse enchanter transformed the shape and person of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso, into that of a mean and plebeian country wench: so that Don Quixote must have also undergone a transformation. And if all this is not enough to ascertain the truth of what I say, here is Don Quixote himself, who will maintain it by force of arms, on horseback, or on foot, or in any shape you please."

So saying, he started up, and grasping his sword, stood waiting for the resolution of the knight of the wood, who with great deliberation replied: "A good paymaster needs no pawn, signor Don Quixote; he who could vanquish you when you was transformed, may well hope to reduce you in propria persona; but as it is unseemly for knights to perform their exploits in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, let us wait for day, that the sun may shine upon our works; and let this be the condition of our combat, that the vanquished shall comply with the will of the victor, and do every thing that he shall desire, provided his command be such as a knight-errant can decently obey."

Don Quixote assured him, that he was extremely well satisfied with the condition and proviso; upon which, they went in quest of their squires, who were found snoring in the very same attitudes in which sleep had surprised them. They wakened, and ordered them to get their horses ready; for by sun-rise they intended to engage in a most unparalleled and bloody single combat. Sancho was astonished and confounded at this piece of news; despairing of his master's safety, when he recollected what the other squire had

had told him, concerning the valour of the knight of the wood. The two squires, however, without pretending to make any words, went to look for their cattle, and found the three steeds, with Dapple (for they had smelled each other out) very sociably met together. While they were thus employed, "Brother, said he of the wood to Sancho, you must know that it is customary with your warriors of Andalusia, when they are godfathers in any quarrel, not to stand idle, with their arms across, while their godsons are engaged. This I hint, by way of apprising you that, while our masters are at it, we must exchange a few dry blows too." "That custom, signor squire, answered Sancho, may pass current with those ruffians and warriors you mention; but that it prevails among the squires of knights-errant, I can by no means believe; at least, I have never heard such a custom mentioned by my master, who knows all the ordinances of chivalry by rote. Besides, granting it to be fact, and expressly ordained, that the squires must go to loggerheads while their masters are engaged; I will by no means comply with it, but pay the penalty incurred by peaceable squires, which I am sure cannot exceed a couple of pounds of wax; and that will not cost me so much as the pence I should expend in the cure of my head, which I should lay my account with having split and divided into two halves; and moreover, it is impossible that I should fight, because I have got no sword, and never wore one in my born days." "I know a very good remedy for that inconvenience, said the stranger: here are a couple of linen bags, of the same size; you shall take one, and I the other, and play away upon each other with equal arms." "With all my heart, answered Sancho; that sort of exercise will serve to dust our jackets, without hurting our skins." "Not quite so neither, resumed the other, for that the bags may not flap in the air, we will clap into each,

each, half a dozen clear, smooth pebbles, of equal weight and magnitude ; so that we may thwack one another without hurt or damage." " Body of my father ! cried Sancho, mind what fable furs and flakes of carded cotton he would line the bags withal, to prevent them from grinding our skulls, and making a paste of our bones ! Hark ye, master of mine, I'll have nothing to do with them, tho' they were stuffed with balls of silk ; let our masters fight as they shall think proper, but for our parts, let us drink and live quietly ; for old father Time will take care to rid us of our lives, without our seeking occasions to throw them away before the appointed season, at which, being ripe, they drop off of their own accord."

" But, for all that, replied he of the wood, we must have a bout, if it should not last half an hour."

" By no means, said Sancho, I shall not be so uncivil and ungrateful as to have any difference, let it be never so small, with a person at whose cost I have both eaten and drank : besides, who the devil do you think can fight in cool blood, without any sort of anger or provocation ?" " I know how to remove that objection, resumed the stranger : before we begin the battle, I will come up fairly and softly, and give your worship two or three such hearty boxes on the ear, as will lay you flat at my feet, and awaken your choler, though it should sleep sounder than a dormouse."

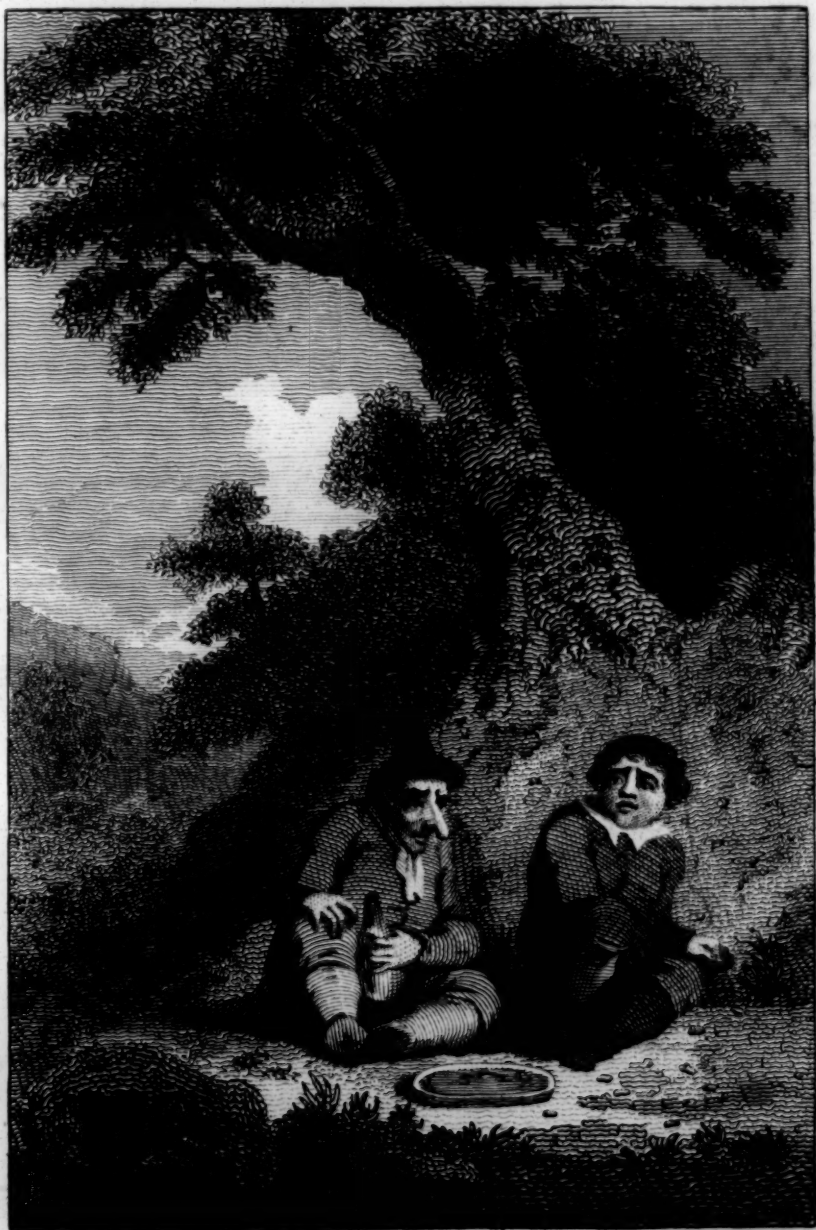
" Against that expedient, answered Sancho, I know another twice as good : for I will lay hold on a good cudgel, and before your worship comes to awaken my choler, give your own such a lullaby of dry beating, that it shall never wake but in the next world, where you'll have reason to know that I am not a man who will suffer his nose to be handled by any person whatsoever ; wherefore, let every one look to his own affairs. Though it would be the wisest course for every man to let his own choler lay still and sleep :  
for

for nobody knows the heart of his neighbour, and some who go out for wool, come home quite shorn. God himself bestowed his blessing upon peace, and curse upon contention; for if a cat that is confined, provoked and persecuted, turns into a lion, the Lord knows what I, who am a man, may turn into: I therefore, signor squire, give your worship notice, that all the mischief and damage which shall proceed from our quarrel, must be charged to your account." "Mighty well, replied the stranger, we shall see what is to be done, when God sends us morning."

Now a thousand kinds of painted birds began to warble from the trees, and in their various and sprightly notes seemed to welcome and salute the fresh and joyous morn, which already, through the gates and balconies of the east, disclosed her beauteous visage; while from her hair distilled an infinite number of liquid pearls, in which delicious liquor the herbs being bathed, seemed to sprout and rain a shower of seed pearl upon the earth. The willows shed favoury manna, the fountains laughed, the brooks murmured, the woods rejoiced, and the meadows adorned themselves at her approach.

But scarce had the light of day rendered objects distinguishable, when the first thing that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho Panza was the nose of his brother squire, which was so large as almost to overshadow his whole body. It is actually said to have been of excessive magnitude, crooked in the middle, and studded all over with warts of a mulberry colour like the fruit called berengena; and it hung down two fingers breadth below his mouth. The size, colour, warts, and curvature of this feature, rendered the face so frightful and deformed, that Sancho no sooner beheld it than he began to shake in every limb, like a child troubled with convulsions; and resolved, in his heart, to endure two hundred buffetings before his





*Sancho frightened at the Man with  
The Pasteboard Nose.)*

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his choler should be awaked, so as to fight with such an hobgoblin.

Don Quixote surveying his antagonist, found his vizor already down, and closed in such a manner as effectually concealed his face; but he perceived him to be a muscular man, of a middling stature. Over his arms he wore a loose coat or cassock, to all appearance of the finest cloth of gold, powdered with a number of small moons formed of the brightest looking-glass, which had a most magnificent, gay, and shewy effect. Over his helmet waved a great quantity of green, yellow, and white plumes; and his lance, which leaned against a tree, was excessively long and large, armed with above an hand's breadth of pointed steel. All these particulars were observed and considered by Don Quixote, who concluded, from what he saw and observed, that the said knight must be a person of Herculean strength. Nevertheless, far from being afraid, like Sancho Panza, he, with the most gallant intrepidity, thus addressed himself to the knight of the mirrors: "I entreat you, by your courtesy, sir knight, if your eager desire of fighting hath not destroyed that quality, to lift up your beaver a little, that I may see whether or not the grace of your countenance corresponds with the gallantry of your demeanour." "Signor cavalier, replied he of the looking-glasses, whether you are victor or vanquished in this enterprize, you will have time and opportunity more than sufficient to consider my visage: my reason for not satisfying your desire at present, is, that I should deem it a notable injury to the beautiful Casildea de Vandalia, to spend so much time as it would take to lift up my beaver, before I compel you to confess what you know I pretend to maintain." "Yet, while we mount our steeds, said Don Quixote, you may easily tell me if I am that same Don Quixote whom you pretend to have overcome." "To that question I answer, said he of the mirrors, that you are

are as like the knight I overcame, as one egg is like another ; but as you say you are persecuted by enchanters, I will not venture to affirm whether or not you are the same person." " That is enough, replied Don Quixote, to convince me that you are mistaken : nevertheless, to persuade you beyond all possibility of doubt, let us have recourse to our horses, and in less time than you would have taken to lift your beaver, if God, my mistress, and my arm avail me, I shall see your face ; and you will see I am not that conquered Don Quixote whom you suppose me to be."

Thus breaking off the conversation, they mounted their horses ; and Don Quixote turned Rozinante, in order to take a sufficiency of ground for returning to encounter his antagonist, while he of the mirrors took the same precaution. But the first had not proceeded twenty paces when he was called back by the other, and the two meeting again half-way, " Take notice, sir knight, said he of the looking-glasses, the condition of our combat is, that the conquered, as I have already observed, must be at the discretion of the conqueror." " I know it, answered Don Quixote, provided the commands imposed upon the vanquished be such as do not transgress the bounds of chivalry." " So I understand the conditions," answered he of the mirrors.

At that instant the strange nose of the squire presented itself to the eyes of Don Quixote, who was no less astonished than Sancho at the sight ; insomuch that he took him for some monster, or new-fashioned man, such as are not commonly found in this world. Sancho, seeing his master set out, in order to take his career, would not stay alone with nozzle, being afraid, that one flirt of such a snout in his face would determine the quarrel, and lay him stretched along the ground, either through fear or the severity of the blow : he therefore ran after his master, and laying  
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hold of one of Rozinante's stirrups, when he saw him ready to turn, "I beseech your worship, dear master, cried he, before you turn to begin the combat, help me in climbing this cork-tree, from whence I may behold, more to my liking than from the ground, your worship's gallant encounter with that same knight." "I rather believe, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that thy motive for clambering up is to see the bull-fight from a scaffold, without any danger to thyself." "The truth is, answered Panza, the outrageous nose of that squire fills me with such astonishment and affright, that I dare not tarry along with him." "It is such indeed, replied the knight, that were I any other than what I am, I should be scared at its appearance: come, therefore, and I will help thee to ascend to the place you mention."

While Don Quixote stopped until Sancho should get up into the cork-tree, the knight of the mirrors took as much ground as he thought necessary, and imagining that Don Quixote had done the same, without waiting for sound of trumpet, or other signal, he turned his horse, which was not a whit superior to Rozinante, either in fleetness or appearance, and at his full speed, which was a middling trot, rode forwards to encounter his antagonist; but seeing him busy in the exaltation of Sancho, he pulled in the reins, and halted in the middle of his career: a circumstance that gave infinite joy to his steed, which was already so tired, that he could not move another step. Don Quixote perceiving his enemy approaching with such speed, drove his spurs stoutly into the meagre flanks of Rozinante, and made him spring forwards in such a manner, that the history says, this was the only occasion on which he was ever known to gallop; for, at all other times, his swiftest pace was no other than a downright trot; and with this hitherto unseen fury he arrived at the spot where the knight of the mirrors sat, thrusting his spurs rowel-deep

deep into the sides of his horse, without being able to move him one finger's breadth from the place where he had made his halt. In this confusion and dilemma, Don Quixote found his antagonist embroiled with his horse, and embarrassed with his lance, which, either through want of knowledge or of time, he had not as yet fixed in the rest. Our Manchegan, who never minded these incumbrances, safely, and without the least danger to his own person, encountered him of the mirrours with such vigour, as to bring him, very much against his inclination, to the ground, over the crupper of his horse, with such a fall, that he lay without sense or motion, to all appearance bereft of life.

Sancho no sooner saw him unhorfed, than sliding down from the cork-tree, he ran down to his master, who having alighted from Rozinante, stood over the knight of the mirrours, untying his helmet, in order to see, whether or not he was actually dead, and to give him air, in case he should be alive. Then it was he saw—who can relate what he saw, without creating admiration, wonder, and affright in those who hear it? He saw, says the history, the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very effigies, the very perspective of the batchelor Sampson Carrasco; and this he no sooner beheld, than raising his voice, he cried, “Come hither, Sancho, and behold what thou shalt see, but not believe; quick, my child, and contemplate the power of magic: here thou wilt see what those wizards and enchanters can do.” Sancho accordingly approached, and seeing the face of batchelor Carrasco, began to cross and bless himself a thousand times.

Mean while, the overthrown knight giving no signs of life, Sancho said to Don Quixote, “In my opinion, master, right or wrong, your worship should thrust your sword through the jaws of this miscreant, who seems to be the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, and  
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in him, perhaps, you may slay one of those enchanters who are your enemies." "That is no bad advice," said the knight; for the fewer enemies the better." So saying, he drew his sword, in order to put in execution the advice and counsel of Sancho, when the squire belonging to the knight of the mirrors, came up without his frightful nose, and cried aloud, "Take care what you do, signor Don Quixote; he who lies at your feet is your friend the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, and I am his squire."

Sancho seeing him without his original deformity, "And the nose!" said he. "I have it here," replied the other; who putting his hand in his right side pocket, pulled out a paste-board nose, covered with varnish, such as we have already described. Sancho having considered him more and more attentively, broke out into a loud exclamation of wonder, crying, "Blessed Virgin, watch over me! Sure this is not my neighbour and gossip Tommy Cecial?" "The very same (answered the unsnouted squire), Tummas Cecial I am, your own friend and gossip, Sancho Panza; and I will presently tell you by what round-about conduits, tricks, and mischievous stories I have been brought hither: in the mean time, supplicate and beseech your master's worship, not to treat, maltreat, wound, or slay the knight of the looking-glasses, who now lies at his feet; for, without all doubt, he is no other than our townsman, the inconsiderate and ill-advised batchelor Sampson Carrasco."

About this time, the knight of the mirrors came to himself; and Don Quixote perceiving he had recovered the use of his senses, clapped the point of his naked sword to his throat, saying, "Knight, you are a dead man, if you do not instantly confess that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels your Casildea de Vandalia, in beauty; and, in the next place, you must promise (provided you escape with life from this

this contention and overthrow), to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself before her, in my name, that she may dispose of you according to her good pleasure: and if she leaves you at your own disposal, you shall return in quest of me; for the tracks of my exploits will serve as a guide to conduct you to the place where I shall be, and give me an account of what hath passed between you; these conditions being conformable to what we agreed upon before the combat, and not deviating from the customs of knight-errantry." "I confess, said the vanquished knight, that the clouted dirty shoe of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, excels the dishevelled though shining locks of Casildea; I promise to go, and return from her to your presence, and give you a full and particular detail of what you demand." "You must, in like manner, confess and believe, added Don Quixote, that the knight whom you overcame neither was, nor could be, Don Quixote de la Mancha, but some other who resembled him; as I confess and believe, that although you appear to be the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, you are not really he, but another clothed in his appearance, with which my enemies have invested you, in order to arrest my arm, and restrain the impetuosity of my rage, so as that I may bear the glory of my conquest with moderation." "I confess, judge, and perceive in all respects, as you believe, judge, and perceive, answered the discomfited knight; and I beseech you allow me to rise, if the severity of my fall, which hath put me in a miserable plight, will permit me to get up."

He was accordingly assisted in rising, by Don Quixote and his own squire Tommy Cecial, from whose person Sancho could not withdraw his eyes, while he asked a thousand questions; the answers to which manifestly shewed, that he was really and truly the individual Tommy Cecial, whom he pretended to be: but the apprehension which Sancho had conceived



ceived, from what his master said touching the enchanters, who had metamorphosed the knight of the mirrors into the batchelor Carrasco, hindered him from giving credit to the truth of what he saw with his own eyes. Finally, both master and man remained under the influence of that deception, while he of the mirrors, with his squire, in exceeding bad humour and evil plight, took his leave of Don Quixote and Sancho, to go in quest of some place where he might beplaster and besplinter his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to the prosecution of their journey, in which the history leaves them, to explain the mystery of the knight of the looking-glasses, and his snouted squire.

## C H A P. XV.

Which gives an account and information of the knight of the mirrors, and his squire.

**D**ON Quixote went on his way rejoicing: he gloried, he triumphed in the importance of his conquest, imagining the knight of the mirrors to be the most redoubtable of all knights that had yet ever appeared; and what afforded him likewise great matter of comfort was, that this knight, having engaged himself by the ties of honour, from which he could not deviate, without forfeiting his title to the order, he conceived hopes of hearing soon from Dulcinea, and of being certainly informed whether the enchantment of that princess still continued; though, indeed, it happened, that he and the knight of the mirrors thought, at that time, differently upon this subject: inasmuch as the latter was solely intent upon thinking how he should repair the damage done to his carcase.

And here the historian informs his readers, that when Sampson Carrasco advised Don Quixote to resume

sume the profession of knight-errantry, it was in consequence of mature consultation between him, the curate, and the barber, when they deliberated upon the means of keeping him in peace and quiet at home, so that his brains for the future should not be disturbed in pursuit of those wild extravagancies; the result of which was, that the only way to cure the frenzy of this unhappy man, was at present not to check his ungovernable obstinacy, but to humour it, and encourage him to go out again, as they saw it was impossible to prevent him; that Sampson should arm himself, and take an opportunity of meeting and challenging him, as a knight-errant; that he should settle the terms with him, that the vanquished should be at the disposal of the conqueror; that, in consequence of this agreement, Don Quixote, when overcome (which they looked upon as a matter of little doubt and difficulty), should be ordered to return home, and not to pass the bounds of his own village for the space of two years, without the goodwill and permission of the other; that no doubt this he would religiously comply with, as not daring to violate the laws of the order; and that there might be hopes, he would either in that space of time be naturally cured of those extravagant follies, or they might find out some method of diverting his mind from the farther pursuit of them. Carrasco undertook the affair very readily; and this Thomas Cecial, an intimate friend and companion of Sancho, and a queer sort of fellow, proffered his service to go upon the expedition, in the quality of squire. Sampson got himself accoutred in the manner you have read, and Cecial appeared in the terrors of that tremendous paste-board nose, to disguise himself from Sancho; and being thus equipped, they followed him so close, that they were very near coming up with him at the adventure of the waggon of death: they met him however in the wood, where ensued what

the attentive reader must already be acquainted with ; and where, had it not been for Don Quixote's heated imagination, which hurried him into the belief that the batchelor was not the batchelor, signor Sampson Carrasco would have been effectually stopped in the progress of his university degrees, and would not even have found a nest where he expected a flight of sparrows.

Thomas Cecial, finding the unhappy success that attended their undertaking, said, " Mr. Carrasco, I cannot in my conscience see why we ought to complain ; it is one thing to undertake, but another thing to finish : we looked upon Don Quixote as mad, and ourselves as hugely wise ; but, behold the end ! we take our march back again, both from a fool's errand, and you most handsomely drubbed to boot, while he pursues his journey in safety and triumph : and I should really be curious to know which is the greatest fool, he who is made so by nature, or he who makes himself one ? " " There is this difference, replied the batchelor, between a natural and a wilful fool, that the former will always remain so, the latter may cease to be so when he has a mind. " " As that is the case, said Thomas, I think I have been a monstrous fool in coming here to attend you as your squire ; and therefore, that I may be so no longer, I will this instant hie me to my own habitation. " " In that particular, you may do what seems good unto you, replied Sampson ; but as for me, I see not the place of my dwelling, until I shall have taken bodily vengeance upon Don Quixote : 'tis not now from motives of charity or benevolence ; no, 'tis revenge, and the anguish of my ribs, that prompt me to persevere in attempting the work of his reformation. "

They entertained one another in this manner, till they came to a village, where they had the good

fortune to find a bone-setter, who put the bachelor's ribs somewhat to rights; and Cecial took the route for his own village, leaving Carrasco deep in his meditations, projecting schemes of revenge. In due time, the history will again mention him; but at present, let us share with Don Quixote in the transports of his joy.

### C H A P. XVI.

What happened to Don Quixote, with a grave gentleman of La Mancha.

**D**ON Quixote, as we have observed, went on his way, glorying in his success. From that day, he dated himself the most renowned and invincible of all knights that had ever yet gone through a course of labours on this our earth: he looked upon all dangers, all difficulties that possibly could come in his way, as already vanquished, already overcome: he now valued not a rush the machinations of the most powerful enchanter. The very traces of former misfortunes, those drubbings out of number he had undergone, in discharging the functions of knighthood, were now quite obliterated from his memory. He thought no more of the shower of stones which had so sorely afflicted his jaw-bones, nor the mortifying ingratitude of the galley-slaves; nor did he think any more of the pack-staves of the Yanguesian carriers, who had the hardiness to make his sides resound like the dusting of a carpet: in short, the idea he conceived of his own felicity was so great, that could I, said he to himself, but accomplish the great point of delivering my celestial princess from the power of enchantment, I should not envy the glory that ever was or will be purchased by any knight in the universe.

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He was lost in these reveries, when Sancho interrupted him, "Signor, you will hardly believe what a fool I am; but it is an actual truth, that I cannot keep myself from thinking on that horrid and unmeasurable nose of my neighbour Tom Cecial." "And dost thou really believe, replied the other, that the knight of the mirrours was Sampson Carrasco; and that thy old companion, Thomas Cecial, was his squire." "As to that affair, I can say nothing to it, answered Sancho, only one thing I am positive in, that no one but himself could have given me such an account of my house, my wife, and my children; and as to his face, when that nose was split off, it was the very individual face of Thomas Cecial, just as I have beheld it many a time, when we were next-door neighbours in our village: and as for his voice, I will take my oath, it is the same to a tittle." "Come, Sancho, said Don Quixote, let us reason coolly upon this head: what probability is there, that Sampson Carrasco should come as a knight-errant, armed cap-a-pie, to offer me combat? Am I his enemy, or did I ever give him occasion to bear resentment against me? Do you imagine I am his rival, or that he has entered into the profession of chivalry, as envying the glory I have acquired by arms?" "But then, Sir, answered Sancho, what account can we give of the resemblance of that same knight and his squire to Sampson Carrasco, and my old friend Thomas Cecial? And if it be enchantment, as your worship says, were there no other two in the world but them, whose likenesses they could assume?" "It is all design, answered the other; and the contrivance of those cursed enchanters that persecute me, who easily foreseeing I should be victorious in the combat, changed the form of the vanquished knight into that of the batchelor, that the friendship I have for him might check the fury of my sword, and shield him against the effects of my just indignation; and by that means

save the life of him who, by treachery and artifice, had attempted to take away mine. But what farther proof need there be of the power of those enchanters, to change the appearance of human countenances, the fair into the deformed, and the deformed into the fair, than what thou thyself hast lately found by certain experience? Thou, who not two days since, beheld the peerless Dulcinea, in all the charms and lustre of perfect beauty, while at the same time she appeared to me an ugly rustic wench, with bleared eyes, and stinking breath: and, doubtless, if the wicked magician could effect such a diabolic enchantment as that, it is not to be wondered at, if he did the like by Carraasco and Thomas Cecial, to rob me of the glory of my victory: however, this is my consolation, that the prowess of my arm hath prevailed against my enemy, whatever shape he has assumed." "It is God alone who knows the truth of all things," answered Sancho, who well knowing, that the transformation of Dulcinea was the effect of his own enchantments, upon that account was not quite convinced by his master's arguments; but durst not mutter the least word, lest something should have dropped from him, by which he might have betrayed himself.

While they were discoursing in this manner, a gentleman, mounted in the jockey-fashion, on a fine flea-bitten mare, came up with them, dressed in a riding-coat of fine green cloth, faced with murry-coloured velvet, and a hunting-cap of the same; his furniture of a piece, murry-coloured and green: he had a belt of green and gold, at which hung a Moorish scymitar, and his buskins were wrought in the same manner: his spurs were not gilt, but so finely varnished with green, that as they were more of a piece with the rest of his dress, they looked better than if they had been pure gold. When this gentleman overtook them, he saluted them with great politeness,

liteness, and was spurring on, in order to pass them, when Don Quixote calling to him, said, "Signor, if you are not in haste, and are going this way, I should be exceeding glad to join company with you." "Sir," answered the other, "I should not have been in such haste to pass you, but was afraid your horse might be unruly, in the company of my mare." "If that be all," answered Sancho, "you may stop your mare when you please, with great safety; ours is the most sober and most discreet horse in the world, and has more breeding than ever to let his naughtiness get the better of him, upon such occasions, and never transgressed in this particular but once, and then my master and I both suffered severely in the flesh for it: I say once more, your worship may stop; for if your mare was served up in a dish, our steed would not so much as smell to her." Upon this assurance, the gentleman stopped, and looked with amazement at the air and appearance of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which hung like a wallet before Sancho, at the pommel of his ass's pannel: and, on the other hand, Don Quixote beheld him with no less attention, conceiving him to be some person of figure and distinction. The traveller seemed to be a man about fifty; he had some, tho' few grey hairs; his features were sharp, and in his looks appeared neither levity nor moroseness: in short, his appearance bespoke him a man of consequence. He looked with a kind of astonishment at Don Quixote, as having never beheld such a phenomenon before; the lankness of the horse, and the tall stature of the person that rode him, the sepulchral meagerness of his aspect, his solemn gravity, the strangeness of his armour, all together forming such a composition as perhaps had never before been seen in that country.

Don Quixote observed with what attention the traveller considered him, and, by the surprise he saw him

in, guessing what he wanted to know, as he was himself the very flower of civility, and of excessive complaisance, he was resolved to be beforehand with him, and save him the trouble of asking any question: "Signor, said he, I am not at all surpris'd to find, that with amazement you contemplate this my appearance so new to you, and so different from that of other mortals; but your wonder will cease, when I have told you that I am of the fraternity of those knights whom people distinguish by the title of adventure-hunters. I have left my native home, mortgaged my all, bid adieu to ease and pleasure, and cast myself upon fortune, to dispose of me as she shall think proper; my design being to awaken the lost and decayed spirit of knight-errantry: it is now some time since I entered upon the resolution of accomplishing this aim, during which period I have suffered a variety of fortune, tossed about from one adventure to another, sometimes triumphant, at other times not so successful, until I have in a great measure fulfilled my design, having relieved many disconsolate widows, afforded protection to many distressed damsels, and been of aid and assistance to divers married women and fatherless children, the true duty and intent of our order; so that, by numberless exploits becoming a christian hero, I am now celebrated in print thro' almost all the nations of the habitable globe. Thirty thousand copies of my renowned history are already in the hands of the public, and if Heaven does not think proper to put a stop to it, in all likelihood there will be a thousand times as many more. In one word, Sir, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise styl'd the knight of the rueful countenance: and though I own it is illiberal to sound one's own praises, yet am I sometimes oblig'd to do it; but then never unless when no one is by to do it for me: so that, Signor, after what I have told you, neither my lance nor my shield, my horse nor my squire, the wanness  
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of my countenance nor the lankness of my person, and all my whole composition together, ought any more to affect you with surprise, since you know the profession I am of, and the order I belong to."

There Don Quixote stopped to give the traveller an opportunity of reply; but he was so long before he opened his mouth, that it seemed as if he could make no answer; however, after a long pause, "Sir knight, said he, you was not mistaken, when, by the surprise you saw me in, you guessed the desire I had to be informed; but I am still as much surprised as ever, and though what you say may be right, that my knowing who you are ought to have made my wonder cease, it is yet far from having that effect upon me: can it be possible, that there are indeed now in the world knights-errant really existing, and that there are published accounts of real adventures? I should never have once dreamed that there was such a thing upon earth as any one who assisted married women and orphans, relieved widows, and protected damsels, if I had not had this opportunity of being convinced by now seeing you; and heaven be praised, that this noble history of your real and glorious achievements is in print, as it must efface and discredit those numberless romances about knights-errant, who never had being, and with which the world was so pestered and abused, to the apparent corruption of the mind of the readers, and the discredit of real and true history." "As to that circumstance, sir, there is much to be said, and you must not be too rash in believing, that the histories of knight-errantry are all fable." "Is there any one, answered the traveller, who makes a doubt of it?" "I do, for one, answer Don Quixote; but we will drop that subject for the present, as I doubt not but, if we continue any time travelling together, I shall be able, by the blessing of God, to convince

you of your error, and to shew you that you are prejudiced only by the number of those who have entertained a notion, that such accounts are fictitious."

These last words of Don Quixote gave the gentleman in green a suspicious idea of his understanding; he had a notion that he must be disordered in his senses, and was expecting some other proof of it; but, without entering into farther discourse, Don Quixote desired his companion to let him know who he was, as he himself had given an account of his life and situation. To which request the gentleman replied, "Sir knight of the rueful countenance, I am a gentleman born in a village where, if it pleases God, we shall all dine to-day; my fortune is better than moderate, and my name Don Diego de Miranda. I pass my time cheerfully, with my wife, my children, and my friends; my usual diversions are fishing and hunting; but I neither keep hounds nor hawks; all I have are some decoy-partridges and a good ferret. My library consists of about some six dozen of Spanish and Latin books; some are books of history, others of piety; for as to books of chivalry, I have not yet allowed them to come under my roof; I am more inclined to the reading of profane than religious authors, if the subjects they treat of are of an innocent nature, if the style is engaging, and the incidents affecting and surprising; but, indeed, Spain produces mighty few performances of this sort. I live in terms of good neighbourhood with all about me; sometimes I go to their houses, sometimes I invite them to mine; my table is neat and clean, and sufficiently affluent, without extravagance. I slander no one, nor do I allow backbiters to come near me; my eyes pry not into the actions of other men, nor have I any impertinent curiosity to know the secrets of their lives. I go to mass every day, and the poor man partakes of my substance; I make no ostentation in the good I do; that I may defend myself against the attacks of

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of hypocrisy and vain glory, well knowing, that the best fortified heart is hardly proof against these fly deceivers. As far as I have an opportunity, I am a reconciler of differences among my neighbours: I particularly pay my devotions to the blessed Mother, and have an entire dependance on the mercies of God our Saviour."

Sancho had listened with uncommon attention to what the gentleman in green said; and this discourse seemed to him of such exalted piety and virtue, that he immediately conceived such a man must be endowed with the power of working miracles: fully persuaded of the truth of this supposition, he threw himself off his ass, ran up to the gentleman, seized his right stirrup, and with a heart overflowing with devotion, and eyes full of tears, fell a-kissing his feet. Which humility, when the traveller perceived, "What is the matter, friend, said he, what is the meaning of these embraces?" "Pray let me alone, said Sancho; for in my life before, excepting your worship, did I never know a saint mounted on horseback." "I have no title to be thought so, answered the gentleman; on the contrary, I am a miserable sinner; but the simplicity of your behaviour, my friend, shews that you yourself must be a very good man." Upon this declaration Sancho quitted him, and again remounted Dapple, having by his behaviour unbended the solemn gravity of his master into a smile, and increased the wonder of Don Diego.

Don Quixote then made inquiry into the number of children he had, informing him at the same time, that the ancient sages, who were not enlightened with the knowledge of the true God, reckoned the gifts of fortune and nature, abundance of friends and increase of dutiful children, as constituting part of the supreme happiness. "Sir, answered Don Diego, I have one son; and if I had none, should, peradventure, think myself happier than I am; not that

he is very bad, but because he does not come up to what I would wish him to be. He is now eighteen years of age, six of which he has spent at Salamanca, studying Greek and Latin; and when I would have had him apply to something else, I found him so dipt in poetry, if that deserves the name of science, that I could not prevail upon him to take to the study of the law, which was what I wanted he should do; nor would he apply to divinity, the first and noblest of all sciences. I was desirous to make him the honour and ornament of his family, as we live in an age and under a monarch, where useful and virtuous learning is so amply recompensed; for what is learning without virtue? No better than pearls on a dung-hill. He will spend whole days in examining whether such a verse in Homer's Illiad be expressed with propriety, whether such an epigram of Martial is to be construed into a lewd sense or not, and whether such a verse in Virgil will bear this or that meaning. In a word, these authors, with Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and Tibullus, engross the whole of his time and conversation. As to the modern authors of his own country, he seems to have no great relish for them, though, notwithstanding his seeming disregard, he is now busied in making a kind of commentary upon four verses, which, I believe, are designed as a subject for a prize in the schools."

To this information, the other answered, "Signor, children are to be considered as part of the bowels of the parents, and, be they good or bad, we must treat them as such, and cherish them accordingly. It is incumbent upon parents to lead them betimes into the paths of decency and virtue, to instil into them sound principles, and train them up in Christian discipline, that by these means they may be the stay of their declining years, and an honour to their own descendants. I am not against using persuasion



suasion to incline them either to the study of this or that science, but look upon using force as altogether unwarrantable; more especially as the young gentleman does not study in view of getting his livelihood, he being so fortunate as to have that secured by inheritance: then I think he should be indulged in pursuing whatever his genius or inclination mostly prompts him to; and though in poetry there is more pleasure than utility, it generally does honour to the person who has a vein for it. I liken poetry to a young, tender, and beautiful virgin, whom many other virgins, that is, all the other sciences, are assiduous to ornament, enrich, and embellish; now as she makes use of them all, so likewise does she reflect a lustre upon them all. But then this tender virgin is not to be handled roughly; she is not to be dragged through the streets; exposed in public places, or stand as a prostitute at the gates of palaces. She is a kind of alchemy of such rare virtue, that whoever knows the nature of her composition may change her into pure gold of inestimable value: whoever would keep her must narrowly look after her: she must not be indulged in the indecency of obscene satire, nor allowed to run into insipid sonnets. And though she may enjoy the profits arising from heroic poetry, weeping tragedy, or laughing comedy, yet the muse must not be venal: no buffoons must have any thing to do with her, and she must be kept sacred from the unhallowed multitude, who neither know nor esteem those hidden treasures she carries about her. And think not that by the multitude, I only mean the common rank of men; no, under that class I number all who are strangers to real knowledge, be they peers or be they princes. But whoever is possessed of those qualifications I have been mentioning, and with them attempts the study and execution of poetry, I say, his name will be famous, and held in veneration wherever politeness extends its influence.

As to what you say of your son's not esteeming the poetry of his own country, I don't think he is quite right in that opinion, and for this reason; the mighty Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek; nor Virgil in Greek, for the same reason that he was a Roman; and in general, every one of the ancient poets wrote in the language of his own country, and did not seek for another to clothe the majesty of his ideas. As this is the case, I think it should be a prevailing maxim in all countries; nor should we undervalue the German poet for writing in his own language, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscayan, for writing in his; but, perhaps, your son does not dislike Spanish poetry, but Spanish poets, as being destitute of the knowledge of other languages or sciences, that might contribute to cultivate, assist, and enliven their own natural genius; and even this prejudice may be carried too far; for the maxim that a poet is born with his talent, is certainly just; that is, a real poet comes forth a poet into the world, and with this natural endowment, implanted in him by his Creator, produces, without the help of study or cultivation, such things as verify that of the poets, when they say, *Est Deus in nobis*. One so born a poet, if he cultivates his genius by the assistance of art, must be much better, nay, greatly preferable to him who, without natural fire, attains to the knowledge of the rules only; for it is obvious, that as art does not exceed nature, but serves to polish and bring it to perfection, so art assisting nature, and nature so assisted by art, form the accomplished poet. To conclude, signor, my advice is, that your son should be allowed to follow the bent of his own inclination; and as he must be already an exceeding good scholar, having mastered the learned languages, which may be looked upon as having mounted the first steps in his progress to the seat of the sciences, by the assistance of that knowledge he

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will be able, without more help, to climb to the top of human literature, which as much adorns and sets off a gentleman as a mitre does a bishop, or the long robe the counsel learned in the law. If you find him writing satires injurious to private characters, burn his works and rebuke him; but if he composes discourses, that comprehend for their subject of satire vice in general, as Horace did with so much elegance, then commend him: for, though it be unlawful to mark and single out particular persons, it is allowable to write against particular vices; for example, to write against envy, or to lash the envious, and so of others. Here are some poets indeed, who, rather than baulk their fancy of saying a smart thing, will risque being sent to the isles of Pontus. As the manners, so will the verses be; if the former are chaste, the latter will be so likewise: writing is the interpreter of the mind, which will always produce what is consonant to its own native conceptions; and when kings, and the great men of the earth, once see this wonderful gift of poetry employed on subjects of wisdom, virtue, and dignity, they bestow marks of honour, esteem, and munificence upon the poet; they crown him from the leaves of that tree, which is proof against the glancing thunderbolt, emblematically denoting, that such as wear that crown ought to be secure against all hurt or offence."

The traveller wondered so much at Don Quixote's discourse, that he began to be staggered in his mind, whether he was a madman or not. But as this conversation did not altogether hit Sancho's taste, he had, in the midst of it, gone out of the road, to beg a little milk of some shepherds who were milking ewes hard by; and the gentleman in green, who seemed very fond of the good sense and ingenious conversation of Don Quixote, was going to renew their dialogue, when the Don, suddenly lifting up his eyes, saw a carriage with the king's colours meeting them.

them upon the road, and taking this for some new adventure, called to Sancho to bring his helmet. Sancho, hearing the voice of his master, left the shepherd in great hurry, and mounting Dapple, arrived where Don Quixote was, to whom there happened a very terrible and tremendous adventure.

## C H A P. XVII.

Which sets before the reader that highest and most exalted pinnacle, which the incredible magnanimity of Don Quixote ever did, or ever could arrive at, with the happy issue of the adventure of the lions.

THE history then proceeds to inform us, that when Don Quixote called upon Sancho to bring him his helmet, he, Sancho, was deep in bargain with the shepherds about some curds; and finding himself summoned in such violent haste by his master, was at a prodigious loss what to do with them, for he had paid for them, and could not bear the thoughts of losing his purchase: in this extremity he had recourse to his master's helmet, in which he safely stowed them, and hugging himself in this lucky thought, away he trotted to receive the commands of his lord and master, who desired him to deliver his helmet; "For, said he, if I know ought of adventures, that which I descry yonder will prove such a one as will oblige me to have recourse to arms."

Don Diego, upon hearing this declaration, looked about him every where, but could discover nothing, except a carriage coming towards them, with two or three flying flags, by which he guessed the carriage might be loaded with some of the king's money, and mentioned this observation to Don Quixote, who minded not what he said, his brain wandering so upon adventures, that every thing must be one, and nothing but a series of one adventure upon the back  
of



of another; he therefore answered the gentleman to this effect: "Sir, forewarned and fore-armed is half the day; I am not now to learn that I have enemies of all kinds, visible and invisible; neither know I the time, the place, the hour, nor under what appearance they will attack me." With these words turning about, he demanded his helmet of Sancho, who not having time to disengage the curds from it, was obliged to deliver it, with that lining in the inside, to his master, who took it, and, without farther examination, clapped it in a great hurry upon his head, which pressing and squeezing the curds, the whey began to ooze down his beard; and this circumstance so startled him, that he called out to Sancho, "What can this mean? is my scull softening, or my brains melting, or do I sweat from head to foot? Surely, this I can say, that if I do sweat, it is not through fear, though I am fully persuaded this will prove a most terrible adventure. If you have got any thing let me have it to wipe me; for this deluge of sweat blinds my eyes. Sancho replied not, but gave him a cloth, and with it sent up his thanks to the Almighty, that his master had not found out what it was. Don Quixote, after rubbing himself, took off his helmet, to see what it was that sat so cool upon his head, and perceiving something white and clotted, put it to his nose, and snuffed at it: "By the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, cried he, thou hast put curds into my helmet, thou traitor, thou ill-bred squire!" To which apostrophe, Sancho answered with great unconcern and tranquillity, "If they are curds, let me have them to eat; but the devil ought rather to eat them, for I am sure it must be he who put them there. I offer to defile your worship's helmet! in good troth, I can perceive, by the help of that understanding God has given me, that I am not without my enchanters too, who are at me, as a sort of member and limb of your worship;

ship; and I'll be sworn, have put that nastiness there, to instigate your worship to wrath against me, and stir up your worship to anoint my ribs in the manner your worship was wont to do. But this time, they have missed their aim, I trow, as I can depend upon the just sentence of my master, who will easily weigh with himself, that I had neither curds, cream, nor any such stuff; and that if I had, it was more likely I should have crammed them into my own guts than put them into his worship's helmet." "All this is possible," cried Don Quixote: and all this the other gentleman saw, and saw with astonishment, more especially when our hero, after having cleaned his head, beard, chops, and helmet, clapped the latter upon his skull, and fixing himself in his seat, tried whether or not his sword could be easily drawn; then grasping his spear, "Now, cried he, happen what will happen, here am I, determined for the combat, should the prince of the evil spirits set himself in battle array against me."

By this time the carriage with the streamers was come up, attended only by the driver (who rode one of the mules) and a man who sat upon the fore-part of it. Don Quixote wedged himself directly in their way, and called out, Whither, my brethren, are you bound? what carriage is this? what does it contain? what ensigns are those displayed?" To which interrogation the waggoner replied, "The carriage itself belongs to me, and within are two savage lions, which the general of Oran sends to court to his majesty: the streamers are the ensigns of our lord the king, to shew that what is here contained belongs to the crown." "Are these lions large?" answered Don Quixote. "So large, replied the man, who sat upon the fore-part of the waggon, that lions of a more monstrous size never came from Barbary into this kingdom. I am their keeper, and have had several under my charge before now, but never any  
so

so big as they: there is a male and a female: the he is in the first cage, and the female in the other; they are now ravenous with hunger, having had no food to-day, and therefore I must entreat you to get out of the way, as we must make haste to the place where they are to be fed." To which intreaty, Don Quixote answered with half a smile, "What are your lion whelps to me, and at this time of day too! are lion whelps brought against me! I'll make those who sent them hither, yes—by the holy God! I'll make them see whether I am a man to be scared by lions. Come, honest friend, get off; and as you are their keeper, open the cages and turn them out; for, in the midst of this plain, will I make the savage beasts of the wilderness know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in defiance of the enchanters who have sent them against me."

"Aha! said Don Diego to himself, I think our knight of the rueful countenance has now given us a pretty incontestible sample of what he is: these curds have certainly foked his skull, and suppurated his brains." Then Sancho came up to Diego, and said, "For God's sake, signor, take care that my master's worship does not encounter these lions, or be-like, we shall all of us be tore to pieces." "What," answered he, is your master then really so much out of his wits, that you believe and dread he will engage these savage monsters?" "He is not out of his wits," replied Sancho, but prodigious bold."

"I'll make him give over," answered the other; then going up to Don Quixote, who was pressing the keeper to open the cages, he said, "Signor, gentlemen of the order of knights-errant ought to go upon adventures that have a probability of success, not such as are quite desperate; for that courage which is almost temerity, favours rather of madness than true fortitude. Besides, these lions do not come with any  
hostile

hostile design against you ; no, they think of nothing less : they are going to be presented to the king, and as they are on their way to court, I think they should not be stopped in their journey." " Pray, good signor, said Don Quixote, if you will please to get away from hence, and look after your ferrets and decoy-partridges, do, and leave every one to mind his own business : this is my business, and it behoves me to know whether or not these lions come against me." Then turning to the keeper, " Sirrah, said he, if you do not immediately open the cages, I swear by the living God, I will this instant pin you to the place where you sit."

The carter, seeing the obstinate resolution of this armed phantom, who addressed him, begged for the sake of charity, he would let him take off his mules, and get with them out of danger, before the lions were uncaged. " For should my cattle be slain, said he, I am undone for ever, having nothing to depend upon for bread but this cart and these mules." " Man of little faith, said Don Quixote, alight ; take off thy mules, and do what thou wilt ; but thou shalt quickly see thou hast laboured in vain, and that thou mightest have spared thyself this unnecessary trouble."

The carter then got off, and unharnessed in great hurry, and the keeper spoke aloud, " I call all present to witness that I am forced, against my will, to open the cages, and let loose the lions ; and I here declare, that this gentlemen is chargeable with, and answerable for, all the harm they shall do, as also for my salary and perquisites over and above. And now, gentlemen, pray take care of yourselves, and get out of the way ; for, as to me, I know they will do me no harm." Don Diego again urged him to forbear attempting so extravagant an action, alleging it was tempting of God, to think of going about such a despe-



desperate undertaking. The other replied, that he knew what he did; and Don Diego once more desired him to think well of what he was about, as he was certain that he deceived himself. "Signor, said Don Quixote, if you do not care to be a spectator of what you think will be a tragical adventure, set spurs to your mare, and provide for your own safety." Sancho, upon this intimation, fell a blubbering, and earnestly besought him not to think of entering upon this adventure; "For, in comparison of this, said he, the windmills, the terrible adventure of the fulling-mill hammers, nay, all the exploits your worship has performed during the course of your life, are but custards and puff paste. Consider, sir, continued he, that there can be no enchantment in this cage; I myself have peeped through the cage, and there I saw the claw of a real living lion; and sure I am, that the beast that owns such a claw, must be bigger than a mountain." "Be he large or small, answered Don Quixote, thy fear would magnify him to the bigness of one half of the globe. Begone, leave me: if I die, you know our old agreement; repair to Dulcinea. I say no more." He spoke several other things, which shewed he was determined on what he was about, and that all attempts to dissuade him were in vain.

Don Diego would willingly have stopped him; but had neither weapons nor armour equal to the other's, and, besides, did not think it prudent to engage with a man who was frantic; for, by this time, he was convinced that Don Quixote was so in all respects; who still pressing the keeper, and repeating his threats, Don Diego clapped spurs to his mare, Sancho applied his heels to Dapple, the carter put forward his mules, and all endeavoured to get as fast out of the way as they could, before the beasts were let loose. Sancho deplored the fate of his master, who he believed

lieved was just going to be sacrificed by the lions: he bewailed his own hard fortune, and cursed the hour when he thought of serving him again: however, amidst the intenseness of his grief, he ceased not to punch and jog on his ass, that he might get from the cart as fast as possible. The keeper, seeing that these runaways were now safe at a sufficient distance, renewed his expostulations with Don Quixote, who said, "I hear you, friend; but give yourself no more trouble with arguments or entreaties, it will all signify nothing; and therefore I desire you will make haste."

While the keeper protracted the time in opening the first grate, Don Quixote considered with himself, whether he had best alight for the combat, or continue on the back of Rozinante; and determined, at last, to fight on foot, lest his steed might take fright at the sight of the lions. Accordingly, he leaped upon the ground, threw away his lance, braced his shield, and drew his sword, in which attitude, approaching with great steadiness, he placed himself just before the cart, recommending himself, with great devotion, first to the protection of the Almighty, and then to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso.

We must observe, that at this place the author of this history breaks out into pathetic exclamations, expressing himself to this purpose: O Don Quixote de la Mancha! renowned for fortitude, brave beyond human expression; thou mirror, in which all heroes of the earth may contemplate their own perfections! thou second and other Don Manuel de Leon, glory and ornament of Spanish knights! how shall I find words worthy to relate this matchless achievement? by what power of argument shall I make it gain credit among future generations? for what encomiums ever so exalted, even beyond the hyperbole, can there be, but what thou deservest? On foot thou stood'st collected within thy magnanimous self, with

with a sword far from being sharp, with a shield far from bright and shining; there, I say, didst thou stand waiting and expecting two of the fiercest lions that were ever yet engendered in the dens of Libya. I want words wherewithal to embellish thy great achievements: let thy own exploits then be the har-binger of thy praises, O heroic Manchegan!

The author here breaks off his exclamation, and proceeds in the recital of the history, saying,

The keeper seeing Don Quixote fixed in this posture, and finding himself under a necessity of letting loose the he-lion, to avoid the resentment of this enraged and intrepid hero, flung the door of the first cage open, where the lion appeared lying, of a monstrous bigness and terrifying aspect: he immediately turned himself round in the cage, put out one of his paws, and stretched himself at full length, yawned and gaped with great composure, and then, with a tongue, of about half a yard long, cleaned his face and eyes; after which he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared around him with eyes like firebrands; a sight sufficient to have struck a damp into the most intrepid heart: but Don Quixote only fixed his eyes attentively upon him, wishing for the minute he would leap out of the cart, that he might engage and cut him in pieces; to such an unaccountable degree had his frenzy worked up his disturbed imagination. But the lion, naturally generous, and more inclinable to be gentle than rough, heeded not his bravadoes or flourishing: on the contrary, after having looked around him, as we have observed, turned about, and shewing our hero his back-side, with great composure and tranquillity, laid himself down again to rest; which circumstance Don Quixote perceiving, ordered the keeper to rouse him by blows, and oblige him to come forth: "Nay, that I won't," answered he; for, should I enrage him, he would immediately tear me to pieces: come, sir knight, be contented with what  
you

you have done, which is all that can be expected from any man's courage, and give over tempting fortune any more. The door of his cage is open, and he may come forth, or not, as he pleases; but as he has not come out now, he will not all day. The intrepidity of your worship's valour is sufficiently vouched: I apprehend the bravery of no combatant needs do more than challenge his adversary, and await him in the field; and if the enemy won't meet him, the imputation of cowardice lies with them, and the crown of victory devolves upon the other." "You say true, said Don Quixote; shut the door, my friend, and let me have, under your hand, in the best manner you are able to draw it, a certificate of what you have now seen; for I think it is highly fitting mankind should know that you opened the lion's cage; that I waited for him, and he came not out; that I waited for him again, and he came not out; and that again he laid himself down. I am not bound to do any more; so enchantments avaunt! and God prosper truth, justice, and noble chivalry: shut the door therefore, and I will wave a signal for those who have run off to return, and have an account of this action from your own mouth."

The keeper obeyed; and Don Quixote clapping upon the point of his lance the cloth Sancho had given him to wipe off the curds, called out to them who were still pursuing their flight, and at every step, all in a body, turning about their heads, and Don Diego leading them on; but Sancho chancing to espy the signal of the linen cloth, "I'll be bound to be crucified, said he, if my master has not got the better of the lions; for he now calls to us." They all stopped, and perceived it was Don Quixote who made the sign; upon which the violence of their terrors somewhat abated, and they approached nearer and nearer by degrees, till they could distinctly hear the voice of Don Quixote calling to them: at last they



they came back to the cart, and Don Quixote said to the carter, "Harness your mules again, my friend, and go on in your journey; and, Sancho, give him and the keeper two crowns of gold, as a recompence for the time I have detained them." "That I will most willingly do; but where are the lions, dead or alive?" Then the keeper, very circumstantially, and dividing his discourse with great propriety, gave an account of the issue of this adventure, exaggerating, with all his might, and all the power of rhetoric he could muster up, the courage of Don Quixote; "at sight of whom, said he, the lion, overawed, would not, or rather durst not, venture out of the cage, though I held the door open a considerable time; and that upon remonstrating to the great knight, that it was tempting of God to provoke the lion so far as to oblige him to come out by force, as he wanted him to have done, and was going to make him do, whether he would or not, his honour had suffered the cage-door to be shut." "Sancho, said Don Quixote, what dost thou think now? can enchantments avail aught against true courage? They may indeed, and with ease, stand in the way of my good fortune; but of valour and resolution they never can deprive me." Sancho gave the crowns to the people; the carter harnessed his mules, and the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hand for his liberality, and promised, when he arrived at court, he would give an account of this heroic achievement to his majesty himself. "Should the king, said Don Quixote, perchance inquire who performed it, tell him, it was the knight of the lions; for I am determined, that, from this time forward, the title I have been hitherto distinguished by, of knight of the rueful countenance, shall be changed, bartered, and sunk, into that of knight of the lions; and in this alteration I imitate the example of knights-errant of old, who, as they pleased,

pleased, altered their designations as it best suited their purposes."

The carriage went forward, Don Quixote, Sancho, and the traveller in green, pursued their journey; and, during all this time, Don Diego de Miranda was so attentive to remark and observe the actions of Don Quixote, that he had not opened his mouth; but looked upon him as a man whose good sense was blended with a strange sort of madness: the reason was, he knew as yet nothing of the first part of his history: had he read that, his amazement at the knight's words and actions would have vanished, as it would have cleared up to him the nature of his frenzy; but as he knew not that, he was at times divided in his opinion, sometimes believing him in his senses, and at other times thinking him frantic; because what he spoke was sensible, consistent, and genteelly expressed, but his actions discovered all the symptoms of wildness, folly, and temerity. "For what greater sign of disorder, said he to himself, can there be, than for a man to clap on a helmet full of curds, and then take it into his head that some magician had liquified his skull? and what more certain proof of fool-hardiness and wild frenzy, than for a person, in spite of all that can be said to him, to resolve to engage lions?"

Don Quixote interrupted these reflections and soliloquy of his fellow-traveller, by saying, "Signor Don Diego de Miranda, I don't doubt but that, in your judgment, I must pass for an extravagant madman; and indeed no wonder: for, to be sure, my actions would seem to declare me such: but at the same time I must beg leave to say to you, that I am not so disordered, or so bereft of understanding, as to you I may have seemed. The gay cavalier, who in burnished armour, before the ladies, prances over the lists, makes a gallant appearance! The adventurous knight

knight too shews off to great advantage, when in the midst of the spacious square, in view of his prince, he transfixes the furious bull. And a noble appearance make those knights, who, in military exercises, or such like, are the life, spirit, and even honour of their prince's court. But a much more noble figure than all these makes the knight-errant, who, in the solitudes of the desert, through the almost impervious passages of the forest, and over the craggy mountains, goes in quest of perilous adventures, to bring them to a successful issue, and that only to obtain glory, honour, and an immortal name. A knight-errant, I say, makes a more glorious appearance, when he assists the widow in some solitary plain, than the courtier knight, when he lavishes his gallantry on a town-lady. All cavaliers have their different spheres, in which they act; let the courtier pay his attendance to the ladies, adorn the court of his prince with the splendor of his equipage, entertain gentlemen of inferior fortunes with the hospitality of his sumptuous table; let him propose matches of different exercise, and direct the jousts and tournaments; let him shew himself splendid, liberal, and magnificent; and above all, approve himself a good christian: in acting thus, he will discharge the duties that belong to him. But for the knight-errant, let him explore the most hidden recesses of the universe, plunge into the perplexities of the labyrinths; let him, at all times, not be afraid of even impossibilities; in the barren, wasteful wilderness, let him defy the scorching rays of the solstitial sun, and the piercing chillings of the nipping frost. Lions must not frighten him, phantoms must not terrify him, nor dragons dismay him; for, in searching after such, engaging with, and getting the better of all difficulties, consist his true and proper occupation. It being my fortune then to be of this last order, I cannot, consistent with that, avoid engaging in whatever I deem to be part of the duty of

my calling; and for these reasons, though I knew, that encountering the lions was in itself an act of the greatest temerity, yet it immediately belonged to my profession: I am very sensible that true fortitude is placed between the two extremes of cowardice and fool-hardiness; but then, it is better valour should mount even to an over-daring hardiness, than be debased to pusillanimity; for, as the prodigal is more likely to become truly generous than the miser, so will the over-courageous sooner be brought to true valour, than the coward to be courageous at all; and in undertaking adventures, I assure you, Don Diego, it is much better to overdo than underdo, and much better does it sound in the ear of him to whom it is related, that a knight is daring and presumptuous, than that he is pusillanimous and faint-hearted."

"Signor Don Quixote, answered Diego, I think all you have said is consonant to the rule of right reason; and I am of opinion, that if the laws and statutes of true chivalry were lost, they would be found deposited and faithfully recorded in your breast: but if you please, we will put on, for it grows late; let us get towards my house and village, that you may have some rest, and taste of some refreshment after your late fatigue, which, if it does not weary the body, must be heavy upon the mind, the labours of which often affect the body likewise." "I accept of your invitation, Don Diego, said the other, as a favour and mark of politeness." And hastening forward a little quicker than they had done before, they arrived about two in the afternoon at the habitation of Diego, on whom Don Quixote bestowed the appellation of the knight of the Green Surtout.



THE  
ATC H I E V E M E N T S  
Of the SAGE and VALIANT  
DON QUIXOTE  
DE LA MANCHA.

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PART II. BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Of what befel Don Quixote at the castle or house of the knight of the Green Surtout; with other out-of-the-way matters.

**D**ON Quixote found, that Diego's house, like the houses of most country gentlemen, was large and roomy; with the arms of the family over the great gates, cut out in rough stone: the buttery was in the yard, the cellar was under the porch, and around were placed divers jars, which jars being of the manufactory of Toboso, recalled the memory of the metamorphosed and enchanted Dulcinea; upon which, without reflecting what he said, or before whom he poured out his sighs and tears: "O dearest pledges, said he, which now I find in bitterness of sorrow, but sweet and ravishing when heaven's high will ordained it so! O jars of Toboso, which have recalled into my mind the dear idea of my greatest sorrow!" This exclamation was

overheard by the young poet, Diego's son, who, along with his mother, had come down to receive Don Quixote. Both mother and son were struck with his uncouth figure; and he, alighting from Rozinante, with great good breeding, begged leave to kiss the lady's hands. To which intreaty Don Diego added, "Madam, receive with your usual politeness, signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, whom I here introduce to you as a gentleman of the brightest parts and most intrepid courage of any in the world." Donna Christina (for that was the lady's name) received him with all the marks of respect and esteem, and Don Quixote overpaid them in polite and mannerly acknowledgments: the same kind of intercourse passed between him and the young scholar, whom he took by his conversation to be a gentleman of vivacity and acuteness.

The author here minutely describes Don Diego's house, gives an inventory of the furniture usually contained in the house of a rich country gentleman: but the translators of this history have thought it advisable not to mention these and such other particular matters, as being rather foreign from the main scope of this history, in which truth has more energy than needless and languid digressions.

Don Quixote was conducted into a hall, where Sancho disarmed him; after which, he remained in his other accoutrements, a pair of wide waloos breeches, and a shamoy leather doublet, stained with the rust of his armour: his band was collegian, neither starched nor laced, his buskins of the colour of dates, and his shoes of waxed leather: he girded upon his thigh his trusty sword, which hung at a belt of seal's skin, for it is believed he had been for some years troubled with an imbecility in his loins: and over all these was a long cloak of good grey cloth; but, before he stirred any farther, he applied to his face five or six pitchers (the precise number not being exactly ascer-

ascertained) of fair water, which nevertheless still ran off exhibiting a whey colour; and it was undoubtedly owing to the irregular appetite of Sancho, and his having made the bargain for these nasty curds, that his master was now scoured so white and so clean. In this equipment, as here described, and with a gallant air and address, Don Quixote walked into another hall, where the young gentleman of the house was waiting to receive and entertain him, till dinner should be got ready; for as to the lady, Donna Christina, she was busy in ordering matters so, upon the arrival of this noble guest, as to let it be seen she knew what reception to give those who came to visit under her roof.

While Don Quixote was unarming, Don Lorenzo (that was the name of Diego's son) took the opportunity of that leisure time to ask his father, who that knight was he had brought home to them: "For, said he, his name and his uncouth figure, and your telling us, at the same time, that he is a knight-errant, puzzle both my mother and me prodigiously." Said Don Diego, "I know not what answer to make you; all I can say is, I never saw a madman act more frantically, and have heard him talk so very sensibly, as gave the lie to all his actions: but I would have you enter into conversation with him, and sound the depth of his understanding; you have sense enough, and therefore I would have you form a judgment of him according to your own observation; to say the truth, I myself am more inclined to believe him distracted than otherwise."

Upon this intimation, Don Lorenzo went to entertain Don Quixote, as we have mentioned, who, among other discourse, said to Lorenzo, "Signor Don Diego de Miranda, your father has been pleased to inform me a little of your great genius and good judgment, and particularly that you are a great poet." "A poet in some sense, I may be, said Lorenzo;

but a great one did I never so much as dare, even in my own imagination, to think myself: true it is, I am a little fond of poetry, and of reading the good poets; but don't at all for that reason merit the title my father is pleased to bestow upon me." "I love your reserve, said Don Quixote; for poets are usually far removed from modesty, each thinking himself the greatest in the world." "No rule holds universally, answered Lorenzo, and there may be one who is really a great poet, and yet does not think himself so." "There must be very few such, answered the other: but pray, sir, continued he, what verses are those you are about, which your father says make you so anxious and studious? for, if it be commenting upon some theme, I know somewhat of the art of paraphrasing, and should be glad to see what your performance is; and if they are designed as a poetical prize, let me advise you to obtain the second, for the first is decreed in view of interest, or in favour of the great quality of some person; but merit carries the second: so that, according to the general practice of our universities, the third becomes the second, and the first the third: but, notwithstanding this acceptance, the name of the first makes a great shew." "So far surely, said Lorenzo to himself, this gentleman shews no signs of a disturbed understanding; but we'll go on:" "Your worship, I presume, has been long at the schools; pray, sir, what science have you addicted yourself to?" "That of knight-errantry, replied Don Quixote; a science equally sublime as your poetry, and, in my humble opinion, even mounted a few steps above it." "That science, answered Lorenzo, I am hitherto a stranger to; it has not yet come within the extent of my knowledge." "It is a science, answered the other, that includes in itself virtually, most, if not all, the other sciences in the world; for he who professes it must be a civilian, and know the laws both of distributive and commutative



tive justice, to determine, with equity and propriety, what lawfully and properly belongs to every individual: he must be a good divine and casuist, that he may, with clearness and precision, defend the principles of the christian faith, which he professes, as often as he shall be required so to do: he ought to be a physician, and particularly a botanist, that, in the midst of deserts and wildernesses, he may know those herbs that are of efficacy in curing wounds; for a knight-errant cannot at every turn have recourse to a surgeon: he ought to be an astronomer, to distinguish by the stars the time of the night, together with the climate and part of the globe on which he chances to be: he must be learned in the mathematics, for which he will frequently have occasion; and besides being adorned with all the theological and cardinal virtues, he ought to descend to other minute branches of science: I say, for example, he must know how to swim like an herring, to shoe a horse, to mend a saddle and bridle: and, returning to what we have observed above, he must preserve his fealty to God and his mistress: he must be chaste in thought, decent in speech, liberal in action, valiant in exploits, patient in toil, charitable with the needy: and, finally, an asserter of truth, even though the defence of it should cost him his life. Of all these great and small qualities is a good knight-errant composed; so that signor Don Lorenzo may judge, whether it be a snivelling science which is learned and professed by a knight-errant; and whether it may not be compared with the sublimest which are taught in colleges and schools." "If that be the case, replied Don Lorenzo, I affirm, that it has the advantage over all others." "How! cried Don Quixote, if that be the case!" "What I would say, resumed Lorenzo, is, that I doubt whether there ever were or are knight-errants adorned with so many virtues." "I have often said what I am going now to repeat, an-

swered Don Quixote, that the greatest part of the world believes there never were knights-errant: and, in my opinion, if Heaven does not work a miracle to prove that they both did and do exist, whatever trouble may be taken will fail of success, as I know by repeated experience: I will not, therefore, spend time at present, in refuting and rectifying the error in which you and many others are involved; but my intention is, to pray that Heaven will extricate you from your mistake, and give you to understand how advantageous and necessary knights-errant have been to the world in past ages, and how useful they might be to the present, were it the custom to solicit their assistance: but, now, for the sins of mankind, idleness, sloth, gluttony, and extravagance prevail and triumph." Here Don Lorenzo said within himself, "Now hath our guest given us the slip; but, nevertheless, he is a whimsical madman, and I should be an idle fool, if I thought otherwise."

In this place their discourse was interrupted by a call to table; and Don Diego asked his son, what he had fairly extracted from the genius of his guest? To this question he replied, "All the best physicians and writers that the world contains, will not extract him fairly from the blotted sheet of his madness; but he is a party-coloured maniac, full of lucid intervals." They sat down to eat, and their repast was such as Don Diego had said upon the road he was wont to bestow upon his friends whom he invited, neat, plentiful, and favourable; but what yielded more satisfaction to Don Quixote, was the wonderful silence that prevailed over the whole house, which in this particular resembled a monastery of Carthusians.

The cloth being removed, grace said, and hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly desired that Don Lorenzo would repeat the verses designed for the literary contest; and the young gentleman answered, "Rather than appear one of those authors, who, when  
they

they are requested to rehearse their works, refuse to grant the favour, and, on the other hand, disgorge them upon those who have no inclination to hear them, I will repeat my gloss, from which I expect no reward, as I composed it solely with a view to exercise my genius." "It was the opinion of an ingenious friend of mine, said Don Quixote, that no man ought to fatigue himself in glossing upon verses; because, as he observed, the gloss could never come up to the text; and very often, or indeed almost always, the gloss was foreign to the original proposition; besides, the laws of the gloss were extremely narrow, restricting the paraphraiser from the use of interrogations; and, "Said he," or, "I will say;" as well as from changing verbs into nouns, and altering the sentiment; with other ties and shackles incurred by those who try their fortune in this way, as you yourself undoubtedly know." "Verily, signor Don Quixote, cried Don Lorenzo, I am very desirous of intrapping your worship in false Latin; but it is not in my power; for you slip through my fingers like an eel." "I do not know, answered the knight, what you mean by saying I slip through your fingers." "I will explain myself some other time, replied Don Lorenzo; mean while your worship will be pleased to hear the paraphrase and the text, which runs thus:

The T E X T.

COULD I the moments past renew,  
 Though fate should other joys deny;  
 Or bring the future scenes to view  
 In time's dark womb that rip'ning lie.

## The G L O S S.

**A**S all things perish and decay ;  
 So did that happiness I mourn ;  
 On silent pinion fleet away ;  
 Ah ! never—never to return.  
 At fortune's feet forlorn I lie :  
 Would she again propitious strew  
 Her favours, who more blest than I,  
 Could I the moments past renew !

No pleasure, palm, or wreath I claim,  
 No wealth or triumph seek to find ;  
 For all my wish and all my aim  
 Is to retrieve my peace of mind.  
 Ah, fortune ! thy returning smile  
 Would change to bliss my destiny,  
 And ev'ry gloomy thought beguile,  
 Though fate should other joys deny.

Fond wish ! impossible and vain,  
 No pow'r on this terrestrial ball  
 Can Time's unwearied foot detain,  
 Or his accomplished flight recall :  
 He forward flies, nor looks behind ;  
 And those miscarriage will pursue,  
 Who hope the fugitive to bind,  
 Or bring the future scenes to view.

Perplex'd with hopes and fears I live,  
 Though death at once would ease my pain ;  
 What folly then for me to grieve,  
 Who can that easy cure obtain ?  
 No ! yet a wiser course I'll steer,  
 Resolv'd my fortune still to try,  
 Until those happier days appear,  
 In time's dark womb that rip'ning lie.

Don



Don Lorenzo no sooner concluded his paraphrase, than Don Quixote starting up, took the young gentleman by the right hand, and raising his voice even almost to a hollow, pronounced, "Now by the heaven of heavens! noble youth, you are the best poet in the world, and deserve to be crowned with laurel, not by Cyprus or Gaeta, as an author said, whom God pardon, but by the academy of Athens, did it now subsist, and by those of Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca, which are still in being. Heaven grant, that those judges who deny you the first prize, may be transfix'd by the arrows of Apollo, and that the Muses may never deign to cross the thresholds of their doors. Signor, let me hear, if you please, some of your more majestic verses, that I may be thoroughly acquainted with the pulse of your admirable genius." Is it not diverting to observe, that Don Lorenzo was pleas'd with the applause of Don Quixote, although he consider'd him as a madman? O influence of flattery, how far dost thou extend! and how unlimited are the limits of thy agreeable jurisdiction! This truth is verifi'd in the behaviour of Lorenzo, who, in compliance with the desire and intreaty of the knight, repeated this sonnet, on the fable or story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

## SONNET.

FAIR Thisbe's charms, what bulwarks could  
withstand!

They pierc'd e'en to her gallant lover's soul;  
And Cupid hasten'd from the Cyprian strand,  
To view the narrow pass by which they stole.

Here silence spoke, and through that narrow breach,

Which e'en the timid voice durst not essay,  
Th' intrepid souls to perfect union stretch:

Inspir'd, impow'r'd by love's almighty sway.

H 6

Th'

Th' ill-fated pair to death untimely came,  
With flow'ry pleasure's tempting bait intic'd :  
By the same poignard, monument, and fame,  
At once destroy'd, enclos'd, immortaliz'd.

“Blessed be God!” cried Don Quixote, when he had heard the sonnet of Don Lorenzo, “that amidst the infinite number of consumptive poets that now exist, I have found one consummate, as your worship has plainly evinced yourself, by the art and execution of those stanzas.”

The knight was sumptuously regaled in the house of Don Diego, for the space of four days ; at the expiration of which he thanked his entertainer for the noble treatment he had received from his hospitality, and begged leave to depart : for as it did not become knights-errant to devote much time to ease and banqueting, he was desirous of fulfilling the duty of his profession in seeking adventures, with which he understood that country abounded, and in which he hoped to employ the time till the day of the tournament of Saragossa, whither he was bound : but, first of all, he was resolved to enter the cave of Montesinos, about which so many strange stories were recounted all over that neighbourhood, that he might investigate and discover the origin and real springs of the seven lakes of Ruydera. Don Diego and his son applauded the glorious design, and desired he would supply himself with whatever their house or fortune could afford ; for they would, with the utmost goodwill, perform that service, which they equally owed to his personal valour and honourable profession. At length arrived the day of his departure, as joyful to the knight as dismal and unfortunate to Sancho Panza, who had lived so much at his ease, amidst the plenty of Don Diego's house, that he could not without reluctance return to the hunger that prevails in dreary forests, and to the poverty of his ill-provided bags,

bags, which, however, he now took care to fill and stuff with what he thought most necessary for his occasions.

At parting, Don Quixote addressing himself to Don Lorenzo, "I know not, said he, whether I have already told your worship, but if I have, let me now repeat the intimation, that when you are inclined to take the shortest and easiest road to the inaccessible summit of the temple of fame, you have no more to do, but to leave on one side the path of poetry, which is pretty narrow, and follow that of knight-errantry, which, though the narrowest of all others, will conduct you to the throne of empire, in the turning of a straw." With this advice did the knight, as it were, sum up the process of his madness, which, however, was still more manifest in this addition. "Heaven knows what pleasure I should feel in the company and association of Don Lorenzo, whom I would teach, by my own example, to spare the fallen and trample the haughty under foot; virtues annexed to the order I profess: but as his tender years do not require such tutorage, nor would his laudable exercises permit him to pursue my steps, I shall content myself with assuring his worship, that being a poet, he may certainly acquire renown, if he will conduct himself rather by the opinion of others, than his own; for no parent ever thought his own offspring ugly, and this prejudice is still more strong towards the children of the understanding."

Both father and son admired anew the strangely of Don Quixote's discourse, in which so much discretion and madness were jumbled together; and were astonished at the wilfulness and obstinacy with which he was so wholly bent upon the search of his misadventurous adventures, that constituted the very aim of all his desires. Nevertheless, they repeated their offers of service and civility, and with the good  
leave

leave of the lady of the castle, Don Quixote and Sancho set out on Rozinante and Dapple.

## C H A P. II.

In which is recounted the adventure of the enamoured shepherd, with other truly diverting incidents.

A Little way Don Quixote had travelled from the habitation of Don Diego, when he was joined by two persons dressed like ecclesiastics, or students, and a couple of labouring men mounted upon asses: behind one of the students was a bundle wrapped up in green buckram, seemingly consisting of some linen and two pair of coarse thread stockings; while the other was encumbered with nothing but a couple of new black fencing foils, with their buttons. The countrymen carried other things, which discovered and gave notice, that they were on their return from some great town, where they had made a purchase, and were bringing it home to their own village: and they, as well as the students, were seized with that admiration which was incident to all those who for the first time beheld Don Quixote; indeed, they burned with curiosity to know what sort of a creature he was, so different in appearance from other men.

The knight saluted them courteously, and understanding their road was the same route that he designed to follow, made a proffer of his company; at the same time begging they would slacken their pace, as their beasts travelled faster than his horse. In order to facilitate their compliance with his request, he briefly told them who he was, made them acquainted with his office and profession, which was chivalry, and observed, that he was going in quest of adventures, through all parts of the world; giving them to understand that his proper name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his appellative, the knight of the lions.



All this information was Greek or gibberish to the countrymen, but not to the students, who immediately discovered the weakness of Don Quixote's brain; nevertheless, they beheld him with admiration, and one of them, in a respectful manner, accosted him thus: "If your worship, sir knight, follows no determined road, as those who go in quest of adventures seldom do, be so good as to accompany us, and you will be an eye-witness of one of the most splendid and opulent weddings that ever was celebrated in La Mancha, or in many leagues around."

When Don Quixote asked if it was the marriage of any prince, which he so highly extolled, the other replied, "It is no other than the bridal of a farmer and a country maid; he the richest of all this neighbourhood, and she the comeliest that ever man beheld. The preparations are new and extraordinary; for the marriage is to be celebrated in a meadow adjoining to the village of the bride, who, by way of excellency, is called Quiteria the beautiful, and the bridegroom is known by the appellation of Camacho the rich: she is but eighteen, and he turned of twenty, so that they are extremely well matched; though some curious persons, who remember all the pedigrees in the world, are pleased to say, that her family has in that respect the advantage of Camacho's: but now-a-days these circumstances are altogether overlooked; for wealth is able to repair a number of flaws. In a word, Camacho is liberal, and has taken it in his head to overshadow and cover the whole meadow in such a manner, that the sun will find some difficulty in penetrating, so as to visit the verdant plants with which the ground is adorned. He has likewise bespoke choice dancers, both with swords and morrice-bells; for there are people in the village who can jingle and snap to perfection; not to mention your shoe-slappers, a power of whom are summoned to the nuptials: but none of those things I have mentioned, or of a great

great many circumstances I have left untold, are likely to render the marriage so memorable as the behaviour which is on this occasion expected from the rejected Basilius.

“ This Basilius is a neighbouring swain, and townsman of Quiteria, and there is nothing but a partition-wall between his house and that of her parents, whence Cupid took occasion to renew the long forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe ; for Basilius became enamoured of Quiteria, even from his tender years, and she smiled upon his passion with all manner of honourable indulgence ; insomuch that the love of the two children, Basilius and Quiteria, furnished entertainment and discourse for the whole village. As their age increased, Quiteria’s father resolved to forbid Basilius the usual access he had to his house ; and, to free himself from all sorts of jealousy and suspicion, proposed a match between his daughter and the rich Camacho, thinking it would not be so well to give her away to Basilius, to whom fortune had not been so kind as nature ; though, to tell the truth, without envy or affection, he is the most active young man we know, an expert pitcher of the bar, an excellent wrestler, and a great judge of hand-ball ; he runs like a deer, leaps nimbler than a goat, plays at nine-pins as if he used enchantment, sings like a sky-lark, touches the guitar so as to make it perfectly speak, and handles a foil like the best fencer in the world.” “ For that sole accomplishment, cried Don Quixote, the young man deserves not only to be married to the beautiful Quiteria, but even to queen Ginebra herself, were she now alive, in spite of sir Lancelot, and all those who should endeavour to oppose the match.” “ Let my wife alone for that, said Sancho Panza, who had hitherto travelled in silent attention ; she, good woman, would have every body match with his equal, sticking to the old proverb, that says, Let every goose a gander choose. What I would

would willingly see is the marriage of this worthy Basilius; for he has already got my good-will, with that same lady Quiteria; and God grant them peace and plenty, and rest their souls in heaven (his meaning was quite the reverse), who prevent lovers from marrying according to their inclinations." "If that was always the case, replied Don Quixote, parents would be deprived of that election and jurisdiction they possess, to marry their children when and how they shall think proper; and if every daughter was at liberty to indulge her own inclination in the choice of a husband, one would perhaps choose her father's servant, and another place her affection upon some gaudy coxcomb, whom she might chance to see passing along the street, even though he should be a disorderly ruffian: for love and affection easily blind the eyes of the understanding, which are so necessary towards the settlement of one's condition in life; and as we are apt to commit very important mistakes in the article of matrimony, it requires great caution, as well as the particular favour of Heaven, to succeed in the choice of a wife. A prudent man, who is resolved to undertake a long journey, will, before he sets out, endeavour to find a safe, quiet, and agreeable fellow-traveller. Then why should not the same pains be taken by the man who is going to travel through the whole journey of life? especially in the choice of a companion for bed, board, and every other purpose; for which the wife is subservient to the husband: a man's own wedded wife is not like a commodity which, being once bought, may be bartered, exchanged, or returned, but is an inseparable appendage that lasts for life.

"Marriage is a noose, into which if the neck should happen to slip, it becomes inexplicable as the gordian knot, and cannot be undone till cut asunder by the scythe of death. Much more could I add upon this subject, if I were not prevented by the desire

fire I have to know whether Mr. Licentiate has any thing further to entertain us with, relative to the history of Basilius." To this hint the other (call him scholar, batchelor, or licentiate) replied, " I have not any thing material to add, but that from the time he understood Quiteria was to be married to Camacho the rich, he was never seen to smile, or heard to speak consistently : he is thoughtful and melancholy, talks to himself; all which are undoubtedly symptoms of a disordered mind. He scarce either eats or sleeps; and what little he does eat is fruit; when he sleeps at all it is upon the bare ground, and in the open air, like the beasts of the field. He every now and then looks up to heaven; at other times, like one stupid, fixes his eyes on the ground, and seems as if he was a clothed statue, with the drapery flowing to the gales of the wind: in a word, he gives such indications of a fatal passion, that we believe for certain, when Quiteria to-morrow pronounces the word Yes, she will in that seal the sentence of his death."

" God will order things better, said Sancho, for he inflicts the wound, and will also perform the cure. No one knows what may happen; there are a great many hours between this and to-morrow, and in one hour, even in a moment, down comes the house: I have myself seen sunshine and rain at the same time; a man goes to bed well at night, but cannot bestir himself next morning. Let me know, the best of ye, if any man can brag of having put a spoke in fortune's wheel? No one, to be sure; and between the Yes and No of a woman, I would not venture to thrust the point of a pin, and that for a weighty reason, because there would not be room for it: if you will only allow me one thing, that Quiteria loves Basilius, I'll yet engage to give him a wallet-full of good-luck; for I have been told, that love wears a pair of spectacles, which spectacles make copper look like gold, and poverty appear to be riches, and  
specks



specks in the eyes to seem pearls." "A curse on thee! cried Don Quixote, what is it thou wouldst be at? once thou art set in to stringing thy proverbs, none but Judas, with whom I wish thou wert, can have patience to hear thee out? Say, animal, what knowest thou about spokes or wheels, or any other thing whatsoever?" "O! since you do not understand me, answered the squire, no wonder you think it nonsense what I say; but that signifies nothing: I understand myself, nor have I said many nonsensical things yet, only your worship always plays the cricket upon my words and actions." "God confound thee, thou confounder of all language! said Don Quixote. Cricket! I suppose thou meanest critic." "As to that matter, sir, said Sancho, be not too severe upon me; you know I was neither bred at court, nor studied at Salamanca, to know when I am right in the letter of a word; and as I hope for mercy from God, I think it unreasonable to expect that the Sayagues \* should speak in the same manner as the Toledans; though for that matter there are Toledans who are not more nice than other folks at the work of speaking properly." "Very true, said the licentiate, for how should a man whose business is in the tan-yards, and in the Zocodover † speak so good language as they who do nothing but walk from morning to night in the cloysters of the cathedral? and yet they are all Toledans; on the other hand, purity, propriety, elegance, and perspicuity are to be found among polite people of sense, though they be natives of Majalahonda; I say people of sense, because so great a number of people are not so, and sense is the foundation of good language, assisted by custom and use. I must tell you, gentlemen, it has pleased God, for my sins, that I have

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\* Poor people that live about Zamora.

† Zocodover, a square in Toledo, like smithfield, where cattle are sold.

studied the canon-law at Salamanca, and I pique myself a little, on being able to converse in clear, easy, and expressive language." "If you had not piqued yourself more upon your dexterity at these good-for-nothing foils you carry about with you, than upon your knowledge in languages, instead of lagging the hindmost, you might have been at the head of your class," said the other student. "I tell you, Mr. Batchelor, that you are the most prejudiced man in the world, in that respect, for treating dexterity at the sword as a matter of no signification." "It is no prejudice with me, it is a confirmed opinion and truth, replied Corchuelo; and if you please to make the experiment, I will convince you. You carry foils now along with you, and an opportunity offers; I'll shew you that I have nerves and strength, backed with such courage as will prove sufficient to demonstrate to you, that my opinion is not the effect of prejudice; get off your ass, and try your measured distances, your wheelings, your longes and art of defence; and I'll engage with only the plain rustic skill I have, to make you see the stars at noon-day; for I trust, under God, the man is yet unborn who can make me turn my back; nor have I met with any man whom I will not oblige to give ground." "As to turning your back, or not turning your back, that is none of my business, replied the master of the science; though it is not impossible but that the first spot you fix your foot on may prove your burying-ground: I mean it is possible you may be left dead there, for flighting the noble science of defence." "That we shall see presently," replied Corchuelo, jumping hastily upon the ground, and snatching with great fury one of the foils, which the other carried upon his ass.

Here Don Quixote cried out, "Not so, by heavens! I will be umpire of this fencing-match, and judge of this long controverted dispute." So saying, he alighted from Rozinante, and grasping his lance, planted

planted himself in the very middle of the road, just as master licentiate, in a masterly posture, and regular advances, was making towards Corchuelo, who ran at him with fire, as the saying is, flashing from his eyes ; while the two country fellows, without dismounting, sat still as spectators of this most deadly tragedy. Corchuelo assailed him every way with high strokes, low strokes, back-strokes, cuts, thrusts, slashes out of number, and as thick as hail ; in short, he fell upon the licentiate like an enraged lion, but was checked a little in the career of his fury by a smart push in the mouth from the licentiate's foil, who made him kiss the button, though with less devotion than if it had been a relic. In a word, the licentiate, by skilful and well planted thrusts, counted the buttons of his cassock, and went through it so often, that it hung in rags like the tails of the polypus : twice was Corchuelo's hat struck off, and so spent was he, that in rage and spite, and furious choler, he flung the foil into the air with so much force, that one of the countrymen, who went to fetch it, being a kind of scrivener, declared upon oath, that it went near three quarters of a league ; which affidavit being preserved, has been, and is, a testimony to demonstrate that art prevails over strength.

Corchuelo, quite tired out, sat down, and Sancho going up to him, " Mr. Batchelor, said he, if you will be ruled by me, from henceforth challenge no one to fence, but dare them to wrestle and pitch the bar, since now you are of a proper age and strength for that exercise ; for I have heard say of these fencers, that they can thrust you the point of a sword through the eye of a needle." " I am now convinced, answered Corchuelo, and am taught by experience, a truth I could not otherwise have believed."

So getting up, he went and embraced his adversary, and they were now better friends than ever. The company not being willing to wait for the

scrivener, who was gone after the foil, imagining he might be too long absent, resolved to put forward as fast as they could, that they might arrive early at Quiteria's village, whither they were all going. As they travelled on their way, the licentiate demonstrated to them the excellencies of the noble science of defence, by such convincing arguments, drawn from the nature of truth and mathematical certainty, that every one was convinced of the usefulness of the science; and Corchuelo particularly was made a convert, and entirely cured of his obstinacy.

The night was just fallen, and before they came to the village it seemed as if something like a heaven full of an infinite number of bright stars was between them and it: they likewise heard an harmonious but mixed sound of flutes, tambourines, psalters, cymbals, drums, and bells. As they came nearer, they perceived the boughs of an arbour, which was made on one side of the entrance into the village; and this all flaming with lights, which were not in the least disturbed by the wind; for the evening was so calm, that there was not a breath of air, so much as to move a leaf upon a tree. But the life and spirit of the wedding consisted in the musicians, who in bands ranged up and down that delightful place, some singing, some dancing, and others playing upon the different instruments. In a word, it looked as if joy and delight were sporting and playing through this meadow: a great many were employed in raising scaffolds, that they might view from them more commodiously the plays and dances which were to be in that place, to solemnize the nuptials of Camacho the rich, and the obsequies of Basilius. Don Quixote refused to enter the village, though both the batchelor and the countryman invited him: but he pleaded what he thought a sufficient excuse, the custom of knights-errant to sleep in fields and forests, rather than in towns, though under gilded roofs; and there-



fore he turned a little aside, grievously against the will of Sancho, who had not yet forgotten the good lodgings he had enjoyed at the house of Don Diego.

## C H A P. III.

An account of the wedding of Camacho the rich, and what happened to Basilius the poor.

**T**HE fair Aurora had hardly allowed Phœbus time to dry up the liquid pearls that hung upon his golden locks, when Don Quixote shaking from his limbs the drowsy fetters of sloth, got upon his legs and called to Sancho Panza, who lay stretched along, and snoring, which situation his master seeing, before he awaked him, broke out into this soliloquy: "Happy thou, and blessed beyond the fate of other mortals, who neither envying nor envied, sleepest sound, with unconcern of soul! Enchanters neither persecute, nor enchantments terrify thee: sleep on, I say again, and a hundred times more I say, sleep on; no jealousies on account of a mistress torture thee with perpetual watchings; no anxious cares of paying debts awake thee; no solicitude how thou must to-morrow provide for thyself and little ones break in upon thy slumbers. Ambitious views create thee no disquiet, nor the vain pomp of this empty world occasions thee any disturbance; thy concern is centered within the bounds of taking care of thy ass; for as to taking care of thy person, that is laid upon my shoulders, a charge and burthen that both nature and custom have laid upon masters; the servant sleeps, while the master is awake, and thinking how he shall maintain him, advance him in life, or do him some service. The uneasiness that arises from seeing the heavens, as it were, hard as brass, locked up, and refusing rain to cherish the earth, brings no anxiety upon the servant but upon the master, who, in the days of dearth and famine, is bound

bound to provide for him who served him in the time of abundant and plentiful harvest."

To all this effusion Sancho answered not one word; for he was fast asleep, nor would have waked when he did, but that his master jogged him with the butt-end of his lance. He waked yawning and drowsy; and turning his face every way, "Umph, said he, from yonder shady bower, if my nostrils deceive me not, proceeds rather the steam and flavour of broiled rashers of bacon, than the fragrance of thyme and jessamine. O' my conscience, weddings that begin in this savoury manner, must needs, in truth, be magnificent and abundant." "Thou epicure, said Don Quixote, have done, and let us go see this wedding, and what will be the fate of the flighted Basilius." "Let his fate be as it pleases, quoth Sancho; what, he poor, and marry Quiteria! A pretty fancy truly, for one not worth a groat to think of matching so high; 'tis my opinion, a man who is poor ought to bless God for what he finds, and not be diving to find troubles at the bottom of the sea. I'll lay a limb, that Camacho can cover this same Basilius from head to foot with sixpenny pieces; and if this be so, as it certainly is, Quiteria would be a pretty lady of a bride indeed, to refuse all the fine cloaths and fine things that, I warrant you, Camacho has given her already, and can give her still more; and to prefer, instead of them, a pitch of the bar truly, and a pass at the foils, which, it seems, make up Basilius's riches. Go into a tavern for a pint of wine, and see if they will take a pitch of the bar, or a clever push of the foils, in lieu of the reckoning: as for your abilities, and your refinements and graces, that will bring in none of the ready: count Dirlos may have them for me; but when they happen to take their resting-place on a man who has wherewithal, O then, I wish no better than that my life may shew off as well as they do.

Upon

Upon a good foundation a good house may be raised, and the very best bottom and best foundation of any, is wealth." "O! cried Don Quixote, have done, have done with this harangue; I do from my soul believe, if one would but suffer thee to go on, thou wouldst lose both thy eating and sleeping in talking."

"Was your worship possessed of a good memory, replied Sancho, you would remember certain articles stipulated between us, before we sallied forth upon this expedition; one of which was, that I was to talk as much as I pleased, provided it was not scandal against my neighbour, or derogating from your worship's authority; and I imagine that nothing I have hitherto said, is a breach of this agreement."

"I remember no such agreement, said Don Quixote; but, allowing it to be so, it is my pleasure you should give over, and come attend me; for now the instruments we heard last evening, send their cheering sounds through the vallies; and beyond all doubt the nuptials will not be put off to the sultry heat of the noon-day, but be solemnized in the fresh cool of the morning."

Sancho did as he was commanded, and putting on Rozinante's saddle and Dapple's pannel, they both mounted, and gently walked their beasts into the artificial shade. The first object that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho, was an entire bullock spitted whole, upon an elm, roasting by a fire of wood of the size of a middling mountain, and round it six pots, but not such pots as are cast in common moulds, for they were half jars, and each of them contained a whole shamble of meat: whole sheep found room in them, and were stowed as commodiously as if they had been so many pigeons. There was an innumerable quantity of cased hares, and ready-plucked fowls that hung about the branches of the trees, ready to be swallowed up in these receivers; and an infinite number of wild fowl, with vast quantities of

venison, were likewise hanging about the trees, for the air to cool them. Sancho himself told above threescore skins, which, as it was afterwards discovered, were full of rich wines, every skin containing above twenty-four quarts. Loaves of the whitest bread were piled up like heaps of wheat on a threshing floor; and such a quantity of cheese ranged in the form of bricks, as seemed a wall; two cauldrons of oil, larger than a dyer's vat, were ready for frying their fritters and pancakes; and when fried, they took them out with strong peels, and dipped them in another pot that stood by full of prepared honey. The cooks, men and women, amounted to above fifty, clean, good-humoured, and all busy; in the belly of the roasting bullock were sewed a dozen sucking pigs, to make it tender and savoury. Spices of all sorts, which seemed to have been bought by wholesale and not by retail, stood in a vast chest. In short, the preparations for the wedding were indeed in a rustie taste, but in such plenty and profusion as might have feasted an army.

Sancho looked at every thing, attentively considered each particular, and was in raptures with the whole. But his whole heart and affections were chiefly captivated by the flesh-pots; out of them he would have been glad, with all his heart, to have filled about a moderate barrel. Then the wine-skins made his bowels yearn; and after these the contents of the frying-pans, if vessels of such immoderate size may be so called. He could hold out no longer; it was not in the power of his nature to contain himself; therefore up he went to one of the cooks, who was busy, and addressing himself to him with a humble and hungry air, begged that he might be permitted to sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pots. To which request the cook replied, "Hunger does not preside over this day, thanks be to Camacho the rich; even alight, and see if thou canst find any  
where



where a ladle, and skim out a fowl or two, and much good may it do thy good heart." "I see no ladle," said Sancho. "God forgive me all my sins! cried the cook, what a poor helpless thing thou art; stay." So saying, he laid hold of a kettle, and dipping it, at once, into one of the half jar pots, brought up three pullets, and a couple of geese. Here, said he, eat, make a breakfast of this scum, and see if you can stay your stomach with it, till dinner-time." "I have nothing to put it in," said Sancho. "Then, take ladle and all, replied the cook; for Camacho's riches and good fortune are sufficient to supply every thing."

While Sancho Panza passed his time in this manner, Don Quixote was attentive in observing about a dozen of countrymen, who entered in at one side of this spacious harbour, mounted upon beautiful mares, each of them accoutred with rich and gay caparisons, and hung round with little bells. They were clad in holiday apparel, and coursed round the meadow in a body, and, in regular careers, several times, with a joyous Moorish shout, flourishing, and crying out, "Long live Camacho and Quiteria, he as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest of the universe." Which exclamation Don Quixote hearing, said within himself, "It is evident they never have beheld the beauty of my Dulcinea del Toboso; had they ever been blessed with a sight of her transcendent charms, they would be more sparing in their praises of this their Quiteria."

Some time after there entered, at different parts of the harbour, different sets of dancers; one of whom consisted of twenty-four sword-dancers, all of them clean, well-made jolly swains, clad in fine, white linen, and white handkerchiefs embroidered with silk of various colours. One of those who were mounted upon the mares asked a youth, who led the band of the sword-dancers, whether any of his companions had received any hurt? "As yet," replied the other,

we are all safe and sound, thanks be to God, no one is wounded; and immediately upon that mixed among his companions with so many twistings and windings, and with such dexterity, that though Don Quixote had been used to behold such dances, he never saw any he approved so much. Another dance likewise pleased him prodigiously; that was another chorus of twelve most beautiful damsels, of such an age, that none appeared under fourteen, nor did any seem to be quite eighteen; they were all clad in green stuff of Cuença, their locks were, some plaited, some flowing loose, and all so fine and flaxen, as to rival those of Phœbus himself, and crowned with garlands of roses, of jessamine, and of woodbine. This beautiful bevy was led up to the dance by a venerable old man and an ancient matron, both more airy and agile than could be expected from their years. A bagpipe of Zamora was their music, and with modesty in their looks and countenances, and lightness of foot, they danced and tripped it away the prettiest in the world. After these, entered an emblematic dance of eight nymphs divided into two bodies: the god of Love led one, and Interest the other; Cupid with his wings, his bow, his quiver and arrows; Interest clad in gold, and silk of rich and various colours. The nymphs, attendants on Cupid, had their names displayed in white parchment, and capital letters on their backs: the first was named Poetry, the second Discretion, the third Pedigree, the fourth Bravery. The attendants on Interest were likewise characterised: the first was Liberality, the second Bounty, the third Treasure, the fourth Quiet Possession. The whole masque was preceded by a wooden castle, drawn by savages clad in ivy and hemp dyed green, and so savage they looked, that they had almost frightened Sancho. On the front and on each of the four sides of this machine were inscribed these words, "The castle of Discretion." Four able musicians played on the tabor and the pipe.

Cupid,

Cupid, who began the dance, after he had made two movements, lifted up his eyes, and bent his bow against a damsel that stood upon the battlements of the castle, to whom he pronounced this address;

I am the god whose pow'r extends  
 Thro' the wide ocean, earth, and sky;  
 To my soft sway all nature bends,  
 Compell'd by beauty to comply.  
 Fearless, I rule, in calm and storm,  
 Indulge my pleasure to the full,  
 Things deem'd impossible perform,  
 Bestow, resume, ordain, annul.

Having repeated these stanzas, he shot an arrow to the top of the castle, and retired to his station. Then Interest advanced, and performed other two movements; after which the tabors were silent, and the power rehearsed these lines:

My power exceeds the might of Love;  
 For Cupid bows to me alone,  
 Of all things fram'd by heaven above,  
 The most respected, fought, and known.  
 My name is Interest, mine aid  
 But few obtain, though all desire,  
 Yet shall thy virtue, beauteous maid,  
 My constant services acquire.

Interest retiring, was succeeded by Poetry, who after having performed his motions like the rest, fixed his eyes upon the lady of the castle, and said,

Let Poetry, whose strain divine  
 The wond'rous pow'r of song displays,  
 His heart to thee, fair nymph, consign,  
 Transported in melodious lays:

If, haply, thou wilt nor refuse  
 To grant my supplicated boon,  
 Thy fame shall, wafted by the Muse,  
 Surmount the circle of the moon.

Poetry disappearing, Liberality advanced from the side of Interest, and, after several movements, repeated these lines :

My name is Liberality,  
 Alike beneficent and wise,  
 To shun wild Prodigality,  
 And sordid Avarice despise.  
 Yet, for thy favour lavish grown,  
 A prodigal I mean to prove,  
 An honourable vice, I own,  
 But giving is the test of love.

In this manner, all the figures of the two squadrons advanced and retired, every one performing his movements, and repeating his verses, some of which were elegant, and others foolish enough ; but those we have inserted were all that Don Quixote could retain, although his memory was very tenacious : then mixing altogether in the dance, they winded and turned with great ease, grace, and agility. Cupid, in passing, shot arrows at the castle, while Interest battered it with round gilded earthen pots : at length, after the dance had continued a good while, this last pulled out a large purse made of Roman cat-skin, to all appearance full of money, and throwing it at the castle, the boards seemed to be disjoined by the blow, and immediately fell asunder, leaving the damsel quite discovered and defenceless ; then Interest, with the figures of his train, advancing, and throwing a great gold chain about her neck, seemed bent upon taking and dragging her into captivity. This design being perceived by



by Cupid and his partisans, they made an effort to release her, and all their motions were performed by the sound of the tabors, to which they danced and capered in concert. Then the savages interposing, and effecting an accommodation, refitted and rejoined the boards of the castle with admirable dispatch, the damsel enclosed herself anew; and thus the dance was finished, to the infinite satisfaction of the spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs, what author had contrived and composed this entertainment; and being told it was the production of the parson, who had a rare noddle for such conceits, "I'll lay a wager, said he, that this same batchelor or curate is more a friend of Camacho than of Basilius; and that he is better acquainted with satire than prayer; for he has very artfully interwoven in this masque the talents of Basilius, and the wealth of his rival." Sancho Panza overhearing this observation, "My cock is the king, said he, and I hold fast by Camacho." "Then am I convinced, replied the knight, that Sancho is one of those low-born peasants, who cry Long life to the conqueror." "I know not, resumed the squire, what sect I am of; but this I know perfectly well, that I shall never skim from the flesh-pots of Basilius, such a delicate scum as this that I have taken from the boilers of Camacho." With these words, he produced the kettle full of geese and pullets, and seizing a bird, began to eat with great glee and satisfaction; saying, in defiance of the talents possessed by Basilius, "Thou art worth just as much as thou hast, and hast just as much as thou art worth. There are only two families in the world, as my grannam was wont to observe, the have-some-things and the have-nothings: though she always stuck to the former; and now-a-days, my good master, we are more apt to feel the pulse of property than of wisdom. An ass with golden trappings makes

a better appearance than a horse with a pack-saddle. Therefore I say again, I hold fast by Camacho, the plentiful scum of whose pots contains geese, hares, and coney, while that of Basilius, if it comes to hand, or even if it should only come to the feet, is no better than dish-washings."

"Sancho, cried Don Quixote, hast thou finished thy harangue?" "I shall be finished, replied the squire, as I see your worship is displeased with it; though, if your disgust had not fallen in the way, I had cut out work enough for three days." "Grant heaven, said the knight, that I may see thee dumb before I die." "At the rate we follow, answered Panza, before your worship dies, my mouth will be crammed with clay, and then I may chance to be so dumb that I shall not speak another word to the end of the world, or at least till the day of judgment." "Even should that be the case, replied Don Quixote, I say unto thee, O Sancho! thy silence will never counterbalance what thou didst, dost, and will say, during the course of thy life: moreover, according to the nature of things, the day of my death will happen before thine; so that I have no hope of ever seeing thee silent, even while thou art drinking or sleeping, and that is the greatest favour I could expect."

"In good sooth, signor, said the squire, there is no trusting to \* Mrs. Ghostly, I mean death, who gobbles up the goslin as well as the goose; and as I have heard our curate observe, tramples down the lofty turrets of the prince, as well as the lowly cottage of the swain. That same lady, who is more powerful than coy, knows not what it is to be dainty

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\* In the original there is a play upon the words Descarnada, Cordero and Carnero, which I have endeavoured to imitate, by substituting goose in the room of mutton, which is the literal meaning of the text.

and squeamish ; but eats of every thing, and crams her wallet with people of all nations, degrees, and conditions : she is none of your labourers that take their afternoon's nap, but mows at all hours, cutting down the dry stubble as well as the green grass ; nor does she seem to chew, but rather swallows and devours every thing that falls in her way ; for she is gnawed by a dog's hunger that is never satisfied ; and though she has no belly, plainly shews herself dropsical, and so thirsty as to drink up the lives of all the people upon earth, just as one would swallow a draught of cool water."

" Enough, friend Sancho, cried the knight, interrupting him in this place ; keep thyself well, now thou art in order, and beware of stumbling again ; for really a good preacher could not speak more to the purpose than thou hast spoken upon death, in thy rustic manner of expression : I say unto thee, Sancho, if thy discretion was equal to thy natural parts, thou mightest ascend the pulpit, and go about teaching and preaching to admiration."

" He is a good preacher who is a good liver, answered Panza ; and that is all the divinity I know."

" And that is sufficient, said the knight ; yet I shall never understand or comprehend, as the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, how thou, who art more afraid of a lizard than of thy Maker, should be so wise ?"

" Signor, replied Sancho, I desire your worship would determine in your own affairs of chivalry, without taking the trouble to judge of other people's valour or fears : for my own part, I am as pretty a fearer of God as one would desire to see in any neighbour's child : wherefore, I beseech your worship, let me discuss this same scum ; for every thing else is idle chat, of which we shall be able to give a bad account in the other world." So saying, he renewed his attack upon his kettle, with such keen appetite as awakened that of his master, who would have cer-

tainly joined in the assault, had not he been prevented by that which we must now relate.

#### C H A P. IV.

Which continues to treat of Camacho's wedding, and other incidents.

**W**HILE Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the conversation related in the preceding chapter, they heard a great noise and shouting, raised by a company mounted on mares, galloping in full cry, to meet the young couple, who came surrounded by a thousand kinds of instruments, and accompanied by the curate, the relations, and all the creditable people of the neighbouring villages, in their holiday cloaths. Sancho seeing the bride, exclaimed, with marks of admiration, " I'faith! she looks more like one of your gay court-dames than a plain country-maid. Now, by the biggest beads of my rosary! instead of a tin \* brooch, her breast is bedizened with rich coral, and her hoyden-gray is turned into thirty-piled velvet; and, body o'me! the trimming is not of white linen, but of silk and sattin: then handle me her hands, set off with what? jewels of jet? No! let me never thrive, if they an't decked with rings of gold! aye, and of massy gold, paved with pearls as white as a curd, every one of which is worth a jew's eye. O the whoreson baggage! and such hair! if it is not false, I never saw any so long and so fair in my born-days. Do but mind how buxom, straight, and tall she is, and see whether she may not be compared to a moving palm-tree, loaded with clusters of dates; for nothing can be more like the gewgaws and toys that hang from her hair and

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\* The Patina was a small consecrated plate which the Spanish women, especially those of an inferior rank, wore upon their breasts.



neck. By my salvation! the damsel is well covered, and might pass through all the banks of Flanders." Don Quixote, though he smiled at the rustic praises of his squire, owned that, exclusive of his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, she was the most beautiful female he had ever seen.

Nevertheless the fair Quiteria was paler than usual; and this change of complexion must have been owing to the bad night which brides always pass in adorning themselves for the approaching day of their nuptials. The company repaired to a theatre erected at one side of the meadow, and ornamented with carpets and boughs, where the ceremony was to be performed, and from whence they were to see the masques and other diversions; and they had just arrived at the place when their ears were saluted with a noise behind them, and a voice that pronounced, "Stay a little, hasty and inconsiderate people!" In consequence of this address they turned about, and perceived it was uttered by a man clothed in a loose black coat, interspersed with crimson flames, crowned, as they soon perceived, with a chaplet of funeral cypress, and holding in his hand a truncheon of uncommon size. As he approached, he was known to be the gallant Basilius; at sight of whom they were surprised, and waited in suspense to see the issue of his exclamation, dreading some mischance from such an unseasonable visit. At length, wearied and breathless, he came up to the bride and bridegroom, and thrusting in the ground his staff that was pointed with steel, he fixed his eyes upon Quiteria, and with a pale aspect, and hoarse quavering voice, pronounced these words: "Thou well knowest, ungrateful Quiteria, that according to the holy faith we profess, thou canst not espouse another husband while I am alive; nor art thou ignorant, that while I waited until time and diligence should meliorate my fortune, I never sought to deviate from that decorum which thy

honour required I should preserve; yet thou, disburthening thyself of all the obligations which thou owest to my honest passion, hast made another person master of what is justly mine; a man whose wealth is not only subservient to his good fortune, but even renders him superlatively happy; which happiness, that he may enjoy to the full (not that I think he deserves it, but because it is the will of Heaven to bestow it) I will with my own hands remove the impossibility or inconvenience that may obstruct it, by taking myself out of the way. Long live, long live, Camacho the rich, with Quiteria the ungrateful, to enjoy many quiet and happy years; and death be the portion of the poor Basilius, whose poverty clipped the wings of his fortune, and laid him in an untimely grave."

So saying, he laid hold of the staff which he had stuck in the earth, and drew from it a middling tuck, which was concealed in it as in a scabbard; then fixing that which may be called the hilt on the ground, he threw himself with great activity and resolution upon the point, which in an instant came out bloody at his shoulder, leaving the unhappy youth weltering in gore, and stretched upon the ground, transfixed with his own weapon. His friends immediately ran to his assistance, pierced with affliction at his misery and lamentable fate; and Don Quixote, dismounting, flew to his relief, held him in his arms, and found that he had not as yet expired. They were inclined to withdraw the tuck; but the curate, who was present, gave his opinion that it should not be withdrawn before he had confessed himself, because his death would be the immediate consequence of pulling out the weapon. Mean while Basilius recovering a little, said, in a faint and piteous tone, "Ah, cruel Quiteria! wouldst thou, in this last and fatal agony, bestow upon me thy hand in marriage, I should deem my rashness exculpated, seeing by that I should acquire

quire the happiness of calling thee my own." The curate, hearing this address, exhorted him to employ his attention upon the health of his soul, rather than upon such carnal pleasures, and earnestly pray to God to pardon his sins, and in particular this last desperate determination. To this remonstrance Basilius replied, that he would by no means confess, until Quiteria should first grant him her hand, a favour which would set his heart at rest, and give him spirits to undergo his confession.

Don Quixote hearing the petition of the wounded man, declared, in an audible voice, that Basilius requested nothing but what was just and reasonable, and besides very practicable; and that signor Camacho's honour would suffer no more in wedding Signora Quiteria as the widow of Basilius, than in receiving her from her father's own hands; for here nothing was required but the monosyllable of assent, which could have no other effect than the trouble of pronouncing it, as the bridal bed must also be the tomb of such a marriage. Camacho heard the whole, which kept him in such confusion and suspense, that he knew not what to say or do: but the friends of Basilius were so clamorous in soliciting him to consent to Quiteria's giving her hand in marriage to the hapless youth, whose soul would otherwise perish in despair, that he was persuaded, and as it were compelled to say, that if his bride would grant that favour, he should be satisfied, as it would only for a moment delay the accomplishment of his desires. Immediately they surrounded Quiteria, whom with tears, intreaties, and other pathetic remonstrances, they pressed to give her hand to poor Basilius; but she, more obdurate than marble, and more inflexible than a statue, neither could, would, or desired to answer one word; nor would she have made the least reply, had not the curate desired her to come to a speedy determination; for the soul of Basilius being  
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already between his teeth, would not afford long time for hesitation.

Then the beautiful Quiteria, without speaking one syllable, but seemingly disordered, sad, and sorrowful, advanced to the place where Basilius lay, with his eyes already fixed, breathing short and thick, murmuring the name of Quiteria, and to all appearance, dying rather like a heathen than a christian. The bride at length approaching, and kneeling before him, desired by signs he would hold out his hand: then Basilius unfixing his eyes, and stedfastly gazing upon her, "O Quiteria! said he, thou art become kind at a time when thy kindness must serve as a sword to finish my unfortunate life; seeing I have not strength enough left to obtain that glory which thou wouldst confer in calling me thine, or to suspend the grief that comes so fast to cover mine eyes with the dismal shades of death. What I request, O fatal star of my destiny! is, that thy consent to this exchange of vows may not be a mere compliment to deceive me anew; but that thou wilt confess and declare there is no restraint upon thy inclination, while thy hand is given and delivered to me as thy lawful husband, for it would be cruel to use deceit and dissimulation with one in such extremity, who has always behaved to thee with such sincerity and truth." Having pronounced these words, he fainted away, so that all the bystanders thought his soul would forsake his body in that swoon: but when he retrieved the use of his faculties, Quiteria, all blushing with modesty, took hold of his right hand, saying, "No force upon earth would be sufficient to bias my will; and therefore, with all the freedom of inclination, I give thee my hand as thy lawful wife, and receive thine on the same terms, if thou bestowest it with the same good will, undisturbed and unconfounded by the calamity into which thou hast been hurried by thy own precipitate conduct." "I do, answered Basilius,



filius, without either disorder or confusion ; but, on the contrary, with all the clearness of understanding with which Heaven hath thought proper to endow me, I give and deliver myself for thy true and faithful husband." " And I take thee for such, replied Quiteria, whether thou mayest live many years, or now be hurried from mine arms to the grave." " Considering how desperately this spark is wounded, said Sancho Panza, methinks he talks woundily ; make him lay aside his courtship, and mind his soul, which seems to be in his tongue rather than between his teeth."

The hands of Basilius and Quiteria being joined, the tender-hearted curate, with tears in his eyes, pronounced the nuptial benediction, and fervently prayed that God would grant forgiveness and repose to the soul of the bridegroom ; who no sooner perceived the ceremony was performed, than he nimbly sprung upon his legs with incredible activity, withdrew the tuck which was sheathed in his body, to the admiration of the bystanders ; some of whom, being more simple than curious, began to cry aloud, A miracle ! a miracle ! But Basilius replied, " No miracle ! no miracle ! but sheer industry ! nothing but industry !" The curate, confounded and astonished, ran up to feel the wound with both his hands, and found that the blade, instead of passing through the body of Basilius, had run through an iron tube fitted to the part and full of blood, which, as they afterwards understood, was prepared so as to retain its fluidity : in a word, the curate and Camacho, with almost all the company, found themselves fairly outwitted. The bride, however, expressed no mortification at the deceit : on the contrary, hearing somebody observe that such a marriage, obtained by fraud, could not be valid, she said she confirmed it anew. From which circumstance every one concluded, that the stratagem had been contrived and executed with her

her privity and consent. This supposition enraged Camacho and his adherents to such a degree, that they referred their revenge to the prowess of their hands, and, unsheathing a great many swords, assaulted Basilius, in whose favour almost an equal number were instantly produced. Don Quixote taking the lead on horseback, well armed with his lance and shield, made the whole company give ground; while Sancho, who had no delight or comfort in such exploits, retired to the jars from which he had extracted his agreeable scum, looking upon that place as a sacred sanctuary and respected retreat. The knight exclaimed, in an audible voice, "Forbear, gentlemen, forbear: it is unjust to revenge the grievances of love; for in this particular, love and war are the same: and, as in the last, it is lawful and customary to use feints and stratagems against the enemy; so likewise, in amorous contests and competitions, all sorts of tricks and contrivances are allowed in attaining the accomplishment of the lover's desire, provided they do not tend to the disparagement or dishonour of the beloved object. Quiteria was fated to Basilius, and Basilius to Quiteria, by the just and favourable determination of Heaven. Camacho is rich, and may purchase his pleasure when, where, and how his inclination shall require; whereas Basilius has but this one poor sheep, of which he ought not to be deprived by any person, how powerful soever he may be; for those whom God has joined, no man shall put asunder; and he who attempts it must first pass thro' the point of this lance." So saying he brandished it with such strength and dexterity, as filled the hearts of those who did not know him with fear and consternation; and the disdain of Quiteria made such a deep impression upon the imagination of Camacho, that he shook her from his heart in an instant: so that the persuasions of the curate, who was a prudent and well-meaning priest, pacified and quieted him and his

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partizans, who, in token of peace, sheathed their weapons, blaming the inconstancy of Quiteria more than the contrivance of Basilius; and Camacho himself observed, that if she loved Basilius before marriage, the same love would have continued after it; and that he had more reason to thank Heaven for having lost, than he should have had for obtaining such a help-mate.

Camacho and those of his train, being thus consoled and appeased, the friends of Basilius took no step to disturb their peace; and Camacho the rich, in order to shew how little he resented or thought of the trick which had been played him, desired that the entertainments might proceed as if he was really to be married: but Basilius, with his bride and followers, refusing to partake of them, set out in a body for the place of his habitation: for the poor, who are virtuous and discreet, will always find people to honour, attend, and support them, as well as the rich with all their parasites and companions. In consequence of their earnest intreaty, they were accompanied by Don Quixote, whom they esteemed as a prodigy of valour and integrity; and nothing was cloudy but the soul of Sancho, when he found it impossible to enjoy the splendid banquets and diversions of Camacho, that lasted till night: he therefore, in a fretful and melancholy mood, followed his master, who joined the troop of Basilius; leaving behind the flesh-pots of Egypt, although he still retained them in his fancy; and the half-finished scum of his kettle enhanced the glory and abundance of the benefit he had lost: so that, pensive, fullen, and sad, yet without hunger or dismounting from Dapple, he silently trudged after the heels of Rozinante.

## C H A P. V.

In which is recounted the vast adventure of the cave of Montesinos, in the heart of La Mancha, which was happily atchieved by the valiant Don Quixote.

**G**REAT and manifold were the treats and particulars of respect paid to Don Quixote by the new-married couple, who thought themselves greatly obliged by the readiness he had shewn to defend their cause, and looked upon his discretion to be equal to his valour; indeed, they esteemed him a perfect Cid in arms, and a Cicero in elocution. Honest Sancho regaled himself three days at their expence, during which it was known that the contrivance of the fictitious wound had not been communicated to Quiteria, but was hatched by the ingenuity of Basilius himself, in hope of meeting with that success which, as we have seen, he actually attained: true it is, he confessed he had imparted his design to some of his friends, that they might, in case of necessity, favour his intention, and facilitate the execution of his deceit.

“Whatsoever hath virtue for its ultimate aim, said Don Quixote, neither can or ought to be called deceit: and surely no aim can be more excellent than the union of two lovers in the holy bands of marriage.” He observed, that the greatest enemy of love is hunger and necessity; for love is altogether sprightly, joyous, and satisfied, especially when the object of desire is in possession of the lover, whose fierce and declared adversaries are want and inconvenience. He made these observations with a view to persuadeignor Basilius to quit the exercise of those talents he possessed, which, though they acquired reputation, would not earn a farthing of money, and to employ his attention in augmenting his estate by legal and industrious means, that never fail the prudent and the  
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careful. The poor man of honour (if a poor man can deserve that title) possesses, in a beautiful wife, a jewel; and when that is taken away, he is deprived of his honour, which is murdered: a beautiful and chaste woman, whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurel and palms of triumph; for beauty alone attracts the inclinations of those who behold it; just as the royal eagle and soaring hawk stoop to the favourable lure; but if that beauty is incumbered by poverty and want, it is likewise attacked by ravens, kites, and other birds of prey; and if she who possesses it firmly withstands all these assaults, she well deserves to be called the crown of her husband. "Take notice, dearest Basilius, added the knight, it was the opinion of a certain sage, that there was but one good wife in the whole world; and he advised every husband to believe she had fallen to his share, accordingly be satisfied with his lot. I myself am not married, nor hitherto have I entertained the least thought of changing my condition; nevertheless, I will venture to advise him who asks my advice, in such a manner, that he may find a woman to his wish: In the first place, I would advise him to pay more regard to reputation than to fortune; for a virtuous woman does not acquire a good name, merely by being virtuous; she must likewise maintain the exterior of deportment, for the honour of the sex suffers much more from levity and freedom of behaviour in public, than from any private misdeeds. If thou bringest a good woman to thy house, it will be an easy task to preserve and even improve her virtue; but, shouldest thou choose a wife of a different character, it will cost thee abundance of pains to mend her; for it is not very practicable to pass from one extreme to another: I do not say it is altogether impossible, though I hold it for a matter of much difficulty."

Sancho hearing these remarks, said to himself, "This master of mine, whenever I chance to utter  
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any thing pithy or substantial, will say I might take a pulpit in hand, and travel through the world, teaching and preaching to admiration; now, will say I for him, that when he begins to string sentences, and give advice, he might not only take one pulpit in hand, but even a couple on each finger, and stroll about the market-towns. Wit, whither would'st thou? May the devil fetch him for a knight-errant! he knows but every thing. I thought for certain, he could be acquainted with nothing but what relates to his chivalries: but he pecks at every thing, and throws his spoonful in every man's dish."

His master overheard him murmuring in this manner, and asking what he grumbled at, "I don't grumble, answered Sancho, I was only saying to myself, I wished I had heard those remarks of your worship before I married; in which case I might now, perhaps, remark in my turn, The loosened ox is well licked." "What, is Teresa such a bad wife?" said the knight. "Not very bad, answered the squire, but then she is not very good; at least, not so good as I could wish." "You are in the wrong, Sancho, said Don Quixote, to disparage your wife, who in effect is the mother of your children." "As to that matter, replied Sancho, we are not at all in one another's debt; for she can disparage me fast enough, especially when she takes it in her head to be jealous, and then Satan himself could not endure her."

In a word, they stayed three days with the new-married couple, during which they were treated and served like the king's own person; and here Don Quixote desired the nimble-wristed licentiate, to provide him with a guide to direct his steps to the cave of Montesinos, which he had a longing desire to explore, that he might investigate with his own eyes the truth of those wonderful stories that were reported of it, through the whole neighbourhood. The licentiate

tiante promised to accommodate him with a first cousin of his own, a famous student deeply read in books of chivalry, who would willingly conduct him to the very mouth of the cave, and point out the lakes of Rudera, so famous not only in the province of La Mancha, but also through the whole kingdom of Spain; and he likewise observed, that he would find his conversation very entertaining; for he was a lad who knew how to compose books for the press, and even dedicate them to princes. At length this cousin arrived upon an ass big with foal, whose pannel was covered with a piece of tawdry tapestry or carpet: Sancho saddled Rozinante, put Dapple in order, stowed his wallet, which was reinforced by the cousin's, likewise very well stored; then recommending themselves to God, and taking leave of the company, they set out, choosing the shortest road to the famous cave of Montesinos.

While they travelled along, Don Quixote addressing himself to the student, asked what was the nature and quality of his exercises, studies, and profession? To this question the other answered, that his profession was humanity; and that his exercise and study consisted in composing books for the press, of great emolument, and no less entertainment to the public; that one of them was intituled, The book of Liveries, in which he had described seven hundred and three liveries, with their colours, mottos, and cyphers: "From these, said he, your courtiers may extract and assume such devices as will suit their fancies, in times of festivity and rejoicing, without going about begging from any person whatever, or cudgelling their brains, as the saying is, in order to invent what will suit their several desires and dispositions; for I insert those that will fit the jealous, the disdained, the forgotten and absent, so exactly, that the just will far exceed the number of the gentiles. I have likewise finished another book, which I propose to call, The Me-

tamorphoses, or, The Spanish Ovid, of an invention equally new and agreeable; for there, in imitation of Naso, I give a burlesque description and history of the Giralda of Seville, the angel of La Madalina, the Conduit of Vecinguerra at Cordova, the bulls of Guisanda, the Sierra Morena, the fountains of Leganitos, and the Lavapies of Madrid, not forgetting those of the Piojo, the Golden Pipe, and the Priora, with their allegories, metaphors, and transformations, which at once surprise, instruct, and entertain. I have a third performance, which I denominate, The Supplement to Polydore Virgil, which treats of the invention of things, and is a work of great study and erudition; for many things of great importance, which Polydore has omitted, I examine and explain in a most elegant style: he, for example, has forgot to let us know who was the first person troubled with a defluxion or rheum, and who was first anointed for the cure of the French distemper: now these two questions I resolve in the most accurate manner, upon the authority of above five and twenty authors; so your worship will perceive whether I have laboured to good purpose, and composed a book that will be useful to the world in general."

Sancho having listened very attentively to this narration, "Tell me, signor, said he, so may God lend a helping hand to the printing of your books; tell me, if you know, and surely you know every thing, who was the first man that scratched his own head? for my own part, I firmly believe it must have been our father Adam." "Certainly, answered the student; for Adam without doubt had a head and hair upon it: now that being the case, and he being the first man in the world, he must have scratched it sometimes." "I am of the same opinion, resumed Sancho, but now, pray tell me who was the first tumbler?" "Verily, brother, resumed the scholar, I cannot determine that point until I shall have studied



died it, and study it I will, upon my return to the place where I keep my books; so that I shall satisfy you the next time we meet; for I hope this will not be the last time of our meeting." "Then I desire you will give yourself no trouble about the matter, said Sancho; for I have already found out the solution of my question: know, signor, that the first tumbler must have been Lucifer, who, when he was thrown and rejected from heaven, came tumbling down to the bottomless pit." "Friend, cried the student, you are certainly in the right." "That question and answer, said Don Quixote, is none of thy own; thou must have learned them from some other person, Sancho." "Hold your tongue, signor, replied the squire; for, in good faith! if I begin to question and answer, I shall not have done till morning: yes, as to the matter of asking like a fool, and answering like a simpleton, I have no occasion to crave the assistance of my neighbours." Thou hast said more than thou art aware of, answered Don Quixote; for some people there are who fatigue themselves in learning, and investigating that which, when learned and investigated, is not worth a farthing either to the memory or understanding."

In this and other such relishing discourse they passed that day, and at night took up their lodging in a small village, from whence, as the scholar told the knight, the distance to the cave of Montesinos did not exceed a couple of leagues; and he observed, that if Don Quixote was really determined to explore the cavern, it would be necessary to provide ropes, by which he might be lowered down to its bottom. The knight said, that although he should descend to the abyfs, he would see the bottom, for which purpose he purchased about a hundred fathoms of rope. Next day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, they arrived at the cave, and found the mouth broad and spacious, though overgrown with thorns, weeds, brambles,

brambles, and brakes, so thick and intricate, that it was almost quite covered and concealed: at sight of the place all three alighted; the student and Sancho immediately began to fasten the rope strongly about the knight, and while they were thus employed in cording and girding him, Sancho addressing himself to the adventurer, "Dear master, said he, consider what your worship is about: seek not to bury yourself alive, and to be used like a bottle of wine, let down to cool in some well; for it neither concerns nor belongs to your worship to be the surveyor of that pit, which must be worse than a dungeon." "Tie the knot, and hold thy tongue, friend Sancho, answered Don Quixote, for such an enterprize as this was reserved for me alone." Then the guide interposing, "I intreat your worship, signor Don Quixote, said he, to consider attentively, and examine, as it were, with a hundred eyes, every circumstance within this cave, where, perhaps, there may be things which I shall insert among my transformations." "The cymbal, answered Sancho, is in the hands that can play it to the utmost nicety."

This discourse having passed, and the ligature being made, not over the knight's armour but his doublet, "We have been guilty of an inadvertency, said Don Quixote, in coming hither unprovided with a small bell, which, had it been tied to me with the same cord, would, with its sound, have given you notice, as I descended, of my being alive: but, as it is now impossible to be accommodated, I commit myself to the hands of God, who will conduct me." Then falling upon his knees, he, in a low voice, preferred a prayer to heaven, beseeching God to assist and crown him with success, in this seemingly perilous and new adventure. His ejaculation being finished, he pronounced, in a loud voice, "O! thou mistress of my deeds and motions, the most resplendent and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso! if the prayer  
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and petition of this thy adventurous lover can possibly reach thine ears, I conjure thee, by thy unheard-of beauty, to grant my request, which is no other than that thou wouldst not now deny me thy favour and protection, when I stand so much in need of both; for I am just upon the brink of darting, plunging, and ingulphing myself into the profound abyss that opens wide before me, on purpose that the world may know there is nothing so impossible that I will not attempt and execute, under the wings of thy favour."

So saying, he approached the pit, where he found it would be impracticable to slip down, or make way for entering, without the strength of arms and back-strokes: he therefore, unsheathing his sword, began to lay about him, and mow down the bushes that grew around the mouth of the cave, out of which an infinite number of huge crows and daws, affrighted at the noise and disturbance, sallied forth with such force and velocity, as laid the knight upon his back: and had he been as superstitious as he was a good catholic, he would have looked upon this irruption as a bad omen, and excused himself from visiting the bowels of such a dreary place: at length he rose, and seeing that the flight of crows, and other birds of night, was now over (for a number of bats had likewise come forth), he put the rope in the hands of Sancho and the scholar, desiring them to lower him down to the bottom of that dreadful cavern, which, when he entered, Sancho gave him his benediction, and making a thousand crosses over him, exclaimed, "God and the rock of France, together with the Trinity of Gaeta, be thy guides, thou flower, and cream, and scum of knights-errant: there thou goest, bully of the globe, heart of steel, and arm of brass! I say again, God be thy guide, and bring thee back safe, sound, and without deceit, to the light of this life, which thou art now forsaking to bury thyself in that obscurity." Almost the same prayer and deprecation

was uttered by the scholar ; while Don Quixote called aloud for rope, and afterwards for more rope, which they gave him by little and little. By that time the voice, which ascended through the windings and turnings of the cave, ceased to vibrate on their ears, they had already uncoiled the hundred fathoms, and were inclined to hoist him up again, as they had no more cord to spare : they stayed, however, about half an hour, at the expiration of which they began to pull up the rope, which seemed to have no weight attached to it, and came up with such ease, that they imagined the knight was left below ; a supposition, in consequence of which the squire wept most bitterly, while he pulled with great eagerness, in order to discover the truth ; but when they had coiled up about fourscore fathoms they felt the weight again, and were exceedingly rejoiced : finally, at the distance of ten fathoms, they distinctly perceived Don Quixote, to whom Sancho addressed himself, saying, " Dear master, I wish your worship a happy return ; we began to think you had tarried below to breed."

To this welcome the knight answered not a word. When they had pulled him up, they perceived his eyes were shut, and that, to all appearance, he was fast asleep : then he was laid upon the ground, and untied ; but still he did not awake : however, by dint of turning, jogging, shaking, and moving, they, after some time, brought him to himself, when yawning hideously, as if he had awoke from a profound and heavy sleep, he looked around with amazement, and pronounced, " God forgive you, friends, for having withdrawn me from the most delightful prospect and agreeable life that ever mortal saw or enjoyed : in effect, I am now fully convinced, that all the pleasures of this life fleet away like a shadow or dream, or fade like the flowers of the field. O unfortunate Montefinos ! O deeply-wounded Durandarte ! O hapless Belerma ! O weeping Guadiana ! and you forlorn daugh-



daughters of Ruydera, who by your waters shew the copious floods of tears that fall from your beauteous eyes!"

The scholar and Sancho hearing these words, which Don Quixote seemed to heave with immense pain from his very entrails, begged he would explain the meaning of what he had said, and inform them of what he had seen in that infernal gulph. "Infernal, call you it? said the knight; pray give it a better epithet, for that it surely does deserve, as you will presently perceive." Then he desired they would give him something to eat, for he was excessively hungry; they, spreading the carpet upon the grass, produced the buttery of their bags, when all three sitting around them, in love and good fellowship, made one meal serve for supper and afternoon's luncheon, which being finished, and the cloth taken away, "My sons, said Don Quixote, let no man stir, but listen with your whole attention to that which I am going to rehearse."

## CHAP. VI.

Of the wonderful incidents recounted by the extravagant Don Quixote, who pretended to have seen them in the profound cave of Montesinos; from the greatness and impossibility of which this adventure has been deemed apocryphal.

IT might be about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun retiring behind a cloud, so as to emit a scanty light and temperate rays, gave Don Quixote an opportunity of relating coolly and comfortably to his two illustrious hearers the particulars he had seen in the cave of Montesinos; and he accordingly began to recite what follows:

"About twelve or fourteen fathoms below the mouth of this dungeon, there is a concavity on the right hand, wide enough to contain a large waggon

with its cattle, and illuminated by a small stream of light that descends through corresponding cracks and crannies, which open at a distance on the surface of the earth: this spacious cavity I perceived, when I was tired and out of humour at finding myself hanging and descending by a rope, through that dark and dreary dungeon, without knowing any certain and determined way; I therefore resolved to enter it, and repose myself a little, and called to you to leave off lowering the rope, until I should give you farther notice; but I suppose you did not hear me, so that I gathered up the cord you let down, and making it into an heap or coil, sat down upon it in a very pensive mood, to consider how I should descend to the bottom, having no person to support my weight. While I sat musing on this misfortune, I was all of a sudden overpowered by a most profound sleep, and without dreaming of the matter, or knowing how, or wherefore, I awoke, and found myself in the midst of the most beautiful, charming, and delightful meadow that nature could create, or the most fertile imagination conceive. I rubbed and wiped my eyes, so as to see that far from sleeping I was broad awake: nevertheless, I felt my head, and fumbled in my bosom, in order to be assured, whether it was really my identical self, or some unsubstantial phantom and counterfeit; but the touch, the reflection, and connected discourse I held with myself, concurred to convince me, that I was the same at that time as I find myself at present. Then was my view regaled with a sumptuous palace or castle, with walls and battlements of clear, transparent crystal, and two large folding-gates, which, opening, there came forth, advancing towards me, a venerable old man, clad in a long cloak of purple bays, that trailed upon the ground: his shoulders and breast were girded with a collegiate scarf of green fatten; his head was covered with a black Milan cap; and his beard, white as the drifted snow, descended

to his middle. He wore no arms, but held in his hand a rosary of beads as large as walnuts, though the tens were as big as ostrich-eggs; and his deportment, air, gravity, and dignified presence, filled me with surprize and veneration. Coming up to me, the first thing he did was to hug me closely in his arms, then he said, "Long, very long, most valiant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, have we, who are enchanted in these solitudes, expected thy arrival, that thou mayest inform the world of what is contained and concealed in this profound cavern, which is called the cave of Montesinos; an adventure hitherto reserved on purpose to be atchieved by thy invincible heart and most stupendous courage. Follow me, illustrious signor, and I will shew thee the wonders that lie hid in this transparent castle, of which I am governor and perpetual warder, as being that identical Montesinos from whom the cavern takes its name." No sooner had he told me who he was, than I asked if it was true, what the world above related of him, namely, that he had, with a small dagger, cut out the heart of his great friend Durandarte, and carried it to the lady Belerma, according to his own desire, while he was in the agonies of death. He answered, every circumstance was true, except that of the dagger; for it was neither a dagger, nor small in its dimensions, but a polished poignard as sharp as an awl."

Here Sancho interposing, observed, that such a poignard must have been made by Raymond de Hozes of Seville. "I do not know who was the maker, said the knight, but it could not be that sword-cutler; for Raymond de Hozes was living t'other day; whereas many years are elapsed since the battle of Roncesvalles, where that misfortune happened; but this inquiry is of no importance; nor does it disturb or alter the truth and evidence of the story." "No, surely, cried the scholar: pray, good your worship Don Quixote, proceed; for I listen to your narration

with infinite pleasure." "And I feel no less in recounting it," answered the knight.

"Well then, the venerable Montefinos led me into the crystalline palace, where, in a low hall, cool beyond conception, and lined with alabaster, stood a monument of marble of exquisite workmanship, upon which I perceived a knight lying at full length; I do not mean a statue of bronze, marble, or jasper, such as we commonly see on other tombs, but a man of real flesh and bones: he held his right hand, which being muscular and hairy, denoted the great strength of the owner, over the region of the heart, and before I had time to ask any questions, Montefinos seeing me astonished, and gazing attentively at the sepulchre, "This is my friend Durandarte, said he, the flower and mirror of all the valiant and enamoured knights of his time: here he is kept enchanted as well as myself, and many others of both sexes, by Merlin, that French enchanter, who is said to have been begotten by the devil; though, for my own part, I believe he is not really the devil's son, but that, according to the proverb, he knows one point more than the devil. How, or for what reason he enchanted us, nobody knows, but time will discover the mystery; and, in my opinion, that time is not far off: what surprises me is, I know as certainly as the sun shines, that Durandarte breathed his last in my arms, and, after he was dead, I with my own individual hands took out his heart, which must certainly have weighed a couple of pounds; for, according to the observation of naturalists, the man who has a large heart is endowed with more valour than he whose heart is of smaller dimensions: this being the case, and the knight certainly dead, how comes he, even at this day, to sigh and complain, from time to time, as if he was actually alive?"

He had no sooner pronounced these words, than the wretched Durandarte cried, in a loud voice, "O  
cousin



cousin Montefinos! the last favour I requested of you, was, that when my soul should quit my body, you would extract my heart, either with poignard or dagger, and carry it to Belerma." The venerable Montefinos, hearing this apostrophe, kneeled before the piteous knight, and with tears in his eyes, replied, "Already, signor Durandarte, my dearest cousin! already have I executed what you commanded me to perform, on that unlucky day of our defeat; I extracted your heart as well as I could, without leaving the smallest particle of it in your breast; I wiped it with a laced handkerchief, and set out with it full gallop for France, after having first committed you to the bosom of the earth, with such a flood of tears as was sufficient to bathe and wash my hands of the blood they had contracted by raking in your bowels; and as a surer token, dear cousin of my soul! at the first place I reached, in my way from Roncesvalles, I sprinkled your heart with a little salt, that it might not acquire a bad smell, and continue, if not quite fresh, at least tolerably sweet, until it could be presented to the lady Belerma, who, together with you and me, and your squire Guadiana, the duenna Ruydera, her seven daughters and two nieces, and many others of your friends and acquaintance, have been long enchanted in this place by the sage Merlin; and although five hundred years are elapsed, not one of us is dead; though we have lost Ruydera with her daughters and nieces, who, by weeping, are, through the compassion of Merlin, converted into so many lakes, which in the world above, and in the province of La Mancha, are called the lakes of Ruydera; the Seven Sisters belong to the king of Spain, and the Two Nieces to the knights of a very holy order, called St. John. Your squire Guadiana, bewailing likewise your misfortune, was changed into a river of the same name, which, when it reached the surface of the earth, and saw the sun

of the other sky, was so grieved at the thoughts of leaving you, that he sunk down into the bowels of the globe; but, as it was not possible for him to resist his natural current, he from time to time rises up, shewing himself to the sun and to the nations: he receives a reinforcement from the waters of the fore-mentioned lakes, with which, and many others that join his stream, he enters Portugal in majesty and pomp. Nevertheless, wheresoever he runs, he discovers a fullen melancholy, and does not pique himself upon breeding within his channel fish of dainty relish and esteem; but only such as are coarse and unsavoury, and widely different from those of the golden Tagus. What I now say, my dear cousin, I have often expressed, and as you make no reply, I conclude you either do not hear, or do not give credit to my words: a circumstance which, as heaven doth know, overwhelms me with affliction. I will at present make you acquainted with one piece of news, which, if it does not alleviate your sorrow, can surely, in no shape, tend to its augmentation. Know then, here stands in your presence (open your eyes and behold him) that great knight of whom so many things have been prophesied by the sage Merlin; that Don Quixote de la Mancha, I say, who has renewed, and, with greater advantages than in times past, raised again from oblivion the long forgotten chivalry, by the means and favour of whom, perhaps, we ourselves may be disenchanting; for great men such great achievements are reserved." "And if that should not be the case, replied the afflicted Durandarte, in a faint and languid tone; and if that should not be the case, cousin, I say, Patience, and shuffle the cards." Then turning himself upon one side, he relapsed into his usual silence, without speaking another word.

At that instant hearing a great noise of shriek and lamentations, accompanied with doleful sighing  
and

and dismal sobbing, I turned about, and saw through the crystal walls into another apartment, through which a procession passed, consisting of two files of most beautiful damsels in mourning, with white turbans on their heads, in the Turkish manner; in the rear of these came a lady, for such, by her stately demeanour, she seemed to be, clothed like the rest in black, with a veil so full and long that it kissed the ground: her turban was twice as large as the largest of the others; her eye-brows met above her nose, which was flattish; her mouth was large, but her lips retained the colour of vermilion: her teeth, which she sometimes disclosed, were thin and ill set, though white as blanched almonds, and in her hand she held a fine linen cloth, in which, as near as I could guess, was a heart so dried and shrivelled that it seemed to be of perfect mummy. Montefinos gave me to understand, that all those of the procession were domestics of Durandarte, and Belerma, enchanted in that place, together with their lord and lady; and that the last who carried the heart in the napkin, was Belerma herself, who, with her damsels, never failed to appear in that procession four days in the week, and sing, or rather howl, dirges over the body, and the woeful heart of his cousin; and that, if she now seemed a little homely, or not quite so beautiful as fame reported her, the change proceeded from the bad nights and worse days she passed in that state of enchantment, as I might perceive in her large wrinkles and wan complexion; nor did that yellowness and those furrows proceed from any irregularity in the monthly disorder incident to women; for many months and even years had passed since she had the least shew of any such evacuation; but, solely from the anguish of her heart, occasioned by that which she holds incessantly in her hand, and which renews and recalls to her memory the misfortune of her ill-fated lover: had it not been for that

mischance, scarce would she have been equalled in beauty, sprightliness, and grace, even by the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, celebrated as she is not only in this country, but also through the whole universe."

"Softly, signor Don Montefinos, said I, interrupting him at this period, be so good as to tell your story as it ought to be told ; for you know all comparisons are odious, and therefore there is no occasion to compare any person with another ; the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is what she is, and the lady Donna Belerma is likewise what she is and has been, and there let the matter rest." To this remonstrance he replied, "Pardon me, signor Don Quixote ; I confess I have been to blame, and egregiously erred, in saying, the lady Dulcinea would scarce equal the lady Belerma ; seeing, my having known by certain guesses that your worship is the knight of Dulcinea, was sufficient to have induced me to bite off my tongue rather than compare her with any thing but heaven itself." Such satisfaction from the great Montefinos allayed the disgust that my heart received in hearing Belerma compared with my mistress."

"I marvel much, said Sancho, that your worship did not fall upon the old hunks, and break every bone in his skin ; ay, and pull his beard in such a manner as not to leave one single hair." "By no means, friend Sancho, answered the knight, it would not have become me to behave in that manner ; for we are all obliged to respect our seniors, although they are not knights ; but more especially those who are really of that quality, and besides in a state of enchantment. This I know full well, that there was nothing left unpaid on either side, in the course of the questions and answers that passed between us."

Here the scholar interposing—"I cannot conceive, said he, signor Don Quixote, how your worship, in such a short time as that you have spent below, could

see



fee so many things, and ask and answer such a number of questions." "How long is it since I descended?" said the knight. "Little more than an hour," replied the squire. "That's impossible, resumed Don Quixote; for night fell, and morning dawned, and darkness and light succeeded each other three times; so that, by my reckoning, I must have remained three days in those sequestered shades which are hidden from our view." "My master must be in the right, said Sancho, for as all those things have happened by enchantment, perhaps what appeared but one hour to us, might seem three days and nights to your worship." "It may be so, answered the knight." Then the student asking, if his worship had eaten any thing in all that time? "I have not tasted one mouthful, said he, nor had I the least sensation of hunger." "And do those who are enchanted, eat?" resumed the scholar. "They do not eat, answered Don Quixote, nor do they void the larger excrements, though it is supposed, that their nails, beards, and hair are always growing."

Here Sancho desired to know, if ever those enchanted gentry enjoyed the benefit of sleep? To which interrogation his master replied, "No, surely, at least in those three days that I passed among them, neither they nor myself once closed an eye." "Here then, said the squire, we may conveniently trust in the proverb, Tell me your company, and I'll tell you your manners. While your worship keeps company with enchanted people, who are always fasting and watching, it is no great wonder, if you neither eat nor sleep while you are among them: but really, signor, your worship must forgive me, if I say, that of all you have told us, God take me, I was going to say the devil, if I believe one circumstance." "How!" cried the scholar, then signor Don Quixote must have lied; who, even if we could entertain such a supposition, has not had time to compose and contrive

such a number of fables." "I do not believe that my master tells lies," answered Sancho. "What then is thy conception?" said the knight. "I conceive, replied Sancho, that Merlin, or those magicians who have enchanted the whole rabble which your worship hath seen and discoursed with below, have likewise stuffed your noddle or memory with all that nonsense which you have already recounted, as well as what you have left untold." "That might be the case, said Don Quixote, but I assure you it is not so at present; for what I have recounted I saw with my own eyes, and touched with my own hands. But, what wilt thou say, when I now tell thee, that among an infinite number of other wonderful things, which I shall relate hereafter, in the course of our travels, as they do not all belong to this place, Montefinos shewed me three country-wenches leaping and skipping like so many goats through those delightful plains; and scarce had I set eyes on them, when I recognized them to be the peerless Dulcinea, and those two individual young women, with whom we spoke in the neighbourhood of Toboso. When I asked Montefinos if he knew them, he answered in the negative, but said he took them to be some enchanted ladies of quality; for they had appeared but a few days in that meadow; nor ought I to wonder at that circumstance, forasmuch as in the same place there were many ladies of the past and present age, enchanted in different and strange forms, among whom he recollected queen Ginebra and her duenna Quintanona, who was skinker to Lancelot, when he came from Britain. Sancho, hearing his master talk in this manner, was ready to run distracted, or burst with laughing; for, knowing the truth of the feigned enchantment of Dulcinea, of which indeed he himself had been the author and evidence, he was convinced, beyond all doubt, that his master was stark staring mad; and in that persuasion exclaimed, "In evil

hour, accursed season, and unlucky day, my dear master, did your worship go down to the other world; and in a mischievous moment did you meet with signor Montefinos, who has sent you back in such a woeful condition. Well was your worship here above, in your sound judgment such as God had bestowed upon you, saying sentences, and giving counsel at every turn, and not as at present, venting a heap of the greatest nonsense that was ever conceived." "I know thee too well, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, to mind what thou sayest." "And I, in like manner, replied the squire, know you too well to regard what you say: wound me or confound me, or kill me if you will, for what I have said, and what I mean to say, if your worship does not mend and correct your own speeches; but, now we are at peace, pray tell me how or by what token you came to know our lady mistress, and if you spoke to her, what answer she made?"

"I knew her again, replied the knight, by the same cloaths she wore when thou thyself didst shew her to my astonished eyes: I likewise addressed myself to her, but she answered not a syllable; on the contrary, she turned about and fled so swiftly, that an arrow would not have overtaken her: nevertheless, I wished to follow, and would certainly have pursued her, had not Montefinos advised me not to fatigue myself; for it would be to no purpose, and besides, it was time for me to return to the light above. He likewise told me that, in process of time, he would give me notice in what manner he, Durandarte, Belerma, and all the rest, in those sequestered shades, were to be disenchanting. But what of all I saw and observed, gave me the greatest pain, was this; while I was engaged in this conversation with Montefinos, one of the hapless Dulcinea's companions came up to me, unperceived, and with tears in his eyes, thus accosted me, in a low and  
whim-

whimpering voice : " My lady Dulcinea del Toboso kisses your worship's hands, and begs your worship will be pleased to let her know how your worship does : moreover, being in great necessity, she supplicates your worship, in the most earnest manner, to be pleased to lend to her, upon this her new cotton under petticoat, half a dozen rials, or any small matter your worship, can spare, which upon her honest word, shall be restored in a very short time." This message filled me with surprize and concern ; and turning to the sage, " Is it possible, signor Montefinos, said I, that people of condition are exposed to necessity, in a state of enchantment ?" To this question he replied, " Take my word for it, signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that which we call necessity is known in all states, extending to all conditions, prevailing among every class of people, and not even sparing those who are enchanted : and since signora Dulcinea del Toboso sends to beg these six rials, and the pledge seems to be well worth the money, you had better let her have them ; for she must certainly be in great trouble." " The pledge I will not touch, said I, nor indeed can I comply with her request, for I have not above four rials !" which I gave her, and these were the very individual pieces which I received from thee, Sancho, t'other day, in order to give away in charity to the poor I might meet with on the road. " Sweetheart, said I, tell your lady that her distress affects me to the very soul, and I wish I were as rich as Fouckar \* to remove it ; let her know, that I

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\* Fouckar was a very rich merchant of Augsburg, and a great favourite of Charles V. who owed him a very considerable sum. It is reported of him, that when the emperor lodged at his house, in his return from Tunis, the fire in his chamber was of cinnamon, and his landlord lighted it with his imperial majesty's own obligation, thereby cancelling an immense debt. The wealth of these traders, for they were two brothers, became proverbial, and it was usual to say of any very opulent person, " He is as rich as a Fouckar."



neither can, nor will enjoy health, while deprived of her agreeable presence and improving conversation; and that I fervently and earnestly beg her goodness will be pleased to indulge with her company, this her captive servant and afflicted knight. Tell her also that, when least she dreams of any such matter, she shall hear that I have made a vōw, like that which was sworn by the marquis of Mantua, to revenge his cousin Valdovinus, when he found him at the last gasp, in the middle of the mountain; namely, that he would not eat from off a table-cloth, together with some whimsical additions, until he should have revenged his death; and, in like manner, I will swear never to be quiet, but traverse the seven divisions of the globe, more punctually than did the infant Don Pedro \* of Portugal, until she be restored to the upper world." "All that and much more you owe to my lady," said the damsel, who, taking the rials, instead of curtesying, cut a caper in the air two yards high."

"O holy God! cried Sancho, with a loud voice, is it possible that those enchanters and enchantments should have such power to change the good sense of my master into such nonsensical madness? O signor! signor! for the love of God, look to yourself, have some respect for your own honour, and give no credit to those vanities, which have diminished and disturbed your senses." "Thy regard for me, Sancho, makes thee talk in that manner, answered the knight: and as thou art not experienced in the events of this world, every thing that is uncommon, to thee seems impossible; but the time will come, as I have already observed, when I shall recount some circumstances which I saw below, that will compel thee to believe what I have now related, the truth of which neither admits of dispute or reply."

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\* This was the great patron of the Portuguese discoveries along the coast of Africa to the Cape of Good Hope.

## C H A P. VII.

In which are recounted a thousand fooleries, equally impertinent and necessary to the true understanding of this sublime history.

**H**E who translated this sublime history from the original, composed by its first author Cid Hamet Benengeli, says, that coming to the chapter which treats of the adventure of the cave, he found this observation written on the margin in the hand-writing of the said Hamet :

I cannot conceive or persuade myself that the valiant Don Quixote literally saw and heard all that is recounted in the foregoing chapter, for this reason : All the adventures in which he has hitherto been engaged, are feasible and likely to have happened ; but this of the cave I can by no means believe true, in any circumstance, because it is so wide of all reason and probability : then to suppose that Don Quixote would tell lies, he who was the truest gentleman and most noble knight of his time ! it is not possible ! He certainly would have suffered himself to be shot to death rather than deviate one tittle from the truth : besides, I consider that he explained and recounted the adventure so circumstantially, that he could not be supposed to have contrived extempore such a large concatenation of extravagancies ; but after all, should the adventure seem apocryphal, the blame cannot be laid to my door, and therefore I give it to the public without affirming it either to be true or false. Reader, if thou hast discernment, thou mayest judge for thyself ; for it is neither my duty, nor is it in my power to do more : though it is held for certain, that the knight, on his death-bed, retracted the whole, saying he had invented the story because it seemed to agree and quadrate with these adventures he had read in his books.

Then

Then the Arabian proceeds in his history to this effect :

The scholar was equally astonished at the presumption of Sancho Panza and the forbearance of his master, and concluded that the satisfaction he derived from having seen his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, even though enchanted, had produced that milkiness of temper, which was now so remarkable: had not this been the case, Sancho's freedom and remarks were such as would have brought a wooden shower upon his shoulders; for he was downright impertinent to his master, to whom the student thus addressed himself: "For my own part, signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, I look upon this as the happiest journey I ever performed; for, in the course of it, I have made four valuable acquisitions: In the first place, I have gained the acquaintance of your worship, which I deem a piece of singular felicity. Secondly, I have been made acquainted with what is locked up and contained in the cave of Montesinos, together with the metamorphoses of Guadiana, and the lakes of Ruydera; transmutations that will aptly fill a place in the Spanish Ovid which I have in hand. Thirdly, I have discovered the antiquity of card-playing, which, at least, must be as old as the time of Charlemagne, as may be gathered from the words which your worship heard Durandarte pronounce, when, at the end of that long harangue of Montesinos, he awoke and said, Patience, and shuffle the cards. For that phrase and manner of speaking he could not have learned during his enchantment, but certainly, when he was alive and well in France, during the reign of the said Charlemagne; and this investigation comes pat to the purpose, for the other book which I am composing, I mean the Supplement to Polydore Virgil, on the invention of antiquities; for I take it for granted, he has forgot to insert in his book the discovery of card-playing, which I will now explain, and doubtless it will

will be a very material circumstance, especially when confirmed by such a grave and authentic evidence as signor Durandarte. Fourthly and lastly, I have now ascertained the source of the Guadiana, hitherto unknown among the nations."

"You have indeed good reason to be satisfied, replied the knight; but I should be glad to know, if, by God's assistance, you should obtain a licence for printing those books (which is a matter of doubt with me), to what patron you intend they should be dedicated?" "There are plenty of lords and grandees in Spain, answered the scholar, to whom they may be dedicated." "But a very few, said Don Quixote; not but that a great many deserve dedications, but because few will receive them, that they may not lay themselves under the obligation of making such a recompense as may seem due to the labour and courtesy of authors: one prince, indeed, I know, who supplies the defects of the rest, with such advantages, that if I durst presume to describe them, I might perhaps excite envy in many noble hearts: but let that circumstance rest till a more convenient season; and, in the mean time, let us endeavour to find some place where we may procure a night's lodging." "Not far from hence, replied the student, is an hermitage, where lives an anchorite, who is said to have been a soldier, and bears the character of being a good christian, and moreover a very discreet and charitable man: adjoining to the hermitage is a little house, built by the labour of his own hands, which, though narrow, is large enough to receive travellers." "Can that same hermitage produce any poultry?" said Sancho. "There are few hermitages destitute of that provision, answered the knight; for the anchorites of these days are not like those who dwell in the deserts of Egypt, clothing themselves with palm leaves, and subsisting on the roots of the earth. And here I would not be understood to extol one sort,

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in order to depreciate another ; for the penance now in use does not come up to the rigour and austerity of those times : nevertheless, they are all good ; at least, so I suppose them to be ; and even should the stream run foul, the hypocrite, who clokes his knavery, is less dangerous to the commonwealth than he who transgresses in the face of day."

This conversation was interrupted by the appearance of a man coming towards them on foot, walking fast, and switching a mule loaded with lances and halberds : when he came up he saluted them, and passed on at a good pace, and Don Quixote perceiving his hurry, " Honest friend, said he, pray stop a little, for you seem to go faster than your mule could wish." " Signor, answered the man, I cannot tarry at present, because these arms, of which I have the charge, are to be used to-morrow morning, so that I cannot possibly stay ; therefore adieu : but if you desire to know for what purpose they were procured, at the inn which is beyond the hermitage I have some thoughts of taking my night's lodging, and if you are travelling the same road, there you will find me, and there you shall hear strange tidings ; so, once more I bid you farewell." So saying, he whipped up the mule in such manner, that Don Quixote had not time to ask another question concerning those strange tidings, which he promised to relate ; but, being extremely curious, and continually fatigued with the desire of learning novelties, he ordered his company to set off that instant, and proceed to the inn, without touching at the hermitage, where the scholar wished to pass the evening. In compliance with the knight's desire, all three mounted their beasts, and followed the direct road to the inn, which they reached a little before the twilight. The student however proposed that they should call and take a draught at the hermitage : Sancho Panza, hearing this proposal, immediately turned Dapple's head towards it, being followed by Don Quixote

Quixote and the scholar : but his ill luck seemed to have ordained, that the hermit should not be at home, as they were told by an under-hermit whom they found in the place. When the squire demanded a flask of his best and dearest, he answered, that his master had no wine, but if he chose a pitcher of his cheapest water, he should have it with all his heart. " If I had chosen water, said Sancho, there is plenty of wells upon the road, from which I might have quenched my thirst. O the wedding of Camacho ! and the abundance of Don Diego's house ! how often shall I lament the loss of you ! "

When he had uttered this ejaculation, they quitted the hermitage, and pushed on towards the inn ; and having rode forwards a little way, they overtook a lad who travelled the same road at his own leisure ; he carried a sword over his shoulder, that supported a bundle of cloaths, which seemed to consist of trousers, a cloak, and shirt ; for he wore a velvet jacket with some slips of fatten, and the shirt hanging out ; he had silk stockings, and square-toed shoes, in the court fashion : his age seemed to be about eighteen or nineteen ; he had a sprightly countenance, and an agility in his person ; he amused himself in singing couplets to beguile the fatigue of travelling, and when they overtook him, had just finished one, which the student remembered to have run in this strain :

To the wars my necessity drags me away,  
But, if I had money, at home I would stay.

The first who accosted him was Don Quixote, saying, " You travel very light, young gentleman ; pray, good now, whither may you be going ? " To this interrogation the youth replied, " I travel so light on account of poverty, and the heat of the weather ; and I am going to the wars. " " The heat may be a very good reason, resumed the knight ; but how should  
poverty

poverty be the cause of your travelling in that manner?" "Signor, answered the youth, I carry in this bundle a pair of velvet trunk breeches, fellows to this jacket, which if I wear out in the country, they will do me no credit in town, and I have not wherewithal to purchase a reinforcement: for this reason therefore, and the benefit of the free air, I travel as you see me, until I get up with some companies of foot, which are quartered at a town about twelve leagues from hence; there I shall enlist among them, and there will not be wanting some baggage-waggon, in which I may proceed to the place of embarkation, which they say is to be Carthage: and I would much rather have the king for my lord and master, and serve him in his wars, than be the lacquey of some scoundrel at court."

"And have you obtained any post?" said the scholar. "Had I served a grandee of Spain, or some person of quality, replied the youth, I should certainly have got something of that kind; for this is the advantage of being in good service, that a man is frequently preferred from the back of his master's chair to a pair of colours, a company, or some handsome provision: but it was my unhappy fate to be always in the service of poor idle rascals, or foreigners, who give such a miserable and consumptive allowance of board-wages, that one half was expended in the starching of a ruff; and it would be looked upon as a miracle, if any such page-adventurer should obtain a tolerable provision." "And pray, friend, said Don Quixote, is it possible, that during all the years you have been in service, you never had a livery?" "Yes, answered the page, I have had two; but, as he who quits a convent, before he professes, is stripped of his habit, and obliged to resume his own cloaths; so was I served by my masters, who after having transacted the business that brought them to court, returned to their own homes, and took back the liveries, which they had given me out of mere ostentation."

"A very

“A very scandalous *espilorcheria* \* indeed, as the Italians call it, said Don Quixote; but notwithstanding, you may think yourself very happy in having left the court with such a laudable intention; for there is nothing upon earth more productive of honour and profit, next to the service of God, than the service of the king, our natural lord and master; especially in the exercise of arms, by which more honour, if not more wealth, is acquired than by learning itself; for, as I have divers and sundry times observed, although a greater number of families has been raised by learning than by arms, yet those founded upon arms rise, I don’t know how, above their fellows, with a kind of natural splendour, by which all others are outshone: and what I am now going to say, I desire you will lay up in your remembrance; for it will be of much comfort and utility to you, in the midst of all your sufferings: never entertain a thought of what adversity may happen, for the worst is death; and provided it comes with honour, it is the greatest happiness to die. Julius Cæsar, that valiant emperor of Rome, being asked which was the most agreeable death, answered, “That which is sudden, unexpected, and unforeseen;” and though this reply favoured of the pagan, ignorant of the knowledge of the true God, nevertheless, with regard to his being freed from the pangs of human infirmity, he said well: for, supposing you should be slain in the first action or skirmish, either by a cannon ball, or the explosion of a mine, what does it signify? we must all die, and there is an end of the whole; and, according to Terence, a dead soldier who falls in battle makes a much nobler appearance than one who lives by running away: the good soldier acquires reputation in proportion to the obedience he pays to his captain, or those who have a right to command

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\* A knavish trick.



him ; and pray, take notice, child, a soldier had much better smell of gunpowder than of civet ; and if old age overtake you in that noble employment, though you should be covered over with wounds, paralytic, or lame, it can never overtake you without such honour as poverty cannot diminish ; especially now that provision is to be made for the maintenance and relief of old disabled soldiers ; for it is not reasonable that they should be treated like negro slaves, to whom, when they are old and incapable of service, their masters often give their freedom, driving them from their houses, and under the title of liberty, leaving them still slaves to hunger, which nothing but death can dispel. This is all I have to say at present ; therefore get up, and ride behind me to the inn, where I shall treat you with a supper, and in the morning, you may pursue your journey, which I pray God may be as fortunate as your intention is good."

The page excused himself from riding behind the knight, though he embraced his invitation to supper at the inn ; and Sancho said within himself, " Lord comfort thee for a master ! Is it possible that a man who can utter so many good things, should affirm that he has seen all that impossible nonsense which he has told of the cave of Montesinos ? But, time is the trier of all things."

In such discourse they arrived at the inn, just as it grew dark, and Sancho was not a little rejoiced to find that his master took it to be a real inn, and not a castle, according to his usual whims. They had scarcely entered when Don Quixote inquired of the landlord about the man with the lances and halberts, and understood he was in the stable, providing for the accommodation of his beast ; an example which was followed by the student and Sancho, who preferred Rozinante to the best manger and stall of the whole stable.

## C H A P. VIII.

In which is set forth the braying adventure, and the diverting atchievement of the puppets, with the memorable responses of the divining ape.

**D**ON Quixote would not stay till his bread was baked, as the saying is, so impatient was he to hear and know the strange tidings that were promised by the arms-carrier, in quest of whom he forthwith went to the place where the landlord said he was; and having found him, desired he would by all means gratify him with a circumstantial account of those things he had mentioned on the road. "The account of my strange tidings, answered the man, I shall give when I am more at leisure, and not at work as I am at present: if your worship will give me time to take care of my beast, I will tell you such things as you will be surprized to hear." "They shall not be delayed on that account, said the knight, for I myself will lend you a helping hand." He accordingly winnowed the corn and cleaned the manger; so that the man, induced by his humility, could do no less than grant his request, with good will: sitting down therefore, in a hollow of the wall, close by Don Quixote, who with the scholar, page, Sancho Panza, and the inn-keeper, composed his council and audience, he began to relate what follows:

"You must know, gentlemen, that in a village at the distance of four leagues and an half from this inn, it came to pass, that a certain alderman, through the craft and malice of a servant wench, which I have not time to explain, lost an ass; and though the said alderman used all possible means to find him, he found it impossible to succeed: fifteen days had the ass been missing, according to public fame and report, when the owner was, in the market-place, accosted by another alderman of the same town, who said,

"Hansel

“Hansel me for my good news, neighbour; your beast has appeared.” “That I will, neighbour, and heartily, answered the other; but let us know where he has appeared.” “Upon the mountain, replied the finder: I saw him this morning, without pack-saddle or any sort of furniture; and so lean, that it was piteous to behold him. I would have driven him before me, and brought him home; but he is so wild and shy, that when I went near him, he took to his heels, and ran into the most concealed part of the mountain: if you choose it, we two will go in quest of him; stay till I house my own beast, and I’ll return presently.” “I shall be much obliged to you, said he of the strayed ass; and I shall endeavour to repay you in the same coin.” With these very circumstances, and in the self-same manner that I relate the affair to you, it is told and related by all those who have entered into the true spirit of the case.

“In conclusion, the two aldermen walked hand in hand to the mountain, and coming to the place and spot where they expected to find the ass, they found him not: nor could they get one glimpse of him, although they searched all about over and over. Perceiving that he was not likely to appear, “Heark ye, neighbour, said the alderman who had seen him, there is a contrivance come into my head, by which we shall certainly discover this animal, even though he should be concealed in the bowels of the earth, much more if he is in this mountain; and that is this, I have a marvellous knack at braying, and if you have any turn that way, you may conclude the business is done.” “Any turn, neighbour! cried the other: by the Lord! I will not yield in point of braying to the best man alive, not even to an identical ass.” “We shall see presently, answered the second alderman; for my intention is, that you should go to one side of the mountain, and I to the other, so as to walk round it quite, and every now and then you

shall bray, and I will bray ; and it cannot be but that the afs will hear, and answer, if he is on this mountain." To this proposal the owner replied : " Neighbour, it is an excellent scheme, and worthy your great genius." So parting, according to agreement, it came to pass that both brayed almost at the same time, and each being deceived by the other's braying, ran forward in hopes of finding the afs ; when perceiving their mistake, " Neighbour, said the loser, is it possible that was not my afs which brayed just now ?" " No : it was I," answered the other. " Agad, then, cried the owner, there is not the least difference in point of braying, between you and an afs ! for in my life did I never hear or see such a resemblance." " That compliment and approbation, answered the contriver, would be much better bestowed upon yourself than upon me, neighbour ; for by the God that made me, you would give two heats of advantage to the biggest and best brayer in Christendom : for the sound you produce is deep, sonorous, within proper time and compass, and the falls frequent and sharp ; in a word, I own myself overcome, and yield you the palm and banner of that rare talent." " By the mass ! said the owner, I will from henceforward have a higher opinion of my own ability, and believe I know something, since I really possess such a gift ; for although I always thought I brayed tolerably well, I never imagined I excelled so much as you say I do." " I therefore tell you, replied the other, that many rare talents are lost in this world ; and that they are ill-bestowed upon those who cannot turn them to advantage." " Our's, said the owner, except in such cases as this, that we have now in hand, can be but of little service, and even in this, God grant it may turn to account."

" After these mutual compliments they parted a second time, and began to bray again ; but still they



were deceived, and met as before, until by way of counter signal, from which they might know one another, they agreed to bray twice in a breath: accordingly they doubled their brayings, and encompassed the whole mountain, without being favoured with the least answer or sign from the strayed asfs; and indeed, no wonder the poor unfortunate animal did not answer; for they found him in the remotest part of the wood, almost devoured by the wolves. The owner seeing him in this plight, "I marvelled much, said he, that he did not answer, for had he been alive and heard you, he must have brayed again, else he had been no asf; but as I have had the pleasure of hearing you bray so melodiously, neighbour, I think my trouble well bestowed, even although I have found him dead." "It is in good hands, neighbour, replied the other; for in chanting, the clerk is not a whit inferior to the curate."

"Having made these mutual remarks, they returned to the village, equally hoarse and disconsolate, and recounted to their friends, neighbours and acquaintance, what had happened to them, in their searching for the asfs, extolling one another to the skies for the talent of braying; so that every circumstance of the story was related among the neighbouring villages; and the devil, who is never at rest, but always glad of an opportunity to sow discord and scatter quarrels, raising lies in the wind, and huge chimeras from little or no foundation, so ordered matters, that the people of the other villages, when they saw any person belonging to our town, began to bray, as if to hit him in the teeth with the braying of our aldermen. The story was taken up by the boys, which was all one as if it had fallen into the hands and mouths of all the devils in hell; and the braying was circulated from one town to another in such a manner, that the natives of the village of Braywick are as well known and distinguished as a Blackamoor from a Spaniard;

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and this joke has become so serious, that our townsmen have frequently gone forth in arms and regular order to give battle to the jokers, without any regard to king or rook, or fear or shame; I believe that tomorrow or next day, the men of Braywick will take the field once more against the people of another village within two leagues of us, who are our chief persecutors; and that we may be well provided for the occasion, I have purchased the lances and halberts you have seen. Now these are the strange tidings which I said I would relate; and if you do not think them so, I have no other worth your hearing."

Thus the honest man concluded his story; and at that instant came into the house, a man clothed in a doublet, breeches, and hose of shamoy leather, who said with a loud voice, "So ho, Mr. Landlord, have you got any lodging for the fortune-telling ape, and the puppet-shew of the deliverance of Melisendra?" "Odd's bodikins! cried the innkeeper, master Peter here! we shall have rare doings i'faith." We forgot to observe, that the left eye, and half of the cheek of this master Peter was covered with a patch of green silk, from whence it was supposed all that side of the face laboured under some infirmity. Be that as it will, the innkeeper proceeded, saying, "Welcome, good master Peter; but where is the ape and the puppet-shew? for I see neither." "They are at hand, answered the owner of the shamoy-suit; but I came before, to know whether or not we could have lodging?" "The duke d'Alva himself should be turned out to make room for master Peter, said the landlord; bring hither your ape and your shew, for there is company in the house that will pay for a sight of them." "In good time then, replied the wearer of the patch: I will lower the price, and think myself well paid, if they defray the expence of my lodging; mean while, I'll go and lead hither the cart that contains my puppets and my ape."

So



So saying, he went out, and Don Quixote inquiring who this master Peter was, with the puppet-shew and ape, the landlord replied, " This is a famous puppet-shew man, who has long travelled through La Mancha and Arragon, representing the story of Melisendra, who was delivered by the famous Don Gayferos, one of the most entertaining and best represented histories which have been for many years seen in this kingdom ; he likewise carries along with him an ape of the rarest talent that ever was known among apes, or conceived among men : for if you ask any question, it listens attentively to what you say, then leaping upon its master's shoulder, and clapping its mouth to his ear, it gives an answer, which master Peter immediately explains. Of things that are past, it says much more than of those that are to come, and though it does not hit the truth exactly in every thing, it errs but seldom ; so that we are inclined to believe it is inspired by the devil. Every question costs a couple of rials, provided the ape answers, I mean, supposing the master answers for the ape, after it has whispered in his ear : wherefore, master Peter is thought to be woundy rich ; indeed he is a gallant man, as they say in Italy, an excellent-companion, and lives the pleasantest life in the world ; he talks as much as any six, and drinks more than a dozen, and all at the expence of his tongue, his ape, and his puppet-shew."

Just as he spoke these words, master Peter returned with his cart that contained his puppets and the ape, which was a very large animal, without a tail : his buttocks were like felt, but not ugly withal ; and Don Quixote no sooner beheld him than he asked, " Pray, Mr. Fortuneteller, what have we got in the net ? what fortune awaits us ? Behold, here are my two rials." So saying, he ordered Sancho to give them to Mr. Peter, who answered in the name of the ape, " Signor, this animal gives no response or intelligence concerning

cerning what is to come: he is only acquainted with the past, and knows something of the present."

"Rabbit it! cried Sancho, I would not give a doit to be told of the past; for who knows that better than myself; and to pay for being informed of what I know, would be downright folly: but, since he knows the present, here are my two rials: and tell me, good your apeship, how my wife Teresa Panza is at present employed?" Master Peter refused to take the money, saying, "I will not receive a premium per advance, until it is preceded by service." Then clapping his hand twice upon his left shoulder, the ape with one skip leaped upon it, and laying its mouth to his ear, began to mow and chatter with great eagerness: having made this motion, which continued as long time as one would take in repeating the creed, with another skip he leaped upon the ground. Immediately master Peter, with infinite hurry, threw himself on his knees before Don Quixote, and hugging his shins, exclaimed, "These legs I embrace, as I would embrace the pillars of Hercules, O thou celebrated reviver of the already forgotten order of knight-errantry! thou never enough to be applauded cavalier Don Quixote de la Mancha, the soul of the dejected, the prop of the falling, the shield of those that are fallen, the staff and comfort of all the unhappy!" Don Quixote was alarmed, Sancho thunder-struck, the scholar surprised, the page confounded, the Braywick carrier amazed, the landlord astonished, and, in a word, admiration prevailed among all those who heard the words of the shewman; while he proceeded, saying, "And thou, worthy Sancho Panza, the best squire of the bravest knight in the universe, be merry and rejoice; for thine agreeable helpmate, Teresa, is in good health, and this very moment employed in dressing a pound of flax; by the same token, there stands at her right-hand a broken-mouthed pitcher;

pitcher, containing a good sup of wine, with which she comforts herself while she is at work." "That I can easily believe, answered Sancho; for she is a rare one; and if she was not a little given to jealousy, I would not exchange her for the giantess Andandona, who, as my master says, was a very proper and complete housewife; and truly my Teresa is one of those who will live to their hearts content, even though their heirs should pay for it."

"I am now convinced, said Don Quixote, that he who reads and travels much, will see and learn a great deal. This observation I make because no arguments would have been sufficient to persuade me that there are apes in the world, endowed with the gift of divination, as I have this day seen with my own eyes; for I am the very Don Quixote named by that good animal, which, however, has expatiated rather too much in my praise; but be that as it may, I give thanks to God who bestowed upon me a mild and compassionate disposition, ever inclined to do good to all mankind, and harm to no person whatever."

"If I had money, said the page, I would ask signor ape, what will be the success of my present peregrination?" To this hint, master Peter, who had rose from his prostration, replied, "I have already told you, that this creature does not answer for what is to come; if he did, your want of money would be no objection; for, in order to serve Don Quixote here present, I would willingly forfeit all the interested views in the world; and now, as in duty bound, I will, for his amusement, set up my shew, and divert all the people in the house, without fee or reward." The landlord, hearing this declaration, was rejoiced beyond measure, and pointed out a proper place for the exhibition of his entertainment, which was prepared in a twinkling.

Don Quixote was not very well satisfied with the divinations of the ape, as he did not think it natural

for such an animal to divine, in things either past, present, or to come; and therefore, while master Peter was busy in setting up his shew, he retired, with his squire, to a corner of the stable, where they could confer together without being overheard, and spoke to this effect: "Heark ye, Sancho, I have considered this wonderful talent of the ape, and, according to my notion, the same master Peter, its owner, must certainly have made a secret or express pact with the devil." "Nay, if it be the devil's pack, answered Sancho, it must be a very dirty pack; but what signifies such a pack to master Peter?" "Sancho, replied the knight, you do not understand my meaning: what I would say is, that he must certainly have made some concert with the devil, who hath infused this talent into the ape, by which he gains his livelihood; and when he becomes rich, he must yield him his soul, which is the aim of that universal enemy of mankind; and what confirms me in this opinion is, that the ape answers no questions but such as regard the past and present time: now the devil's understanding reaches no farther; what is to come he knows only by conjecture, and that not always; for it is the attribute of God alone to know times and seasons: to him there is neither past nor future, but all things are ever present to his eyes. This being the case, as doubtless it is, the ape certainly speaks from the inspiration of the devil; and I am surpris'd it hath not been accused and examined by the holy office, which would soon discover by virtue of whom it presumes to divine; for surely this ape is no astrologer; nor did he or his master ever raise, or were capable of raising, those figures called judicial, which are now so common in Spain, that every pitiful little huffy, page, and even cobbler, has the impudence to raise an horoscope, as readily as a knave of trumps, from the ground, ruining and disgracing, by their ignorance and falsties, the wonderful truth  
of



of that noble science. One lady I myself know, who having inquired of one of those pretenders, whether a little bitch she had would have puppies, how many, and of what colour they would be? Mr. Astrologer, after having raised his figure, replied, that the bitch would bring forth three puppies, one of a green, another of carnation, and the third of a mixed colour, provided the bitch would take the dog between the hours of eleven and twelve at noon or night, on Saturday or Monday. Notwithstanding this prediction, the bitch died in three days of a surfeit; and yet Mr. Figure-caster was still esteemed in the place a most infallible astrologer, as almost all those fellows are." "Nevertheless, answered Sancho, I wish your worship would desire master Peter to ask his ape, if what happened to your worship in the cave of Montesinos is really true: as for my own part, begging your worship's pardon, I cannot for the blood of me help thinking it was all a sham and a lie, or at least no better than a dream." "It may be so, replied Don Quixote: but I will take thy advice; for, truly, I myself have some sort of scruples about the matter."

Here he was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Peter, who came to tell him that the show was ready, and invite him to come and see it; for it would be well worth his trouble. Then the knight imparted his sentiments, desiring he would ask the ape whether or not certain incidents that happened in the cave of Montesinos were dreams or realities; for to him the whole seemed to be a mixture of both. Master Peter, without answering one word, went and brought the ape into the presence of Don Quixote and Sancho, and thus accosted it; "Look ye, Mr. Ape, this knight wants to know, whether certain things that happened to him in a place called the cave of Montesinos be true or false." Then making the usual signal, the creature leaped upon his left shoulder,

and seemingly whispered something in his ear. In consequence of this communication, "The ape, said master Peter, declares, that part of what your worship saw and underwent in that same cave is false, and part is likely to be true; and this, and nothing else, is all he knows touching that interrogation: but if your worship desires to be farther informed, he will next Friday answer all the questions you can ask: at present, his virtue has left him, and will not return till Friday, as I have already observed." "Signor, said Sancho to his master, did not I always affirm your worship should never make me believe that all, or even the half of those accidents you pretended to have met with in the cave was true?" "The event will shew, answered Don Quixote; for there is nothing that time, the discoverer of all things, will not bring to light, even though it should be hidden in the bowels of the earth. Let that suffice for the present; and now we will go and see the puppet-shew of honest master Peter, which I really believe will be productive of some novelty." "Of some! cried master Peter: my shew is productive of sixty thousand. Why, I tell your worship, signor Don Quixote, there is nothing equal to it in the whole world; but, *Operibus credite & non verbis*: let us begin presently; for it grows late, and we have a great deal to do, to say, and to shew."

In consequence of this request, Don Quixote and Sancho repaired to the place where the puppet-shew was set up, and set forth with a great number of little wax-lights, which made a most resplendent appearance. Master Peter withdrew within the curtain, in order to play the figures of the piece; and on the outside sat a boy, who was his servant, to interpret and explain the mysteries of the shew, holding a wand, with which he pointed out the puppets as they entered. All the people of the inn being seated, some fronting the stage, and Don Quixote, with Sancho,

cho, the page, and the scholar, accommodated with the best places, the drugoman began to pronounce that which will be heard and seen by those who will take the trouble to read or peruse the following chapter.

## C H A P. IX.

In which is continued the diverting adventure of the puppet-shew ; with other matters really entertaining enough.

U Niversal silence prevailed among Tyrians as well as Trojans ; that is, all the spectators of the shew sat in silent expectation, suspended as it were on the mouth of him who was appointed to expound the wonders of the piece ; when their ears were saluted with the sound of attabals, trumpets, and artillery, that issued from behind the scene ; and this noise being soon over, the boy thus began in an audible voice : “ This true history, which will now be represented before the honourable company, is literally extracted from the French chronicles and Spanish ballads, which may be heard every day repeated in the streets by man, woman, and child. It exhibits the manner in which signor Don Gayferos accomplished the deliverance of his spouse Melisendra, who was a captive in Spain, detained by the Moors in the city of Sansuenna, which was formerly the name given to what we now call Saragossa ; and pray, gentlemen, take notice, Don Gayferos is playing at tables, according to the old song :

Now Gayferos, at tables playing,  
Of Melisendra thinks no more.

And that personage who next appears, with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand, is the emperor Charlemagne, the supposed father of Melisendra,

fendra, who, vexed at the indolence and carelessness of his son-in-law, comes forth to chide him ; and observe with what vehemence and keenness he seems to scold : one would imagine he intended to give him half a dozen raps on the pate with his sceptre ; nay, some authors say that he actually did bestow them, ay, and that with very good will : after having said abundance of things concerning the risk his honour would run, if he did not effect the deliverance of his spouse, he is reported to have added these words, " I have said enough, look to it." Behold, gentlemen, how the emperor turns about and walks off, leaving Don Gayferos in a fume, who, in the impatience of his anger, throws away the table and pieces, and calls hastily for his armour, desiring his cousin Orlando to lend him his sword Durindana. Don Orlando will not comply with his request ; but offers to attend him in his difficult enterprize : however, the provoked hero will not accept of his offer ; on the contrary, he says his own single arm is sufficient to deliver his wife, even though she were concealed in the profoundest centre of the earth. So saying, he goes in to arm, that he may be able to set out with all expedition. Gentlemen, turn your eyes to the tower that appears yonder, and suppose it one of the towers belonging to the castle of Saragossa, now called Aljaferia. That lady who stands in the balcony in the Moorish dress is the peerless Melisendra, who from thence hath often cast her longing eyes towards the road to France, and consoled herself in her captivity, by thinking on the city of Paris and her valiant lord. Observe likewise a new incident, the like of which perhaps you have never seen before : don't you see that Moor stealing along silently and softly, step by step, with his finger on his mouth, behind Melisendra ? Now mind how he prints a kiss in the very middle of her lips, and with what eagerness she spits, and wipes them with the sleeves of her shift, lamenting



ing aloud, and tearing, for anger, her beautiful hair, as if it had been guilty of the transgression. Behold, now, that venerable Moor in yon gallery : he is Marfilius the king of Sanfuenna, who, having perceived the insolence of the Moor, although he was his own relation, and a great favourite, orders him to be apprehended, and carried through the principal streets of the city, with the criers before, and the rods behind, with which he is to receive two hundred stripes : and here you shall see the sentence executed, almost as soon as the crime is committed : for among the Moors, there is no copy of a writ, trial, or delay, as in our courts of justice."

Here Don Quixote interposing, said, with a loud voice, " Boy, boy, follow your story in a right line, without falling into curves and crosses ; for there is not so much proof and counter-proof required to bring truth to light." " Sirrah (cried Mr. Peter, from behind the curtain) none of your vagaries, but follow that gentleman's counsel, which is good and wholesome : sing your plain song, without counterpoints ; for you may spin the thread so fine as to break it." " I shall obey your orders," answered the boy, who proceeded, saying :

" That there figure a-horseback, wrapped up in a cloak of Gascony, is the very individual Don Gayferos, to whom his own lady, by this time, revenged of the presumptuous and enamoured Moor, talks with more seeming composure from the battlements of the tower, supposing him to be some traveller, and between the two passeth that whole discourse and conversation, recorded in the ballad, which says,

Sir knight, if you to France do go,  
For Gayferos enquire :

together with what follows, which I shall not at present repeat, because prolixity engenders disgust : let  
it

it suffice that you see how Gayferos discovers himself, and that we learn from the joyful gestures of Melisendra, that she recognizes her husband; especially as we now see her let herself down from the balcony, in order to get a-horseback behind her loving spouse: but as ill luck would have it, the border of her under-petticoat has caught hold of one of the iron spikes of the balcony, and there she hangs dangling, without being able to reach the ground: but you see how compassionate heaven brings relief in the most pressing emergencies; for Don Gayferos comes to her assistance, and without minding whether or not the rich petticoat may be torn, seizes his lady, and by main force brings her to the ground; then with one jerk sets her upon the crupper of his horse, astride like a man, bidding her hold fast, and throw her arms around his neck, so as to cross them on his breast, that she may be in no danger of falling; for my lady Melisendra was not used to ride in that manner: you likewise perceive how the horse, by his neighing, expresses the satisfaction he feels in carrying the valiant and beautiful burthen of his lord and mistress: you see how they turn about, and quitting the city, take the road to Paris, with equal eagerness and joy. Go in peace, ye peerless pair of faithful lovers; may you arrive in safety at your desired country, without fortune's raising any obstruction to your happy journey; and may the eyes of your friends and kindred behold you enjoying peace all the days of your life, which I hope will exceed the age of Nestor!" Here Mr. Peter interposing again, called aloud, "None of your flourishes, sirrah: seek not to entangle yourself; for all affectation is naught." The interpreter, without answering a syllable, went on in this manner. "There were not wanting some idle eyes which nothing can escape, and they, perceiving the descent and flight of Melisendra, gave notice of it to king Marsilio, who straight gave orders for sounding to arms:

arms: and behold the hurry and commotion of the city, occasioned by the sound of bells that ring in every minoret."

"It cannot be, cried Don Quixote. In what regards the bells, Mr. Peter is guilty of an impropriety; for the Moors use no bells, but attabals or kettle-drums, and a kind of dulcimers, like those belonging to our waits; so that the circumstance of ringing bells in Sensuenna is a downright absurdity." Mr. Peter hearing this observation, left off ringing, and answered, "Signor Don Quixote, your worship must not mind such trifles, nor seek for that perfection which is not to be found. How many plays do you see every day represented, full of impropriety and absurdities? yet they happily run their career, and are heard, not simply with applause, but even with universal admiration. Proceed, boy, and let people talk; for, provided I fill my pocket, I don't care if there should be more improprieties than there are atoms in the sun." "You are in the right," replied the knight, and thus the boy went on:

"Behold what a number of resplendent cavalry marches out of the city in pursuit of the two catholic lovers: what a sound of trumpets, tinkling of dulcimers, and rattling of drums and kettle-drums! I am afraid they will overtake and bring them back tied to their horse's tail, and that would be a most dismal spectacle."

Don Quixote, seeing such a number of Moors, and hearing this uproar, thought it was incumbent upon him to assist the fugitives; and therefore starting up, he pronounced with a loud voice, "Never, while I breathe, will I consent that such an injury should be done in my presence to a knight so famous, daring, and enamoured as is Don Gayferos: desist, ye base-born plebeians! seek not to follow and punish him, but face me in battle if you dare." With these words and actions he unsheathed his sword, and spring-

ing up to the puppet-shew, began with incredible agility and fury to lay about him among the Moorish puppets, demolishing some, beheading others, maiming this, and hacking that; and in the course of this exercise, he fetched such a back-stroke, that had not Mr. Peter stooped and squatted down with great expedition, he would have sliced off his head as easily as if it had been made of ginger-bread. This unfortunate shew-man exalting his voice, "Hold, for the love of God! signor Don Quixote, said he, and take notice, that those whom you overthrow, kill, and destroy, are not real Moors, but poor, harmless, little figures of paste; consider, sinner that I am! you are ruining me, by depriving me of my livelihood." Notwithstanding this remonstrance, the knight continued to play away in a perfect shower of back-strokes, fore-strokes, outside and inside, that fell as thick as hail; so that in less than a couple of credos, he brought the whole shew to the ground, all the tackle and figures being hewed down, and dismembered; king Marsilio himself sorely wounded, and the crown, together with the head of the emperor, cleft in twain. The whole audience was involved in confusion: the ape fled to the roof of the house; the scholar trembled, the page was seized with consternation, and Sancho Panza himself overwhelmed with terror and dismay; for, as he swore after the hurricane subsided, he had never before seen his master in such a frantic rage.

The puppet-shew being thus entirely demolished, Don Quixote became a little more composed, saying, "I wish I had before me, at this very moment, those who either do not, or will not believe that knights-errant are of any benefit or service to mankind, that they might see what would have become of the worthy Don Gayferos, and the beautiful Melisendra, had not I been present on this occasion: certainly by this time, they would have been overtaken by those dogs,  
who

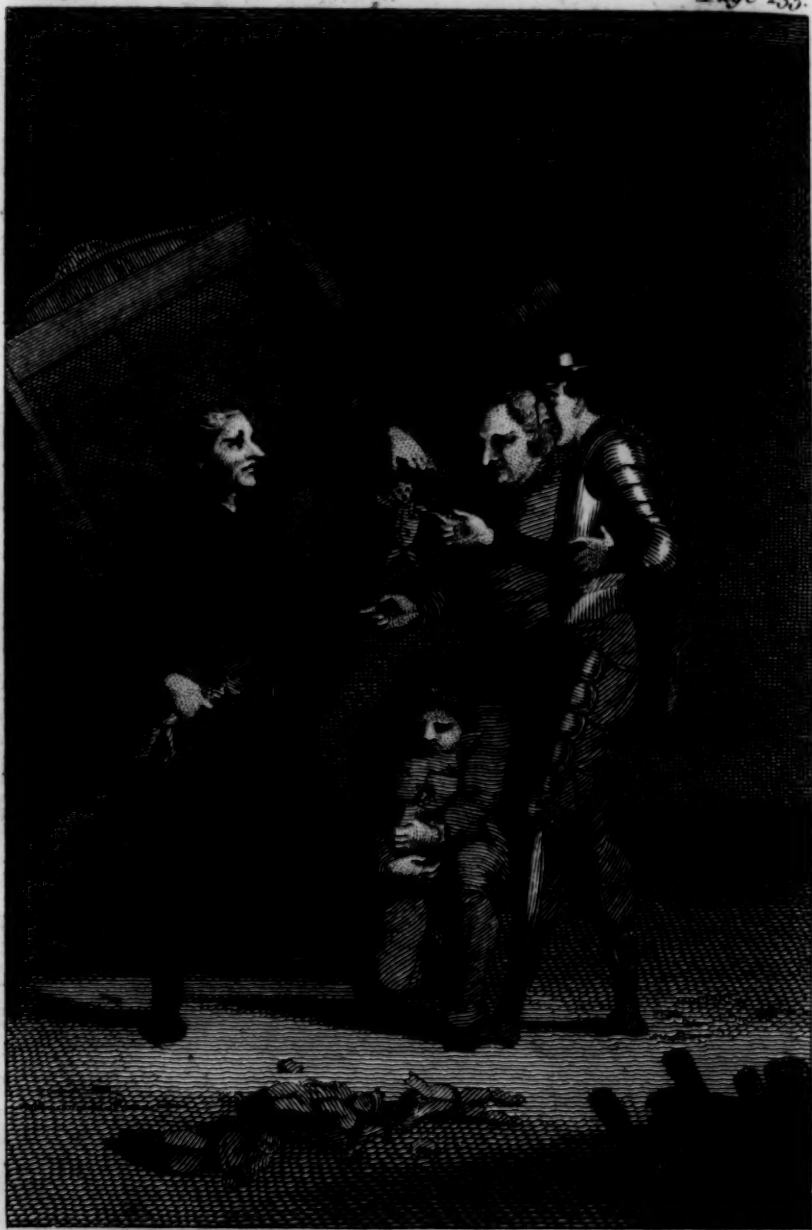


who would have done them some grievous injury: let knight-errantry, therefore, live and flourish above all things upon the face of the earth." "In a happy hour, let it live (cried Mr. Peter in a languid tone), and let me die, who am so unfortunate, that I may say with king Rodrigo, "Yesterday I was lord of Spain, and now there is not one battlement I can call my own." Half an hour, yea not half a minute is elapsed, since I saw myself in possession of kings and emperors; my stables, coffers, and bags were filled with an infinite number of horses, and other gay particulars, and now I find myself quite desolate and abased, poor and beggarly, and, which is worst of all, deprived of my ape, who in good faith will make my teeth sweat, before he returns to me his lawful master; and all this misfortune I have suffered from this here Sir knight, who is said to protect orphans, rectify wrongs, and perform other charitable actions, but, in me alone, his generous intention has failed; blessed and praised be the highest heavens above! In a word, the knight of the rueful figure is he by whom I and mine are disfigured and undone."

Sancho Panza melted at this piteous lamentation: "Do not weep, Mr. Peter, said he, do not whine so piteously, or thou'lt break my heart; for I'd have thee know, my master Don Quixote is such a catholic and scrupulous christian, that provided he be convinced of having done thee wrong, he knows how to make amends, and will satisfy and repay thee with double interest." "If signor Don Quixote, replied the shew-man, will make some atonement for the deeds by which he has undone me, I shall rest satisfied, and his worship's conscience will be at peace; for that man cannot expect salvation who with-holds the effects of his neighbour against his will, and refuses to make restitution." "You are in the right, said Don Quixote; but as yet I do not know that I with-hold any of  
your

your effects, Mr. Peter." "How! none of mine?" (cried the shew-man) and these unfortunate remains that lie extended on the hard and barren pavement, were they not thus scattered and annihilated by the invincible force of that redoubted arm? to whom but me did their unhappy bodies belong? and with what but them did I procure a comfortable subsistence?" "Now, cried Don Quixote, I am fully convinced of what I have on divers occasions believed; namely, that those enchanters, by whom I am persecuted, take pleasure in presenting realities to my view, and then changing and metamorphosing them into such figures and forms as they choose to bestow: believe me, gentlemen, to me every thing that has passed appeared a true and literal concurrence of real facts; and the figures represented, seemed to be really and truly the very individual persons of Melisendra, Don Gayferos, Marsilio, and Charlemagne: in consequence of that belief, my wrath was provoked; and, in order to fulfil the function of a knight-errant, I resolved to favour and assist the fair fugitive; in the execution of which resolve, I have done what you see. If the exploit has turned out contrary to my expectation, the blame ought not to lie with me, but with those miscreants by whom I am persecuted: nevertheless, as I have committed an error, although it did not proceed from malice aforethought, I stand by my own award condemned in costs: let Mr. Peter make out his own bill of the figures that are demolished, and I promise it shall be paid on the spot, in good and lawful current coin of this kingdom." The shew-man hearing this declaration, made a profound bow, saying, "I expected no less from the unheard-of christianity of the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, the unflinching auxiliary and support of the whole tribe of needy and forlorn vagabonds: Mr. Landlord and the great Sancho shall act as moderators and appraisers





*The Puppet Show Man valuing his  
puppets which Don Quixote had demolished.*



ers between your worship and me, with regard to what the injured figures are or might be worth."

The innkeeper and squire having undertaken this office, Mr. Peter lifted up the headless Marfilio king of Saragossa, saying, "You see how impossible it is to reinstate the king in his former situation; and therefore with submission to better judgments, I think I must be allowed four rials and an half, on account of his death and final perdition." The knight desiring him to proceed. "Then, said he, for this dreadful gash from top to bottom (taking up the cloven emperor Charlemagne) I cannot be thought exorbitant, if I demand five rials and a quarter." "That's no small matter," said Sancho. "Nor a great deal too much replied the landlord." "Split the difference, and set him down at five rials." "Let him have the whole five and the quarter, said Don Quixote; for in such a notable misfortune, a quarter more or less is a mere trifle: and pray, dispatch, Mr. Peter, for it is now supper-time, and I begin to feel some symptoms of a keen appetite." "For that figure without a nose, and deprived of one eye, which is the beautiful Melisendra, proceeded Peter, I demand two rials and twelve maravedis." "The devil's in't, cried the knight, if Melisendra is not by this time, with her husband, at least upon the frontiers of France; for the horse on which they were mounted, seemed to fly rather than tread the ground; so that there is no reason for your selling me a cat instead of a coney, that is, in presenting me with a noseless Melisendra, when, in all probability, that lady is now enjoying herself at leisure with her husband in France. God give every man joy of his own, Mr. Peter, and let us all endeavour to walk tightly and rightly! and now you may proceed." Mr. Peter perceiving Don Quixote beginning to warp and return to his old bias, resolved to be even with him, and with that view, said, "This cannot be Melisendra, but must be one of her waiting-



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waiting-women, for whom I shall think myself very well payed, and rest satisfied with threescore maravedis." In the same manner did he set prices on many other maimed figures; so that, after they were moderated by the two arbitrators to the satisfaction of both parties, the whole sum amounted to forty rials and three quarters, which being disbursed by Sancho, Mr. Peter demanded another brace of rials for the trouble he should have in catching the ape. "Let him have them, Sancho, said Don Quixote, not for catching the ape but the juice of the grape \* : and I would now give two hundred as a reward to any person who would certify that the lady Donna Melifendra, and her lord Don Gayferos, are now safe among their friends in France." "No person upon earth can resolve that question sooner or better than my ape, replied Mr. Peter; but the devil himself cannot catch him at present, though I imagine, hunger and affection will compel him to return to me some time to-night, and if God will send us a new day, we shall see what can be done." In fine, the hurricane of the puppet-show being quite blown over, the whole company supped together in peace and good fellowship, at the expence of Don Quixote, who was liberal to excess.

Before day-break, the lance and halbert-carrier set out for his village, and early in the morning the scholar and the page came to take their leave of Don Quixote, the first intending to return to his own home, and the other to pursue his journey, for the comfort of which, the knight made him a present of a dozen rials. Mr. Peter, having no inclination to re-involve himself in any sort of dispute with Don Quixote, to whose disposition he was no stranger, arose before the

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\* In the original there is a miserable pun upon the words *Mono* and *Mona*, the first of which signifies an ape, and the other drunkenness.



fun, and packing up the remains of his puppets, together with his ape, sallied forth also in quest of further adventures. The innkeeper, who knew not Don Quixote, was equally astonished at his madness and liberality: finally, Sancho paid him handsomely, by his master's order, and the two bidding him farewell about eight o'clock in the morning, left the inn, and betook themselves to the road, in which we will leave them, having now a proper opportunity to recount other incidents appertaining and necessary to the illustration of this famous history.

### CHAP. X.

In which the reader will discover who Mr. Peter and his ape were; together with Don Quixote's bad success in the braying adventure, which did not at all turn out according to his wish and expectation.

CID Hamet, author of this sublime history, begins this chapter with these words: "I swear, as a catholic christian:" and upon this occasion, the translator observes, that Cid Hamet being a Moor, as he certainly was, in swearing as a catholic christian, means no more than that, as a catholic christian, when he makes oath, swears he will speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, in like manner he would adhere to it, as a catholic christian adheres to his oath, in what he intended to write concerning Don Quixote, especially in disclosing the mystery of Mr. Peter and the fortune-telling ape, whose talent attracted the admiration of all that country. He then proceeds to observe, that he who has read the first part of this history, cannot but remember that same Gines de Passamonte, whom, together with his fellow-slaves, Don Quixote set at liberty near the brown mountain; a benefit for which he was ill-thanked, and worse requited by that mischievous and immoral crew. This Gines de Passamonte, whom Don Quixote called Gi-

nefillo de Parapilla, was the very thief who stole Sancho's Dapple, and as, through the fault of the printers, neither the time nor the manner of that conveyance is described, in the first part of the book, many people ascribed this error of the press to want of memory in the author: but, in short, stolen he was, by Gines, even while Sancho was sitting sleeping on his back, by means of the same contrivance and expedient that was used by Brunelo, who while Sacripante lay at Albraga, withdrew his horse from between his legs; and Sancho afterwards retrieved him, as we have already related. Gines then, afraid of being overtaken by justice, that was in quest of him, to chastise him for his numberless tricks and transgressions, which were so manifold and remarkable as to fill a large volume of his own composing, resolved to remove himself into the kingdom of Arragon, to cover his left eye with a patch, and profess the occupation of playing puppets, and performing feats of legerdemain, which he understood to great perfection: he afterwards happened to fall in company with some christians, just delivered from bondage in Barbary, of whom he purchased that ape, which he taught to leap upon his shoulder, at a certain signal, and whisper, or seem to whisper in his ear. Having so far succeeded, before he entered any place with his puppet-shew and ape, he took care to inform himself at the next village, or of any person whom he could conveniently pump, of the particular accidents that had happened in that place, with all their circumstances, which he retained by dint of a tenacious memory. The first thing he did, was to represent his puppet-shew, the subject of which he extracted sometimes from one story, and sometimes from another; but it was always full of mirth and entertainment, and well known: and this being ended, he propounded the talents of his ape, telling the audience that he could disclose the past and present; but with regard to the future, he pre-

pretended no knowledge : for every response he demanded two rials, though sometimes he afforded them cheaper, just as he felt the pulse of his consulters ; and as he sometimes came to families, the anecdotes of which he knew, even though they would spend no money upon questions, he would make the signal to the ape, and then say he had communicated this and that circumstance, which tallied exactly with what had really happened. By these means, he acquired the credit of infallibility, and drew the whole country after him ; at other times, as he had abundance of cunning and penetration, he would answer in such a manner, that the responses agreed perfectly well with the questions ; and there being no body to hamper him, by inquiring and sifting into the bottom of this pretended divination of the monkey, he found means to make monkeys of all his followers, and fill his bags at the same time. As soon as he entered the inn, he knew Don Quixote and Sancho, and this recognition enabled him to excite the admiration of the knight, squire, and all the by-standers : but his art would have cost him dear, had Don Quixote lowered his hand a little, when he decapitated king Marfilio, and destroyed his whole cavalry, as we have related that adventure in the preceding chapter.

So much for Mr. Peter and his ape : and now, returning to Don Quixote de la Mancha, we must observe, that, after having departed from the inn, he resolved, in the first place, to visit the banks of the river Ebro, and all the circumjacent country, before he should enter the city of Saragossa, as the length of time between this period and the tournaments permitted him to make such an excursion. With this resolution he proceeded in the road, through which he travelled two days, without encountering any thing worth relating, until on the third, as he ascended a rising-ground, his ears were saluted with a mighty noise of kettle-drums, trumpets, and muskets, which he at  
first

first imagined might proceed from some company of soldiers marching that way ; in order, therefore, to view them, he spurred up Rozinante, and when he reached the top of the rising-ground, saw below, as near as he could guess, above two hundred men, equipped with different kinds of arms, such as lances, cross-bows, partisans, halberts, pikes, a few muskets, and a great number of targets. He rode down the hill, and drew so near this squadron, that he could distinguish their colours, and observe their devices, particularly a banner or pendant of white satin, in which was painted to the life, an ass of the small Sardinian breed, with his head raised, his mouth open, and his tongue lolling out as if in the very act and attitude of braying, and surrounded by this motto, in capital letters,

It is no children's play,  
When brother bailiffs bray.

From this symbol Don Quixote gathered, that those people belonged to the village of Braywick ; and this discovery he communicated to Sancho, whom he likewise made acquainted with the motto of the standard ; observing at the same time, that he, by whom they were informed of the adventure, had committed a mistake, in saying the brayers were aldermen ; for, according to this couplet, they must have been bailiffs. To this observation, Sancho replied, “ signor, in that circumstance there is nothing to be mended ; for those who were aldermen when they brayed, might very well in time come to be bailiffs of the corporation, consequently they may be mentioned with both titles ; especially as it is of small signification to the truth of the story, whether the brayers were aldermen or bailiffs, provided they really conjunctly and severally did bray ; for a bailiff is as likely to bray as an alderman.”

Finally,



Finally, conjecturing and understanding that the people who were ridiculed had come forth to fight those who had ridiculed them, and carried the joke beyond the bounds of reason and good neighbourhood, Don Quixote approached their line of battle, to the no small chagrin of Sancho, who was never fond of interposing on such occasions; and they were immediately received by the whole squadron, who believed the knight was come to espouse their quarrel. Then Don Quixote lifting up his visor, with graceful ease and courteous demeanour, advanced to the standard of the ass, where he was environed by the chiefs of the army, who gazed at him with that admiration incident to all those who beheld him for the first time. The knight perceiving them looking at him so attentively, without speaking or asking any question, resolved to take advantage of their silence, and breaking his own, began in this manner, with an audible voice: "Worthy gentlemen, I beg, in the most earnest manner, that you will not interrupt a discourse I intend to make, until you perceive it becomes insipid and disgusting; in which case, I will, upon the least sign, put a seal upon my lips, and a gag upon my tongue."

All the spectators assured him, he might say what he pleased, and they would willingly give him the hearing; so that, thus licensed, he proceeded to this effect: "I, gentlemen, am a knight-errant, whose exercise is that of arms, and whose profession is to assist the needy, and favour those who want favour and protection. Some days ago I was informed of your disgrace, and the motives which have induced you to arm at every turn, in order to take vengeance on your enemies: and having once and again revolved your affair in my mind, I find that, according to the laws of duel, you are in the wrong to suppose yourselves affronted: for no individual can affront a whole community; unless they are accused of treason

by the lump; because the person guilty of the said treason is not known, consequently cannot be challenged by himself. Of this practice, we have an instance in Don Diego Ordonez de Lara, who challenged the whole town of Zamorano, because he did not know that Velido Dolfos alone was the traitor who had slain his king; he, therefore, defied the whole body of inhabitants, and to the whole body of them did the answer and revenge belong: though, indeed, signor Don Diego bordered upon extravagance, and exceeded the bounds of defiance; for he had not sufficient reason to challenge the dead, the water and the bread, or those who were yet unborn, as well as other minute matters therein set forth: but, let that pass, When choler once is born \*, the tongue all curb doth scorn—I mean a bridle to restrain it. This being the case then, that one single person cannot affront an entire kingdom, province, city, society, or corporation, it plainly appears, that you have no just cause to come forth, in order to take vengeance for that which was not really an affront; for it would be a good joke indeed, if the inhabitants of a town called Clockwell, should take it in their heads, at every turn, to slay every person that might ask, What † is't a clock? Or if the cheefemongers, fruiterers, whalebone-sellers, soap-boilers, and those of other names and appellations that are in the mouth of every boy, and hackneyed among the vulgar; I say it would surely be a good joke, if all those people, who are distinguished by their different callings, should be a-

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\* Literally, 'When choler quits the mother, the tongue has then no father.'

† I have ventured to deviate a little from the precise meaning of the original, which the reader will own to be very insipid, when he reads the literal translation: "For it would be good, if the inhabitants of the town of Reloxa (signifying a watch or a clock) should, at every turn, slay those that call them so."

shamed and incensed at such simple provocations, and be always making scabbuts of their swords, in every trifling quarrel: no, no; God neither likes, nor will he suffer such unjustifiable revenge. Prudent men, and well-ordered commonwealths, ought to take up arms, unsheath their swords, and risque their persons, lives, and fortunes, for four causes only. Firstly, to defend the catholic faith; secondly, in self-defence, which is justified by the laws of God and nature; thirdly, in behalf of one's honour, family, and fortune; and fourthly, in the service of his majesty, when he is engaged in a just war: and if we would add a fifth cause (which, indeed, ought to be ranked as the second), it is the defence of one's country. To these principal causes may be annexed some others, both just and reasonable, which may oblige us to have recourse to arms: but to take them up for childish trifles, and things that are rather subjects of laughter and diversion than of serious revenge, seems to denote a total defect of reason and discretion; especially as unjust vengeance (and surely no vengeance can be just) is diametrically opposite to that holy law we profess, by which we are enjoined to do good to our enemies, and love those by whom we are abhorred; a command which, though seemingly difficult, is not really hard to be observed, except by those who have less of God than of this world, and more of the flesh than of the spirit; for Jesus Christ, the true God and true man, who never lied, who neither was nor is capable of falsehood, as being our eternal lawgiver, tells us, that his yoke is easy, and his burden is light: therefore, he would not impose a command which we could not possibly fulfil; and consequently, good gentlemen, you are obliged by laws divine and human, to be appeased."

At this period, Sancho said within himself, "The devil run away with me, if this master of mine is not a downright theologister! at least, if he is not, no

two eggs were ever more alike." Don Quixote having taken breath a little, and finding the audience still attentive, was inclined to prosecute his harangue, and would certainly have pursued the subject, had not he been prevented by the archness of Sancho, who, during his master's pause, took it in hand, saying, "My master, Don Quixote de la Mancha, who, at one time, went by the name of the knight of the rueful countenance, but is at present called the knight of the lions, is a very learned gentleman, that understands Latin and Castilian like a perfect batchelor of arts. In all his sermons and exhortations, he proceeds like a very able soldier, as having all the laws and ordinances of what you call duel at his finger's end; therefore, you have no more to do but let yourselves be guided by his counsel; and if you go wrong, the blame shall lie upon my shoulders, especially, as he hath already told you, that it is mere madness to be angry without any cause but that of a man's braying. I remember, when I was a boy, I brayed whensoever and wheresoever I pleased, without let or molestation; ay, and so prettily and naturally, that I was always answered by all the asses of the common; yet, for all that, I did not cease to be the son of my parents, who were most worthy people; and though, for this talent, I was envied by more than enow of the gravest folks in the parish, I valued not their envy two farthings: and that you may see I speak nothing but the truth, wait a little and give me the hearing, for the art of braying is like that of swimming, which, when once learned, is never forgot."

So saying, he clapped his fingers to his nostrils, and began to bray so stoutly, that all the neighbouring vallies re-echoed the sound. But one of those who stood next him, supposing the squire made himself merry at their expence, lifted up a pole that was in his hand, and bestowed it upon him with such good will,



will, that Sancho, in spite of all his efforts, came to the ground.

Don Quixote seeing his squire so roughly handled, attacked the aggressor lance in hand ; but, such a number of people interposed, that he found it impossible to take vengeance : on the contrary, perceiving a cloud of stones ready to pour upon him, and, being threatened by a vast number of presented crossbows and muskets, he wheeled Rozinante about, and galloped off as fast as the steed could carry him ; recommending himself heartily to the protection of God, that he might be delivered from that danger ; and in the apprehension that some ball would enter at his shoulder, and make its exit through his breast, he held in his breath at every step, in order to know whether or not he was wounded. But those who composed the squadron, being satisfied with his flight, did not shoot after him ; and as for Sancho, they laid him across upon his beast, as soon as he recovered the use of his senses, and allowed him to follow his master : not that he was able to manage the ass ; but Dapple followed the footsteps of Rozinante, from whom he could not bear to be parted, though but for a moment. The knight having rode a good way, turned his horse's head, and seeing Sancho following, waited for his coming up, as he perceived nobody attempted to pursue him.

The warriors of Braywick kept their ground till night, and as their adversaries did not think proper to give them battle, returned to their own town, with joy and satisfaction ; and had they known the ancient custom of the Greeks, they would have erected a trophy on the spot.

## C H A P. XI.

Of things related by Benengeli, which he who reads them attentively, will know.

WHEN a brave man flies, he must have discovered some odds or foul play; and it is the business of prudent captains, to reserve themselves for better occasions. This maxim was verified in Don Quixote, who, by giving way to popular fury, and the evil intention of that incensed squadron, took to his heels, and, without paying the least regard to Sancho, or the danger in which he left him, moved off to such a distance as he judged sufficient for his own security. He was followed by Sancho lying across the ass, as we have already observed, who, by that time he was brought up to his master, had just recovered the use of his senses, and fell from Dapple at the feet of Rozinante, all battered and bruised, and in an agony of pain.

The knight dismounting to search his wounds, no sooner perceived he was found from head to foot, than he thus accosted him in angry tone: "In evil hour, you must understand braying, sirrah! Where did you learn it was convenient to talk of halts in the house of a man that was hanged? to the tenor of braying what bass could you expect but the basting of a cudgel? You have reason to thank God that, instead of receiving a benediction with a pole, you have not been crossed with a scymitar." "I am at present in no condition to answer, said Sancho; for methinks I talk through my shoulders; let us mount and depart from this place, and I shall make an end of my braying; though I shall never be weary of telling as how knights-errant run away, and leave their honest squires, beaten to chaff and pounded to cinders, in the power of their enemies." "There is a wide difference between flying and retreating,

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answered Don Quixote ; for you must know, Sancho, that valour which is not founded on the base of discretion, is termed temerity or rashness ; and the achievements of a rash person ought to be ascribed rather to good fortune than courage. I own, therefore, I have retreated, but not fled ; and in so doing have imitated a great number of valiant chiefs, who reserved themselves for more dignified occasions : and of these instances histories are full, but I omit rehearsing them at present, because the recital would be of no advantage to thee, or entertainment to myself."

By this time Sancho being set upon his ass again by Don Quixote, who likewise mounted Rozinante, they jogged along softly, in order to shelter themselves in a grove that appeared at the distance of a quarter of a league ; and the squire every now and then heaving up a most profound ah ! accompanied with piteous groans, his master desired to know the cause of such bitter ejaculations. To which question the squire replied, that from the extremity of his rump to the nape of his neck, he felt such intolerable pain as was like to deprive him of his senses. The cause of that pain, said Don Quixote, must doubtless be this ; as the pole or staff by which you have suffered was long and large, it extended over thy whole back, comprehending all those parts that now give you pain ; and if it had reached still farther, the pain would have been more extensive." "'Fore God, cried Sancho, your worship has taken me out of a huge uncertainty, and resolved the doubt in delicate terms. Body o'me ! was the cause of my pain so mysterious, that there was a necessity for telling me, I feel pain in those parts that were cudgelled ? Had my shins ached there might have been some reason for guessing at the cause of their aching ; but, surely there is no great witchcraft required to tell me that my back aches, because it was crossed with a quarter-staff. In good

faith, fir master of mine, Our neighbour's care hangs by a hair. Every day I see more and more how the land lies, and how little I have to expect from keeping your worship's company; for if you left me to be cudgelled at this time, we shall, upon a hundred different occasions, return to our late blankettings and other such toys; and though this misfortune has fallen upon my shoulders, the next may light upon my eyes. Abundantly better should I have done, but I am such a barbarian, that in all the days of my life, I never did well; I say again, abundantly better should I have done, had I returned to my house, my wife, and my children, and maintained and brought them up with what Providence should please to bestow; rather than sag after your worship in this manner, through roadless roads, and pathless paths, drinking bad liquor and eating worse food; then when I come to sleep, "Brother squire, measure out seven feet of ground; and if you choose to be more at your ease, take as much more, for the ladle is in your own hand, and lay yourself out to your heart's desire." Would to God I could see the first man who meddled with knight-errantry burnt to a cinder; at least the first booby who chose to be squire to such wiseacres as all former knight-errants must have been. Of the present, I say nothing; as your worship is one of the number I hold them in respect, because I am sensible, that in speaking and understanding, you know a point more than the devil himself."

"I would venture to lay a good wager, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that now while you are permitted to speak without the least hindrance, you feel no pain in any part of your body. Proceed, child, and out with every thing that comes into your head, or taries at your tongue's end; for provided you are free from pain, I shall convert into pleasure that disgust which proceeds from your folly and impertinence; and if you are so much bent upon returning to your house,  
your



your wife, and your family, God forbid that I should oppose your resolution. You have some of my money in your hands ; recollect how long it is since we set out on this my third fally ; then reckon what you might and should have earned monthly, and be your own paymaster." " When I worked for Thomas Carrasco, father of Batchelor Sampson, who is your worship's acquaintance, answered Sancho, I earned two ducats a month, besides my victuals: with your worship I know not what I can earn, though well I know, that the squire of a knight-errant has a much more troublesome office than that of a farmer's servant; for, in fact, we who serve husbandmen, let us work never so hard through the day, and happen what will, have a hot supper out of the pot at night, and lie in a good bed, which I have never enjoyed since I have been in your worship's service, except for that short space of time that we stayed in the house of Don Diego de Miranda; and bating the good cheer I found among the scum of Camacho's kettle, and my eating, drinking, and sleeping at the habitation of Basilius ; all the rest of the time I have slept on the hard ground, under the cope of heaven, exposed to what you call the inclemencies of the weather, living upon cheese-parings and crusts of bread, and drinking cold water, sometimes from the brooks and sometimes from the springs we met with in the public roads through which we travelled."

" Allowing, said Don Quixote, that all you have mentioned is true, how much more do you think I ought to give you than that which you received from Thomas Carrasco ?" " With the addition of two rials a month, replied Sancho, I shall think myself well paid, that is, with regard to my wages ; but as to some satisfaction for your worship's word and promise of making me governor of an island, methinks it would be but fair and honest to add six rials more ; and then, altogether, will come to thirty."

“ Very well reckoned, answered the knight ; now, according to the tail of wages you have mentioned, calculate fairly and exactly what I am indebted to you, for the five and twenty days that are elapsed since our departure from our own village, and, as I said before, be your own paymaster.” “ Body o’ me ! cried Sancho, your worship is quite out in your reckoning ; for in regard to the promise of the island, we must compute from the day in which your honour made the said promise to this blessed hour.” “ How long then has that same promise been made ?” said Don Quixote. “ If my memory does not fail me, answered the squire, it must be above twenty years, a few days over or under.” Here the knight, slapping his forehead with his hand, began to laugh heartily, saying, “ Why, my stay in the Sierra Morena, with the whole course of our peregrinations, has scarce employed two months ; and wilt thou say I have promised thee that island these twenty years ? Now I perceive thy intention is to keep, in lieu of wages, all my money that is in thy hands ; and if that be the case, and thou really lookest upon it with an eye of desire, I give thee the whole sum from this moment, and much good may it do thee ; for, provided I find myself rid of such a wretched squire, I shall think myself happy, though poor and penniless. But, tell me, thou prevaricator of all the squirely ordinances of chivalry ! where hast thou seen or read that any squire of a knight-errant ever presumed to bargain with his master, touching a certain monthly salary for his service ? Launch out, launch out, you ruffian, vagabond, and hobgoblin, for such you are, launch out, I say, into the mare magnum of chivalry ; and if you find that any squire ever attempted to say or even to think what thou hast here uttered, I will give thee leave to nail the passage on my forehead, and pinch the sign of the four nipples on my face, by way of additional mortification. Turn immediately the reins or the halter of  
your

your ass, and return to your house, your wife, and your family ; for one step farther thou shalt not travel with me. O bread ill bestowed ! O promise misapplied ! O wretch that favourest more of the beast than of the man ! At this juncture, when I was on the eve of raising thee to such a station as would have ennobled thee, even in spite of thy wife, thou seek'st to leave me ! Now, thou art going away, when I had firmly and unalterably resolved to make thee lord of the best island in the universe ! In a word, as thou thyself hast observed upon other occasions, An ass's mouth was not made for honey, &c. An ass thou art, an ass wilt thou be, ay, and thou wilt die like an ass, when the course of thy life is finished ; for I am convinced that thy days will reach their utmost period, before thou shalt learn and know what a beast thou art."

Sancho looked woefully at his master, while he poured forth these reproaches, from which the squire felt such compunction, that the tears started in his eyes, and he replied in a faint, whimpering tone, " My good master, I confess that, in order to be really and truly an ass, I want nothing but a tail, which if your worship will furnish me with, I shall think it well bestowed, and serve you as a beast of burthen all the days of my life. Good your worship, forgive and look upon my green years with compassion ; and consider that I know very little ; and if I speak a great deal of nonsense, it does not proceed from malice but infirmity ; and those who sin and kiss the rod, find favour in the sight of God." " I should have been surpris'd, Sancho, said the knight, if thou hadst not seasoned thy discourse with some proverbial expression. Well, then, for the present, I forgive thee, in hope of thy amendment, and on condition that thou wilt not henceforth betray such a fordid and selfish disposition, but endeavour to enlarge thy heart, fortify and encourage thy mind, to

wait the accomplishment of my promises, which, though it may not speedily happen, is nevertheless far from being impossible." Sancho said he would do his endeavour, and follow his advice, even though he should gather strength from feebleness.

Then they betook themselves to the covert of the grove, where the knight accommodated himself at the root of an elm, and the squire retreated to the foot of a beech; for these and other such trees never want feet, though they are always destitute of hands. Sancho passed the night in great trouble; for the cold air augmented the pain of his bruises; whereas, Don Quixote amused himself with his incessant meditations. Nevertheless, both master and man gave way to the operations of sleep, and at the approach of morn, prosecuted their way to the banks of the renowned Ebro, where they were involved in an adventure that will be recounted in the succeeding chapter.

## C H A P. XII.

Of the famous adventure of the enchanted bark.

**B**Y dint of travelling at a very deliberate pace, for the space of two days after they quitted the grove, Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at the river Ebro, the sight of which afforded infinite pleasure to the knight, who eagerly contemplated the amenity of its banks, the transparency of its water, the tranquillity of its course, and the abundance of its crystal stream, the joyous prospect of which renewed in his remembrance a thousand amorous thoughts that chiefly turned upon what he had seen in the cave of Montefinos; for, although master Peter's ape had declared, that part of those circumstances was true, and part of them false, he inclined more to the belief that they were altogether real; while Sancho, on the contrary, looked upon the whole detail as one continued lie.

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As they jogged on in this manner, their view was saluted by a small boat, without oars, or any other tackle, close to the river-side, and made fast to a tree that grew on the bank. Don Quixote looking around him, without perceiving any living soul, alighted immediately from Rozinante, commanding Sancho to quit the back of Dapple, and tie both beasts securely to the trunk of a poplar or willow that grew upon the spot. When the squire desired to know the cause of this sudden descent and ligation: "You must know, Sancho, said the knight, that this vessel is here on purpose, without a possibility of any other design, to call and invite me to embark, that I may be conveyed to the succour of some knight, or other necessitous personage of high degree, who must certainly be involved in some dire disaster; for this is the very spirit of books of chivalry, and the practice of those enchanters concerning whom they treat, who when any knight in distress cannot be delivered by their art, but solely by the prowess of another errant, though perhaps at the distance of two or three thousand leagues or more, they snatch him up in a cloud, or provide him with a vessel, in which he embarks, and in the twinkling of an eye he is transported either through the air, or by sea to the place where his assistance is required: this bark, therefore, O Sancho, is brought hither for the like purpose, as sure as it is now day; and before the day be spent, take and secure Dapple and Rozinante together, and let us commit ourselves to the direction of God; for even the barefooted Carmelites shall not dissuade me from embarking." "Since that is the case, answered Sancho, and your worship is resolved at every turn to plunge into these (I know not whether I should call them mad) vagaries, I have nothing to do but bow and obey; according to the proverb, If you obey the commands of your lord, you may sit as a guest at his board. Nevertheless, in order to disburthen my conscience,

conscience, I must give your worship notice, that in my opinion this same bark has nothing to do with enchanted people, but belongs to some fishermen of this river, in which they catch the best shads in the world."

This remonstrance was made, while he tied the cattle, which he could not leave to the protection of enchanters, without being grieved to the very soul. But the knight exhorted him to banish his anxiety on account of the animals, which would be carefully maintained and protected by the same sage destined to transport their riders through roads and regions of such longitude." "I do not understand what you mean by logickhood, said the squire; for I never heard such a word before in the whole course of my life." "By longitude, I mean length, answered the knight, but I do not at all wonder that thou shouldst not understand the word; for thou art not obliged to be acquainted with the Latin tongue, like some arrogant people who pretend to knowledge of which they are entirely ignorant." "The beasts are now secured, said Sancho; what is next to be done?" "What! replied Don Quixote, but to cross ourselves, and weigh anchor; I mean, to embark and cut the rope by which the vessel is made fast."

So saying, he leaped on board, whither he was followed by Sancho, and the fastening being cut, the boat edged gently off from the bank. The squire seeing himself about two fathoms from the shore, began to tremble, in the apprehension of perishing; but nothing gave him more pain than hearing Dapple raise his voice, and seeing Rozinante struggle for his freedom. "Now Dapple, said he to his master, brays for grief at our departure; and Rozinante strives to get loose, that he may throw himself into the water and swim after us! Farewel, my dearly beloved friends, peace be with you, and may the madness that parts us be converted and undeceived,

ed, that we may be restored to your agreeable company."

Then he began to weep so bitterly, that the knight exclaimed in a tone of rage and vexation: "Of what art thou afraid, cowardly miscreant? wherefore dost thou weep, thou heart of butter? who persecutes, who molests thee, thou soul of a garret-mouse? or what wants dost thou suffer, beggarly wretch, rolling as thou art in the very bowels of abundance? art thou, peradventure, travelling barefoot over the Rhiphean mountains? No: seated like an archduke upon a convenient bench, thou art softly conveyed by the gentle current of this delicious river, from which, in a little time, we shall launch into the wide and extended ocean: but, indeed, we must have already entered the open sea, ay, and sailed at least seven or eight hundred leagues; and if I had here an astrolabe to take the elevation of the pole, I would tell thee exactly what way we have made; though either I have little skill, or we have already passed, or will pass, in a very little time, the equinoctial line, that divides the globe into two equal parts." "And how far shall we have gone when we come to that same line your worship mentions?" said Sancho. "A great way, replied the knight; for of three hundred and sixty degrees, comprehending the whole terraqueous globe, according to the computation of Ptolemy, who was the greatest cosmographer ever known, we shall have traversed one half when we reach the equinoctial line." "'Fore God! cried Sancho, your worship has brought a set of rare witnesses to prove the truth of what you say, Copulation and Kifs-me-gaffer, with the addition of 'Tool-i' me or some such name \*."

Don

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\* As it is altogether impossible, in a translation, literally to preserve the low humour arising from blunders upon words or sounds, I have been obliged to substitute an equivalent jingle, in the room

of

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's blunders, upon the computation of the cosmographer Ptolemy, adding, "You must know, Sancho, that one of the signs by which those who embark at Cadiz for the East Indies know they have passed the equinoctial, is the total destruction of vermin among the passengers and seamen; so that not one louse remains alive, or can be had in the whole ship, even though you should give its weight in gold; thou mayest therefore slip thy hand along thy thigh, Sancho, and if thou canst catch any thing alive, our doubt will be resolved; but if there is nothing to be found, we must certainly have passed the line." "I can hardly believe it, answered the squire; but however, I will do as your worship desires; though there is no necessity for trying those experiments; for I can see with my own eyes that we have not moved five yards from the bank, no, nor have we driven two yards below the cattle; for there stand Rozinante and Dapple, in the very spot where they were left; and taking aim as I do now, I vow to God, we do not move or go at the pace of a pismire." "Sancho, said the knight, perform the investigation I have mentioned, and give thyself no trouble about any other circumstance; for thou dost not know the meaning of colures, lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoxes, planets, constellations, points, and measures, that compose the spheres celestial and terrestrial. Wert thou acquainted with these, or even a part of them, thou wouldst distinctly perceive what parallels we have crossed, what signs we have seen, and what constellations we have left, and are now leaving behind us. I therefore repeat my request, that thou wouldst ex-

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of *Puto*, *Gase*, and *Meen*, which were Spanish words signifying, a *wbore*, a *catamite*, and a *piss-a-bed*: so that Sancho, deceived by the affinity of these sounds to *computo*, *cosmographo*, and *Ptolomeo*, thought he had reason to say his master had produced a fair set of evidences.

amine



amine and go a fishing upon thyself ; for I am persuaded thou art clean and smooth as a sheet of white paper."

Sancho, in compliance with his desire, slipped down his hand softly, and felt about his left ham ; then raising his head, and looking at his master, " Either the experiment is false, said he ; or we have not reached the place your worship mentioned, by many leagues." " What ! said the knight, hast thou found something !" " Ay, more than one something," answered the squire : who snapped his fingers, and afterwards washed them in the river, along the current of which the boat glided softly, without the assistance of any secret power, or concealed enchanter, being conveyed by nothing but the stream, which then ran with a smooth and gentle course.

In this manner they proceeded, when they discovered some large mills, built in the middle of the river, which Don Quixote no sooner perceived, than he addressed himself to Sancho, in an exalted voice : " Behold, my friend, yonder appears the city, castle, or fortress, that contains some oppressed knight-errant, queen, infanta, or princess in distress, for whose relief I am brought hither." " What the devil does your worship mean by a city, fortress, or castle ! cried the squire ; don't you see these are mills built in the river, for grinding wheat ?" " Peace, Sancho, replied the knight, although they appear to be mills, they are in reality edifices of a very different nature : I have already told thee, that all things are transformed and changed by the power of enchantment ; I do not mean, that they are really changed in any circumstance but appearance, as we have been taught by woeful experience, in the transformation of Dulcinea, the sole refuge of my hope."

By this time, the boat being sucked into the middle of the stream, so as to move considerably faster than at first, was perceived by the millers,

millers, who seeing it advancing to the indraught of the wheels, came suddenly out in a body, with long poles to stop its motion; and as their faces and cloaths were bepowdered with meal, they made a frightful figure, while they exclaimed with great vociferation, "You devils of men! where are you going? are you mad, to come and drown yourselves, or be ground to pieces by the wheels?"

Don Quixote hearing this address, "Did not I tell thee, Sancho, said he, that we had arrived at the scene in which I must exert the prowess of mine arm. Behold, what felons and assassins come forth to try my valour! behold what a number of hobgoblins range themselves against me! behold, I say, what horrid physiognomies appear to scare and over-awe us; but you shall presently see what will happen, ye ruffians!" Then, starting up, he began to threaten and revile them, exclaiming aloud, "Ye scum, ye scoundrels, ill-intentioned and worse-advised, release, I charge you, and restore to the full fruition of freedom, the person whom ye keep confined and oppressed in that fortress or jail, let him be high or low, or of what rank and quality soever he may be; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise intitled the knight of the lions, destined, by the appointment of Heaven above, to bring this adventure to an happy issue!"

So saying, he unsheathed his sword, and brandished it in the air, in defiance of the millers, who hearing this rhapsody without understanding it, began to employ their poles, in order to turn aside the boat, which by this time had entered the current and canal of the wheels. As for Sancho, he fell upon his knees, and prayed devoutly that Heaven would deliver him from such imminent danger; and his deliverance was accordingly effected by the alertness and dexterity of the millers, who pushed back the boat with their poles; yet, not without oversetting the vessel; so as that

that the knight and his squire were soufed over head and ears in the water. It was well for Don Quixote that he could swim like a goose ; nevertheless, the weight of his armour sunk him twice to the bottom, and had not the millers thrown themselves into the river, and weighed them up by main strength, it might have been said, Here Troy once stood \*."

They were no sooner dragged ashore, rather drenched than dead of drought, than the squire humbling himself upon his knees, again clasping his hands and lifting up his eyes to heaven, uttered a very fervent petition to God that he might be from thenceforward delivered from the frantic projects and mad attempts of his master. This ejaculation was scarce finished, when they were joined by the fishermen, who were owners of the boat, which was crushed to pieces by the mill-wheels ; and they perceiving the wreck, began to strip Sancho, and demand indemnification of his master, who, with great tranquillity, as if nothing at all had happened, told the millers and fishermen, that he would pay for the bark with the utmost cheerfulness, on condition that they would release, without ransom or security, the person or persons whom they detained in durance and oppression within the castle.

" What does the madman mean by persons and castles, answered one of the millers ; wouldst thou carry off the customers that bring grist to our mills, forsooth ?" " Enough, said Don Quixote within himself, I might as well preach to the desert, as attempt by intreaties to prevail upon such miscreants to do any virtuous action. In this adventure there must certainly be two powerful enchanters en-

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\* In allusion to the speech that Virgil puts in the mouth of Panthus Othryades, who says to Æneas,

——— *fuit Ilium, et ingens*  
*Gloria Teucrorum !*

gaged on opposite sides, one of whom baffles the designs of the other; by one I was provided with a bark, and his antagonist overturned me in the water. Lord mend us! the world is nothing but a continual warfare of opposite machinations and deceit: for my own part, I can do no more." Then raising his voice, and fixing his eyes upon the mills, "Friends, cried he, whosoever you are who lie confined within that prison, forgive me, that for my misfortune, as well as your's, it is not in my power to extricate you from your distress; for some other knight the adventure must be reserved." Having pronounced this apostrophe, he compounded with the fishermen, for whose boat he paid fifty rials, which Sancho disbursed with great reluctance, saying, "Two such boatfuls will sink our whole flock to the bottom."

The fishermen and millers gazed with admiration at those two figures, so different in appearance from other men; and as they could by no means understand the meaning and tendency of Don Quixote's discourse, and the questions he asked, they looked upon them as madmen, and went away. The millers retreated to their mills, the fishermen betook themselves to their cottage; the knight and squire, like beasts, returned to their beasts: and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

### C H A P. XIII.

Of what passed between Don Quixote and a fair huntress.

**I**N a melancholy plight did the knight and squire reach the place where their cattle stood; indeed they were both sufficiently out of humour, especially Sancho, who was cut to the soul by the encroachment upon their capital, which to him was as precious as the apple of his eye. At length they mounted, in the most profound silence, and departed from the

banks



banks of that famous river; Don Quixote buried as it were amidst the meditations of his love, and Sancho immersed in those of his preferment, which at that time seemed to be at a weary distance; for maugre all his simplicity and folly, he could easily perceive that all, or the greatest part, of his master's actions, proceeded from frenzy and distraction: he therefore resolved to take an opportunity of retreating abruptly to his own house, without expostulation, or the ceremony of taking leave. But fortune ordained that things should fall out quite contrary to his apprehensions.

Next day at sun-set, as they came out of a wood, Don Quixote extending his view over a delightful green meadow, perceived some people at the farther end of it; and as he proceeded, saw they were falconers: approaching still nearer, he observed among them a gay lady, mounted upon a palfrey or beautiful pad as white as the driven snow, adorned with green furniture and a saddle of silver: the lady was likewise dressed in a rich habit of the same colour, as fine as finery itself. On her left hand she carried a hawk, a circumstance from which the knight concluded she was some lady of high rank, and mistress of all the rest; nor was he mistaken. On this supposition, therefore, he said to his squire, "Make haste, son Sancho, go and tell that lady of the palfrey and hawk, that I, the knight of the lions, send my respects to her exceeding beauty; and that with her good leave, I will go and pay my compliments in person, and make her a tender of my service to the utmost of my power, in whatever she shall please to command: but keep a guard upon your tongue, Sancho, and beware of thrusting in some of your proverbs, while you deliver my embassy." "To be sure, you have found me a deadly thruster, answered the squire, that you give me such warning, as if this were the first time in my life, that I have carried embassies to ladies of high rank

rank and augmentation." "Except that which you carried to the lady Dulcinea, said the knight, I do not know that ever you carried another, at least while in my service." "That's true, replied Sancho, but a good paymaster never wants bail; and a dinner is easily got, where there is plenty of meat for the pot: what I mean is, that there is no occasion to tell me or advertise me of any thing; for I am never out, and have a sort of a smack of every thing." "I believe it, Sancho, said Don Quixote; go in peace, and God be your guide."

The squire setting out accordingly, at a good rate, and spurring Dapple beyond his natural pace, came up with the fair huntress; then alighting and kneeling before her, "Beautiful lady, said he, yonder knight, called the knight of the lions, is my master, and I am his squire, known at my own home by the name of Sancho Panza; and that same knight of the lions, though formerly of the rueful countenance, sends me to beg your grandeur would be pleased to allow him purposely, courteously, and consentingly, to come and gratify his desire, which is no other, as he says, and I believe, than to serve your exalted beauty and hawkingship; and in so doing, your excellency will do a thing that will redound to your own advantage, and from which he will receive the most notorious honour and satisfaction."

"Worthy squire, replied the lady, assuredly you have delivered your embassy with all the circumstances that such embassies require: pray rise, for it is not reasonable, that the squire of such a great knight-errant as he of the rueful countenance, whose character is well known in these parts, should remain in that posture; rise, friend, and go tell your master, that he shall be extremely welcome to command the services of me and the duke my husband, at our country-house in the neighbourhood." Sancho arose, equally astonished at the beauty, good-breeding, and affability

of this worthy lady: but he was still more surpris'd at what she said concerning the well-known character of the knight of the rueful countenance; for if she did not give him the appellation of the lions, it was because he had but lately assumed that epithet. "Pray, tell me, brother squire, said the duchess, (whose title is not known,) is not your master the person whose history is printed under the name of the sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, who professes himself the admirer of one Dulcinea del Toboso?" "The very same, my lady, answered Sancho, and I myself am that very squire of his who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned, in that history, by the name of Sancho Panza, unless they have changed me in the cradle, I mean in the press." "I am extremely glad to hear it, replied the duchess: go, brother Sancho, and tell your master, that he is well met, and welcome to my estate; and that nothing could give me more pleasure than his arrival."

Sancho, in an excess of joy, occasioned by this agreeable answer, returned, and recounted to his master all that this lady of rank had said, extolling to the skies, in his rustic phrase, her exceeding beauty, good-humour, and politeness. The knight chose one of his genteelest attitudes, fixed himself well in his stirrups, adjusted his vizor, quickened Rozinante, and with an agreeable air, advanced to pay his respects to the duchess, who, while he approached, caused her husband to be called, and communicated the curious embassy. As they had read the first part of the history, from which they learned the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, they waited with infinite pleasure, and the most eager desire of being acquainted with the original, fully determined to gratify his humour in every thing, and treat him all the time he should stay with them, as a real knight-errant; that is, with all the ceremonies described in those

those books of chivalry they had read, and to which, indeed, they were greatly attached. Meanwhile, Don Quixote approaching with his beaver up, made a motion to alight, and Sancho made haste to hold the stirrup; but he was so unfortunate, that in dismounting from Dapple, he slipped his foot through the noose of the stirrup-rope, in such a manner, that he could not possibly disentangle himself, but continued hanging with his face and part of his body on the ground. The knight, who never alighted without his assistance, imagining that Sancho, as usual, held the stirrup, threw himself off with a swing, and the saddle, which must have been very ill girted, and he, came to the ground together; not without great disgrace, and a thousand curses, which he muttered between his teeth, against the unfortunate Sancho, whose leg was still in the stocks.

The duke, seeing their distress, ordered his huntsmen to assist the knight and squire; and they lifted up Don Quixote, who was very much bruised by the fall; nevertheless, he advanced as well as he could, with a limping pace, and kneeled before this noble pair: but the duke would by no means allow him to remain in that posture; on the contrary, alighting from his horse, he ran to embrace the knight, saying, "I am heartily sorry, Sir knight of the rueful countenance, that the first time you touch my ground, you should be so unlucky; but the carelessness of squires is often the cause of greater misfortunes." "This accident, valiant prince, replied Don Quixote, cannot possibly be deemed a misfortune, though I had been plunged into the profound abyss: for even from thence should I have been raised and extricated by the glory of seeing your grace. My squire, whom God confound, is more ready at untying his tongue, in order to utter malicious insinuations, than at tying and securing the girth of a saddle: but, whether fallen or exalted, afoot or on horse-



horseback, I shall always be devoted to your service, and that of my lady duchess, your grace's worthy consort, the dignified queen of beauty, and universal princess of politeness." "Softly, my good signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, said the duke, where my lady Dulcinea del Toboso reigns, no other beauty deserves applause."

By this time Sancho Panza had disentangled himself and come up, and interposing in the discourse, before his master could make any reply, "It cannot be denied, said he, but must always be affirmed, that my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is extremely beautiful: but the hare starts where she is least expected; for, I have heard it said, that the power called nature is like a potter, who, if he can make one beautiful vessel, can in like manner make two, three, ay, and a hundred: this I observe, because, in good faith, my lady duchess comes not a whit behind my lady mistress Donna Dulcinea del Toboso." Don Quixote turning to the duchess, "Your grace must know, said he, that no knight-errant upon earth has such a prattling and freespoken squire as mine; and he will certainly verify my words, if your highness shall be pleased to make use of my service for a few days." "I have the better opinion of honest Sancho, for his being freespoken, answered the duchess: that is a sign of his discretion; for pleasantry and wit, signor Don Quixote, as your worship very well knows, do not love to dwell in a reserved disposition; and therefore, since honest Sancho is frank and freespoken, I from henceforth set him down as a man of discretion." "And loquacity," added the knight. "So much the better, said the duke, for a great deal of wit cannot be expressed in a few words; and that we may not spend more time in them, come, renowned knight of the rueful countenance—" "Of the lions, your highness must call him, cried Sancho; the rueful countenance is no more." "Of the lions

let it be then, continued the duke; I say, come, Sir knight of the lions, to a castle I have in this neighbourhood, where you shall meet with that reception which is due to a person of your fame and character, and that respect which I and the duchess always pay to the knights-errant who favour us with their company."

By this time Sancho having replaced and secured Rozinante's saddle, Don Quixote bestrode that famous steed; and the duke mounting a beautiful courser, they rode towards the castle, on each side of the duchess, who desired Sancho to keep close to her; for she took infinite pleasure in hearing his conceits. Indeed, the squire did not need intreaty, but mingling among the three, made a fourth in the conversation, to the unspeakable satisfaction of their graces, who thought themselves extremely fortunate in having an opportunity of entertaining at their castle, such a knight-errant, and such an erring squire.

#### C H A P. XIV.

Which treats of manifold important subjects.

Sancho rejoiced exceedingly at seeing himself, as he thought, a favourite with the duchess; for being a staunch wellwisher to good cheer, he imagined he should find the same abundance in the castle, which prevailed in the houses of Don Diego and Basilius, and always took by the forelock every occasion of living at his ease. The history then relates, that before they reached the castle or pleasure-house, the duke riding on before, directed his servants how to behave to Don Quixote, who no sooner arrived at the gate with the duchess, than two lacquies or grooms came forth, clad in long trailing morning gowns of fine crimson sattin, and lifting him off, said, without being heard or perceived, "Your highness must go and help my lady duchess to dismount."





*The Duches's introducing Don Quixote  
to her Castle.*



The knight took the hint, and a dispute of compliments passed between them on the subject; but at length the obstinacy of the duchess prevailed; for she would not quit her palfrey, or alight, except in the arms of the duke, saying, she was not worthy to load such an excellent knight with such an useless burden: at last, the duke came out to perform the office, and when they entered the court-yard, they were met by two beautiful damsels, who threw a mantle of the finest scarlet over Don Quixote's shoulders, and the corridors were instantly crowded with servants of both sexes, who exclaimed aloud, "Welcome, thou flower and cream of knights-errant;" while all, or the greatest part of them, emptied bottles of sweet water upon him and their graces, to the admiration of Don Quixote, who now, for the first time, was sure and satisfied of his being a real, and not a fantastic knight-errant, because he saw himself treated as the knights of former ages whose histories he had read.

Sancho quitted Dapple, and betaking himself to the duchess, entered the castle, where, however, his conscience upbraiding him, for having left his beast alone, he made up to a reverend duenna, who, with others, had come out to receive the duchess, and accosting her in a soft voice, "Signora Gonzalez, said he, or what's your name, madam?" "My name is Duenna Rodriguez de Grijalva, answered the gentlewoman; what are your commands, brother?" "I wish you would do me the favour, good madam, replied the squire, to go to the castle-gate, where you will find a dapple ass of mine, and be so good as either to send or lead him to the stable; for the poor creature is a little timorous, and cannot bear to be alone, by any manner of means." "If the master be as wise as the man, cried the duenna, we have brought our pigs to a fine market; get you gone, brother, with a vengeance to you, and those who brought



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N 2 brought

brought you hither, and take care of your ass with your own hands : the duennas of this house are not used to such employment." " But, for all that, said Sancho, I have heard my master, who is a perfect mine of history, tell as how, when Lancelot came from Britain, ladies tended his own person, and duennas took care of his horse : now, with respect to my ass, I declare I would not exchange him for signor Lancelot's courser." " Hark ye, friend, replied the duenna, if you are a jack-pudding, keep your jokes for a proper place, where they may turn to account : from me you'll get nothing but a fig for them." " Very well, said the squire, I'll answer for its ripeness : your ladyship won't lose your game by a short reckoning." " You whoreson, cried the duenna, in a violent rage, whether I am old or not, I must render an account to God, and not to such a garlic-eating rascal as you."

This address she pronounced in such an audible voice, that she was overheard by the duchess, who, turning about, and seeing her woman in such wrath and trepidation, asked, with whom she was in such passion ? " With this honest fellow here, answered the duenna, who has earnestly desired me to go and house an ass of his, that stands at the castle-gate, telling me forsooth, as an example, that the same employment was undertaken by some ladies, who took care of one Lancelot, while the duennas looked after his horse ; and, to crown the compliment, he tells me I am old." " I, myself, said the duchess, would construe that into the greatest affront that could be given : take notice, friend Sancho, that Donna Rodriguez is in the prime of her youth ; and that the veil she wears is more for authority and custom, than on account of her years." " Accursed be those I have to live, cried the squire, if I spoke to her for that reason ; but, only for the great affection I bear to my ass, whom I thought I  
could



could not recommend to a more charitable person than Signora Donna Rodriguez." Don Quixote over-hearing all that passed, "Is that proper discourse for this place, Sancho?" said he. "Signor, replied the squire, every man must speak of his wants where he finds them: here I thought of Dapple, and here I talked of him; and if he had come into my head in the stable, there too he should have been honourably mentioned." Here the duke interposing, "Sancho is very much in the right, said he, and must not be blamed for what he has said: Dapple shall have no more to do but ask and have as much provender as he can eat; so that Sancho may be quite easy in that respect, for his beast shall be treated like his own person."

This conversation, which was extremely agreeable to all, except Don Quixote, brought them to the top of the stair-case: and the knight being conducted into an apartment, hung with the richest tissue and brocade, was unarmed, and attended by six sprightly damsels, well instructed by the duke and duchess in the particulars of behaviour which they were to observe towards Don Quixote, in order to convince him that he was treated in all respects like a knight-errant. Thus disarmed, he remained in his strait breeches and shamoy doublet, so long, so lank, so lean, with his lanthorn jaws kissing each other, that if the damsels had not been very careful in preserving their gravity, according to the precise orders they had received, they must certainly have burst with laughing at the sight of such an uncouth figure. They desired he would allow them to undress and shift him; but he would not assent to this proposal, saying that knights-errant ought to be as remarkable for decency as for valour: he therefore bade them deliver the shirt to Sancho, with whom shutting himself up in a chamber, furnished with a magnificent bed, he was immediately undressed and shifted. Then being alone

with his squire, "Tell me, said he, thou modern buffoon and ancient blockhead! was it thy province to dishonour and affront a venerable duenna, so worthy of reverence and respect? Was that a time to think of Dapple? or couldst thou imagine those noble persons would neglect the cattle belonging to guests whom they treated with such elegance? For the love of God, Sancho, set a guard upon thy tongue, and behave so as that people may not discover, by the thread, the coarse country web of which thou art woven: consider, sinner as thou art, that the master is respected in proportion to the discretion and good breeding of his servants; and this is one of the great advantages which noblemen have over people of inferior rank: dost thou not consider, thou plague to thyself, and vexation to me! that if they perceive thee to be a base-bred clown or blundering fool, they will take me for some cheating impostor, or knight of the post! No, no, Sancho, shun and avoid those inconveniencies; for he who sets up for a merry-andrew, falls at the first stumble into a disgraceful buffoon: bridle thy tongue, therefore, consider and ruminate well, before the words issue from thy mouth; and remember that we are now arrived at a place from whence, by the favour of God, and the valour of mine arm, we shall depart, bettered three, nay five-fold, both in fortune and in fame." Sancho promised with repeated assurances, that he would rather stitch up his mouth, or bite off his tongue, than utter one word that should not be pat to the purpose, and well considered, according to his command; and that he might make himself perfectly easy on that score; for by him it should never be discovered who they were.

Don Quixote having dressed himself, girded on his sword, thrown the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, and covered his head with a cap of green velvet, which he received from the damsels, came forth thus equipped,

equipped, into the great hall, where he found the maidens placed in two equal rows, furnished with the implements for hands-washing, which they administered with profound respect and abundance of ceremony: then came the major-domo, attended by twelve pages, to conduct him to the table where their graces waited for him; he was accordingly surrounded by these domestics, and led with great pomp and majesty into another hall, in which appeared a table nobly decorated, with four covers. The duke and duchess came to the door to receive him, attended by one of those grave ecclesiastics who govern the families of noblemen; who being of no birth themselves, know not how to direct those who are; who seek to measure the grandeur of the great by the narrowness of their own souls, and in attempting to make their pupils œconomists, convert them into downright misers: such, I say, was the grave clergyman who came out to receive Don Quixote, with the duke and duchess. After a thousand courteous compliments, they walked on each side of him to the table, where the duke complimented him with the upper end; and though he refused that honour, they importuned him so much, that he was obliged to comply; the clergyman sitting opposite to him, and the duke and duchess taking their places at the sides.

Sancho, who was present at all this ceremony, being confounded and astonished at the honours which were paid to his master, and perceiving the formality and intreaties that passed between his grace and Don Quixote, about sitting at the head of the table, intruded himself, as usual, into the discourse, saying, "With your honour's leave, I'll tell you a story of what happened in our village, with respect to the upper hand in sitting."

Scarce had he pronounced these words, when the knight began to tremble with apprehensions, that he was going to utter some absurdity; but the squire

seeing and understanding the cause of his master's trepidation, "Signor, said he, your worship needs not be afraid that I shall misbehave, or say something that is not to the matter in hand; for I have not forgot the advice I just now received from your worship, about speaking a little or a great deal, to the purpose, and not to the purpose." "I know nothing at all of the matter, answered the knight; say what thou wilt, so thou sayest it quickly." "Well then, replied Sancho, what I am going to say, is true, for my master Don Quixote, here present, would not suffer me to tell a lie." "As for me, said Don Quixote, you may lie as much as you please, without let or molestation; but I advise you to consider well what you are about to say." "I have it so well considered and reconsidered that I am as safe as he that hath the repique in hand, as will appear in the performance." "Your graces will do well, said Don Quixote, to order the servants to turn out this madman, who will commit a thousand blunders." "By the life of the duke! cried the duchess, I will not part with my good friend Sancho, for whom I have a very great respect, because I know him to be a person of wit and pleasantry." "Pleasant may all the days of your holiness be, for your good opinion of my deserts, said the squire; though God knows, they are but slender enough: however, my story is:

"There was an invitation given by a gentleman of our town, who was both rich and well born, as being come of the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married to Donna Mencia de Quinones, daughter of Don Alonzo de Maranon, knight of the order of St. Jago, who was drowned in the Herradura, and occasioned a quarrel some years ago in our village, in which, if I am not mistaken, my master Don Quixote was concerned; but this I know, Mad Tom, the son of old Balvastro, the blacksmith, was hurt on that occasion: now, Sir master of mine, is not this God's truth!



truth ! speak upon your worship's honour, that these noble persons may not look upon me as a chattering liar." "Hitherto, said the clergyman, I take you to be a chatterer rather than a liar; but I know not what I shall take you for in the sequel." "Thou hast produced so many witnesses and tokens, replied the knight, that I cannot but say thy story looks like truth: proceed, however, and shorten thy tale, for thou art in the way of lengthening it out for the space of two whole days." "He shall not shorten it, said the duchess, if he consults my entertainment; but on the contrary, tell it in his own way, though it should not be finished in six days; for should it hold out so long, they will be some of the pleasanter I ever passed."

"Well then, my masters, proceeded Sancho, that same gentleman, whom I know as well as I know these two hands, for it is not above a bow-shot from his house to mine, invited a farmer, who, though not rich, was a very honest man." "Dispatch, brother, cried the priest, interposing, for at this rate your story will reach to the other world." "It will hardly go half so far, an it please God," answered the squire, who thus proceeded. "So, as I was saying, the farmer going to the house of the gentleman-inviter, who is now dead, God rest his soul! by the same token, they said he died like an angel; for my own part I was not present at his death, having gone a reaping to Tembleque." "As you hope to live, son, cried the ecclesiastic, return quickly from Tembleque, and finish your story without staying to inter the gentleman, unless you have a mind to bury us all." "Well, to come to the point, replied Sancho; when the two came to be seated at table. Methinks I see them now more than ever." The duke and duchess were infinitely pleased with the disgust which the reverend ecclesiastic expressed at the tedious and circumstantial manner in which the squire related his

N 5

story,

story, while Don Quixote was almost consumed by shame and indignation. "I say, moreover, resumed Sancho, that the two, as I have already observed, coming to sit down at the table, the farmer obstinately refused to take the upper end, according to the desire of the entertainer; while the gentleman on the other hand as obstinately insisted upon his compliance, alleging that he ought to be master in his own house; but the farmer, who piqued himself upon his politeness and good breeding, still persisted in his refusal, until the gentleman growing angry, took him by the shoulders, and thrust him into the seat, saying, "Know, Mr. Chaffthresher, that where-soever I sit, I shall always be at the head of the table." Now this is my tale, and I really believe it was brought in pretty pat to the purpose."

Don Quixote's brown face was speckled with a thousand different colours at this recital: and their graces restrained their laughter, that he might not be quite abashed at the sarcastic insinuation of his squire. To change the discourse, therefore, and prevent Sancho from uttering other such dangerous conceits, the duchess addressing herself to the knight, asked, when he had heard from the lady Dulcinea? and if he had lately sent her any presents from the great number of giants and robbers whom he must have vanquished? To this interrogation the knight replied, "My misfortunes, madam, though they had a beginning, will never have an end. Giants I have vanquished; felons and robbers I have sent; but where must they find her, enchanted and transformed as she is into the most homely country wench that can be imagined!" "This I know, said Sancho Panza: to me she seemed the most beautiful creature in the whole world; at least, in point of nimbleness and leaping, she would get the better of a professed rope-dancer; in good faith, my lady duchess, she skipped from the ground upon her ass, like a perfect cat."

cat." "What! have you seen her enchanted, Sancho?" said the duke. "How! I seen her! replied the squire: who the devil but I was the first that fell upon the plot of the enchantment: to be sure she was as much enchanted as my father!"

The ecclesiastic hearing them talk of giants, felons, and enchantments, began to imagine that this must be the Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose history the duke took such delight in reading, that he had often reprehended his grace for being so mad as to read such nonsense; and being now confirmed in his suspicion, he said to the duke, in a very choleric tone, "Signor, your excellency is accountable to Heaven for the actions of that poor man. That Don Quixote, or Don Driveller, or what's his name, would not, I imagine, be such a fool, if your excellency did not administer fuel and encouragement to his madness and folly." Then addressing himself to the knight, "And pray, Mr. Wiseacre, said he, who has stuffed your brain with the ridiculous conceit of your being a knight-errant, conquering giants, and apprehending robbers? Return, in good hour (for in good hour I advise you), return to your own house, educate your children, if you have any, take care of your own concerns, and leave off strolling about the country, sucking the wind, and exposing yourself to the laughter of those who do, and those who do not, know your infirmity. Where, in evil hour, did you find that there are, or ever were, knights-errant? Where did you ever see giants in Spain, caitiffs in La Mancha, or enchanted Dulcineas, with all that tribe of absurdities that are recounted as your adventures?"

Don Quixote, who listened attentively to the discourse of this venerable person, no sooner perceived he had left off speaking, than forgetting the respect he owed the duke and duchess, he started up, and with an ireful aspect and glowing visage, replied—But the reply deserves a chapter for itself.

## C H A P. XV.

Containing Don Quixote's reply to his reprover ; with other serious and diverting incidents.

**D**ON Quixote, starting up and trembling from head to foot like quicksilver, thus accosted the ecclesiastic, with an eager, yet faltering tongue: "The place and presence in which I am, and the respect which I always had and still have for the function you profess, withhold and tie up the hands of my just resentment: for these reasons, as well as because I know what all the world knows, that gownmen and women make use of no weapons but their tongues, I will, with mine, fairly engage your reverence, of whom I might have expected good advice rather than infamous reproach, as wholesome and well-meant reproof requires far other circumstances, and ought to be conveyed in gentler terms; at least, a rebuke in public, delivered with such asperity, has exceeded all the bounds of christian reprehension, the beginning of which ought to be mild rather than severe; nor is it just to call the delinquent, in plain terms, a wiseacre and a fool, without knowing the nature of the fault for which he is reprehensible. But pray, tell me, reverend signor, for which of the absurdities you have noted in my behaviour, do you condemn and reproach me, bidding me return to my own house, to take care of my family, my wife and children, without knowing whether I have either wife or children? What then! is there nothing required but to enter a house at random, in order to lead the master by the nose? and shall a narrow-minded pedant, on the strength of having taught a few pupils to read Latin, though he has seen no more of the world than what may be contained in twenty or thirty leagues of district, presume abruptly, without permission, to give laws to chivalry, and judge of knights-



knights-errant? Is it a vain undertaking then, or is the time mispent, which we employ in travelling about the world, not in quest of its delights, but its adversities, by which good men ascend the throne of immortality? Had I been counted a fool by knights, or people of fashion, birth, and generosity, I should have deemed myself irreparably affronted; but my being regarded as a madman by book-worms who never entered or trod the paths of chivalry, I value not a farthing: a knight I am, and a knight I shall die, according to the pleasure of the Almighty. Some choose the spacious field of proud ambition; others take that of base and servile adulation; a third sett follow the paths of deceitful hypocrisy; and a fourth proceed in that of true religion; but I, by the influence of my stars, pursue the narrow track of knight-errantry, for the exercise of which, I undervalue fortune in the chace of honour. I have assisted the aggrieved, redressed wrongs, chastised the insolent, overcome giants, and overthrown hobgoblins. I am enamoured, for no other reason but because it is necessary that knights-errant should be in love; and this being the case, I am not a vicious libertine, but a chaste Platonic admirer. My intention I always direct to a worthy aim; namely, to do good unto all men, and harm to no creature. Whether or not he who thinks, acts, and speaks in this manner, deserves to be called a fool, let your graces determine."

"Well argued, master! cried Sancho: 'Fore God! your worship needs say no more in behalf of your own character; for there is no more to be said, thought, or insisted upon; especially as that gentleman denies, and he certainly has denied, that there either are, or ever were, knights-errant in this world; so that he knows nothing at all of the matter!'"

"Brother, replied the priest, belike you are that Sancho Panza, to whom they say your master has promised an island?" "Yes, I am, said the squire, and

and I hope I deserve it as well as another. I am one of whom you may say, Keep good company, and you'll learn good manners; and I ask not where you was hatched, but where you was watched. And again, Well sheltered shall he be, who leans against a sturdy tree. Now I have leaned against a good master, and accompanied him many months, and will learn to be just such another as himself; and if God pleases, and he live and I live, he will not want governments to give, nor I islands to govern." "No surely, friend Sancho, said the duke, for I myself, in the name of signor Don Quixote, will confer upon you the government of an odd island, and that not inconsiderable, which is in my possession." "Fall upon your knees, Sancho, cried Don Quixote, and kiss his excellency's feet, for the honour he has done you." Sancho did as he was desired; and the ecclesiastic no sooner saw the ceremony performed, than he rose from table in a violent passion, saying, "By the habit which I wear, I affirm, that your excellency is as mad as these poor sinners; what wonder that they should be frantic, when people who are in their senses canonize their frenzy? Your excellency may enjoy their company by yourself; for while they remain in this house, I shall stay in my own, and excuse myself from reproving what I cannot remedy." Without farther speech, or eating another mouthful, he went away abruptly, in spite of all that their graces could say to detain him. Indeed, the duke said not much; for he was hindered by the laughter which the priest's impertinent indignation had produced; however, as soon as he could resume his gravity, he addressed himself to Don Quixote in these words:

"Sir knight of the lions, your worship has made such an ample reply, that nothing farther remains to be done, by way of satisfaction, for that, which, though it may seem an affront, falls by no means under that denomination; for neither the female sex,

nor

nor the clergy, can give affronts, as your worship so very well knows." "Undoubtedly, answered the knight; and the reason is, because those persons who cannot receive, are not capable of giving an affront. Women, children, and ecclesiastics, as they cannot defend themselves when attacked, so neither can they be affronted; for there is this difference between an injury and affront, as your excellency well knows: an affront comes from a person who is capable of giving an affront; and when it is given, maintains it; whereas, an injury may come from any quarter, unattended by an affront. For example, a man walking carelessly in the street, is assaulted and cudgelled by ten armed persons, against whom he draws his sword, and behaves like a man of honour; but he is overpowered by the number of his antagonists, and prevented from executing his intention, which is to revenge the wrong; this man is injured, not affronted. A truth which we will confirm by another example. A man comes and strikes another, whose back is turned, and then betakes himself to his heels; and the other pursues, though he cannot overtake the fugitive; the man so struck received an injury but no affront, because an affront ought to be maintained. If he who gave the blow, though it was done by stealth, in a cowardly manner, had drawn his sword, and stood facing the enemy, he who received the blow would have been both injured and affronted; injured, because he was surprised; and affronted, because he who gave the blow maintained it by keeping his ground. And therefore, according to the punctilios of honour, I may be injured but not affronted; for women and children do not feel those things; they can neither fly nor stand their ground: and the same rule holds good with those who are consecrated to the service of religion. Now these three classes of mankind are destitute of offensive and defensive weapons; and though nature obliges them to stand in their own  
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defence, yet they can offend nobody: and albeit I just now said I might be injured, I now affirm it cannot be in any shape; for he who cannot receive, much less can he give an affront. For which reasons I ought not to resent, nor do I resent the reproaches of that honest man; I only wish he had stayed a little, until I should have convinced him of his error, in thinking and saying, there never were, nor are, knights-errant upon the face of the earth; an asseveration which might have turned to his prejudice, had it been overheard by Amadis, or any one of his infinite progeny." "I'll take my corporal oath, cried Sancho, that they would have given a backstroke that would have laid him open from top to toe, like a pomegranate or ripe melon: they were a rare set to endure such tickling. By my holidame! I am well assured, that if Reynaldos of Montalvan had heard this manikin's discourse, he would have given him such a slap in the mouth, that he should not have spoke another word in three long years. No, no: let him meddle with them, and he'll see how well he'll escape out of their clutches." The duchess had well nigh died with laughing at this speech of Sancho, who, in her sentiment, was a more diverting madman than his master, and a great many people at that time were of the same way of thinking.

Finally, Don Quixote was appeased, dinner ended, and the cloth being taken away, in came four damsels, one of them with a silver ewer, another with a flask of the same metal, a third with a couple of very fine white towels over her arm, and a fourth with her arms bare up to the elbow, and in her white hands, for doubtless they were white, a washball of Neapolitan soap. She who carried the ewer, approaching with a genteel carriage, and modest assurance, thrust it under the beard of Don Quixote, who, without speaking one word, wondered at this

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ceremony ; from which he concluded, that it was the custom of the country to wash beards, instead of hands : he therefore stretched out his chin as far as he could, and immediately the flask began to rain : the damsel with the soap ball lathered him with great expedition, raising flakes of snow (for the suds were as white) not only upon the beard, but also over the whole face of the obedient knight, insomuch that he was obliged to shut his eyes in their defence ; while the duke and duchess, who were not in the secret, sat impatiently waiting to see the issue of this ablution. The young she-barber having raised the lather as high as her hand, pretended the water was spent, and bade the damsel of the flask go for a fresh supply, and signor Don Quixote would have patience till her return. He accordingly waited with patience, exhibiting the strangest and most ludicrous figure that ever was conceived, to the view of numerous spectators, who seeing half a yard of neck more than moderately brown, two eyes shut, and his beard covered with lather, had need of great discretion to restrain their laughter, and it was a wonder they could smother it at any rate. As for the damsels concerned in the joke, they kept their eyes fixed on the ground, without daring to look at the duke and duchess, who were at once agitated by mirth and indignation ; and did not know, whether they should resolve upon chastising their presumption, or rewarding them for the pleasure they received in seeing the knight in such an attitude. At length the damsel returning with more water, they finished the ablution of Don Quixote ; then she who carried the towels having wiped and dried him with great composure, all four at once made a most profound courtesy, and were going away. But the duke, fearing the knight would smell the joke, called to the damsel of the ewer, saying, " Come hither, and wash me too, and be sure you have water enough." The girl

girl being very handy and acute, obeyed without hesitation, placed the ewer under his grace's chin, and when he was well washed, lathered, wiped, and dried, they dropped their curtesies and retired. It was afterwards known, the duke had sworn within himself, that if they should have refused to serve him in that manner, he would have chastised them for their assurance ; but they prudently escaped a scouring, by scouring his grace.

Sancho having attentively considered this ceremony of cleansing, " God's mercy ! said he within himself, is it the custom in this country to wash the squire's beard as well as the knight's ? for God and my own conscience knows, I have need of such purification ; and if they would give me the touch of a razor, the benefit would still be the greater." " What is that you mutter, Sancho ?" said the duchess. " I say, my lady, answered the squire, I have always heard it said, that in the courts of other princes, when the cloth is taken away, water for the hands is brought in, but not suds for the beard ; so that the longer we live, the more we learn : yet it is also observed, that he who lives much time will bear much misfortune ; though to undergo such a purification as this may pass for a pleasure rather than a toil." " Give yourself no concern, friend Sancho, said the duchess, for I will order my maids not only to wash, but also to lay you a-bucking, should it be necessary." " I shall be satisfied with the lathering of my beard, replied the squire, at least for the present ; and God will ordain what is to happen in the sequel." The duchess turning to the major-domo, " Remember, said she, what honest Sancho desires, and gratify his inclination with the utmost punctuality." This domestic promised that signor Sancho should be obeyed in all things ; and returning to dinner with the squire, left their graces and Don Quixote sitting at the table, discoursing on many and various subjects, though

though all of them related to chivalry and the exercise of arms.

The duchess intreated the knight, who seemed to possess such a tenacious memory, to delineate and describe the beauty and deportment of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who, she concluded from what fame had proclaimed of her charms, must be the fairest creature, not only in the whole world, but even in La Mancha. Don Quixote sighing, at her grace's request, "If, said he, I could take out my heart, and lay it before your highness, in a plate, upon this table, I should save my tongue the trouble of saying what is almost inconceivable, for in it your excellency would see her picture at full length: but why should I now attempt to delineate and describe circumstantially the particular charms of the peerless Dulcinea? A burthen worthy of other shoulders than mine, and a task which ought to employ the pencils of Parrhasius, Timanthes, and Apelles, together with the chissel of Lysippus, to exhibit her image on canvass, brass, and marble, as well as the Ciceronian and Demosthenian eloquence, to sound her praise." "What does signor Don Quixote mean by Demosthenian? said the duchess, which is a word I never heard before in the whole course of my life." "Demosthenian eloquence, answered the knight, has the same signification as the eloquence of Demosthenes, and Ciceronian means that of Cicero; for these two were the greatest orators in the whole world." "Certainly, said the duke, and you exposed yourself by such an interrogation: nevertheless, signor Don Quixote would give us infinite pleasure, could he be prevailed upon to describe that beauty which, even in a sketch or rough draught, would certainly appear such as might excite envy in the most beautiful women of the creation." "I would assuredly comply with your grace's desire, replied the knight, were not her idea blotted from my remembrance, by the misfortune which hath lately be-

befallen her ; a misfortune which induces me to bewail rather than describe her ; for your highness must observe, that when I went some time ago, to kiss her hands and receive her benediction, consent, and licence, for this my third sally, I found her quite otherwise than I expected : I found her enchanted and transformed from a princess into a country wench, from beauty into deformity, from an angel into a demon, from a delicious perfume into a pestilential vapour, from the pink of compliment into the most clownish dialect, from light into darkness, from a sedate young lady into a rustic romp, and finally, from Dulcinea del Toboso into a \* Sayago drab." " God protect us! (cried the duke with a loud voice) who can have done such mischief to the world, in robbing it of that beauty by which it was delighted, that good humour by which it was entertained, and that modesty which did it honour?" " Who? answered the knight, who could it be but one of the malignant and envious tribe of enchanters, by whom I am persecuted? That accursed race, brought into the world on purpose to obscure and annihilate the exploits of the good, and to illustrate and extol the deeds of the wicked. Persecuted I have been by enchanters, persecuted I am by enchanters, and enchanters will persecute me, until I and all my lofty feats of chivalry are plunged into the abyss of oblivion : nay, they injure and wound me in that part where they know my feeling is most acute ; for to deprive a knight-errant of his mistress, is to rob him of the eyes with which he sees, the sun by which he is enlightened, and the support by which he is maintained : I have many times said, and now I repeat the observation, that a knight-errant without a mistress, is like a tree with-

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\* Sayago is a district in the kingdom of Leon, the inhabitants of which were extremely poor and very meanly clothed.



out leaves, a building without cement, and a shadow without the substance by which it is produced."

"There is no more to be said, replied the dukes : nevertheless, if we are to believe the history of signor Don Quixote, which has lately been ushered into the world, with the general applause of the different nations that compose it, we must conclude (if I right remember) that your worship never saw the lady Dulcinea, and that there is no such person in being ; but that it is only a fantastical mistress, begot and born in your imagination, which hath decked her with all the graces and perfection that fancy could conceive." "Much may be said on that subject, answered Don Quixote : God knows whether or not there is such a person as Dulcinea in the world, whether she is fantastical or not fantastical ; for these things are not to be too nicely investigated : for my own part, I neither begat nor bore my mistress, although I contemplate her with that admiration which is due to a lady, in whom are centered those qualities that ought to render her renowned throughout the whole world, such as beauty without blemish, gravity without pride, tenderness with chastity, affability from courtesy, courtesy from good-breeding ; and, finally, dignity from birth, because nobleness of blood reflects an additional splendour upon beauty, and shews it to greater perfection than that which we find among the fairest of those who are meanly born." "Your observation is extremely just, said the duke ; but signor Don Quixote must give me leave to mention what the history of his adventures, which I have read, obliges me to declare ; namely, that though we grant there may be a Dulcinea, either in or out of Toboso ; and that she may be beautiful to excess, as your worship has described her ; yet, in respect to pedigree, she is by no means on a footing with the Orianas, the Alastareas, and Madasimas, together with the rest of that class,

class, which occurs so often in those histories that are so familiar to your worship."

"To that observation I can answer, said the knight, that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own works; that good qualities ennoble the blood, and that a virtuous person of low descent ought to be more esteemed than a vicious man of high degree; especially as Dulcinea possesses qualifications which may raise her to the throne of a crowned and sceptered queen; for the merit of a virtuous and beautiful woman is sufficient to work still greater miracles, and virtually, though not formally, contains within itself still greater advantages." "Signor Don Quixote, said the duchess, every thing you say is spoken with deliberation, and, according to the proverb, you proceed with the plummet in your hand; henceforth I shall firmly believe, and make my whole family, even the duke himself, should there be occasion, believe, that Dulcinea is living at this day in Toboso; that she is beautiful, high born, and in all respects worthy to be served and admired by such a knight as signor Don Quixote; and that is the highest compliment that can be bestowed. But I cannot help forming a scruple, and entertaining a kind of grudge against Sancho Panza: the scruple arises from a particular of the history, importing, that the said Sancho found the lady Dulcinea winnowing a sack of wheat, when he carried a letter to her from your worship, by the same token it is said to have been red wheat; a circumstance that makes me doubt the nobleness of her pedigree."

To this remark Don Quixote replied, "Madam, your highness must know, that all or the greatest part of the incidents that happen to me, deviate from the ordinary limits of those adventures which occur to other knights-errant, either conducted by the inscrutable will of destiny, or effected by the malice of some  
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envious enchanter : and it is a circumstance well known of all or the greatest part of renowned knights-errant, that one possessed the virtue of being proof against enchantment, another of being invulnerable, which was the case of the famous Orlando, one of the twelve peers of France, who, as it is recorded, could not be wounded in any other place but the sole of his left foot, and even there, with no other weapon than the point of a large pin ; so that Bernardo del Carpio, who slew him at the battle of Ronsevalles, perceiving that he could make no impression upon him with steel, lifted him off the ground, and strangled him between his arms, in imitation of the manner in which Hercules destroyed Anteus, that ferocious giant said to be the son of Earth. What I would infer from what I have said, is, that I too may have some of these virtues centered in my person, though not that of being invulnerable ; for I have been frequently convinced by experience that my flesh is very tender, and by no means impenetrable : nor that of being proof against enchantment ; for I once found myself cooped up in a cage, in which the whole world would not have had strength enough to enclose me, without the additional power of enchantment : but since I freed myself from that confinement, I am apt to believe that no other will ever interrupt the course of my adventures ; and therefore those enchanters seeing that their wicked arts will not take effect upon my own person, revenge themselves on those things to which my affection is chiefly attached, and endeavour to deprive me of life, by persecuting that of Dulcinea, for whom alone I live. I therefore am persuaded, that when my squire delivered my message, they had converted her into a coarse country wench, employed in such a mean exercise as that of winnowing wheat : but I have already said, that it could not be red wheat, nor indeed any sort of wheat, but oriental pearls ; and as a proof of this  
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asseveration, I must tell your highnesses, that when I lately went to Toboso, I could by no means find Dulcinea's palace ; and the day following, while my squire Sancho beheld her in her own figure, which is the fairest in the whole world, to me she seemed a rustic and homely country wench, without any thing sensible in her conversation ; whereas she is in fact the very pink of discretion and good sense. Now, since I myself neither am, nor in all probability can be enchanted, she is the person enchanted, offended, changed, perverted, and transformed, and in her my enemies have taken vengeance upon me ; so that, for her, I shall live in perpetual affliction, until I see her restored to her former state : all this I have observed, that nobody may scruple about what Sancho said of her sifting and winnowing ; for, since they have transformed her in my view, no wonder they should change her form in his. Dulcinea is a person of birth and fashion, one of the genteel families of Toboso, which are very numerous, ancient, and noble ; and certainly no small part of these qualifications falls to the share of the peerless Dulcinea, on whose account the place of her nativity will become famous and renowned, in future ages, as Troy is become famous by Helen, and Spain by Cava, though with a better title and nobler fame. On the other hand, I must inform your graces, that Sancho Panza is one of the most pleasant squires that ever served a knight-errant : sometimes his simplicity is so arch, that to consider whether he is more fool or wag, yields abundance of pleasure ; he has roguery enough to pass for a knave, and absurdities sufficient to confirm him a fool ; he doubts every thing, and believes every thing ; and often, when I think he is going to discharge nonsense, he will utter apophthegms that will raise him to the skies : in a word, I would not exchange him for any other squire, even with a city to boot ; and therefore I am in doubt whether or not

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it will be expedient to send him to that government which your grace has been so good as to bestow upon him ; although I can perceive in him a certain aptitude for such an office ; so that, when his understanding is a very little polished, he will agree with any government, like the king with his customs ; for we know by repeated experience, that great talents and learning are not necessary in a governor, as there are an hundred at least, who govern like jerfaulcons, tho' they can hardly read their mother tongue : provided their intention is righteous, and their desire to do justice, they will never want counsellors to direct them in every transaction, like your military governors, who being illiterate themselves, never decide without the advice of an assessor. I shall advise him corruption to eschew, but never quit his due : and inculcate some other small matters that are in my head, which, in process of time, may redound to his own interest, as well as to the advantage of the island under his command."

Thus far the conversation had proceeded between their graces and Don Quixote, when they heard a number of people talking, and a great noise in the palace, and presently Sancho entered the hall in a fright, tucked with a dishclout by way of bib, and followed by several boys, or rather scullions and other small gentry, one of whom brought a tray full of water, which, by its colour and filth, appeared to be dish-washings, pursuing and persecuting the poor squire, and struggling to thrust it under his chin, while another, with the same earnestness, endeavoured to lather his beard. "What is the matter, fellows ?" cried the duchess, what is the matter ? what designs have you upon that worthy gentleman ? hah ! don't you consider he is governor elect ?" To this apostrophe, the barber scullion replied, "The gentleman won't suffer himself to be washed according to the custom and manner practised upon my lord duke and

his own master." " Yes, I will, cried Sancho (in a violent passion), but it must be with whiter towels, clearer suds, and cleaner hands ; for surely there is not such a difference between me and my master, as that he should be washed with angel water, and I drench'd with devil's ley. The customs of different countries, and the fashions of princely courts, are no farther good than as they are agreeable ; but this here custom of lathering, is worse than the exercise of disciplinants \*. My beard is clean enough, and needs no such scrubbing ; and if any man pretends to lather me, or touch a hair of my head (my beard I mean), saving this honourable presence, I'll drive my fist in his scull ; for these ceremonies of soap-scouring look rather like making game than making well-come." The duchess was ready to burst with laughing at the rage and remonstrance of Sancho : but Don Quixote was not extremely well pleased, to see his squire tucked up with such a dirty cloth, and surrounded with so many sons of the kitchen : he therefore, making a low bow to the duke and duchess, by way of asking their permission to speak, thus addressed himself to the scullions, in a solemn tone : " So ho, you gentlemen cavaliers, I desire your worships will let the young man alone, and return to

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\* In Spain and Italy there is, upon every Holy Thursday, a procession of disciplinants, or people who do penance in sackcloth, carrying a flambeau in one hand, and in the other a scourge, with which they belabour their own shoulders, in such a manner, that the very street is sometimes coloured with their blood. Some of these disciplinants, however, are mere hypocrites, who, under their sackcloth, wear women's stays, buff jackets, and even plates of tin ; so that they are often detected from the sound of the stroke : and at Rome, nothing is more common than to hear the people who accompany these devotees, call out according to the report of the application, *Guipnone di Buffalo ! Busti di Donna ; and Corrazini di Lacra !*

the place from whence you came, or go whithersoever you please: my squire is as cleanly as another, and those trays are as unfit for him as a narrow-necked bottle: take my advice therefore, and let him alone; for neither he nor I understand such impertinent jokes." Here Sancho, taking the word out of his master's mouth, proceeded, saying, "No, no, let them perform their clumsy joke, which I shall bear as sure as it is now night: let them fetch a comb, or what they will, to curry this beard; and if they catch any thing that should give offence to cleanliness, they shall shear me against the hair."

At this period, the duchess still laughing, "Sancho Panza, said she, is certainly in the right in all that he has said, and will be in the right in all that he shall say; he is already clean enough, and as he observes, has no occasion to be washed; and if he does not like the custom of the place he shall follow his own\* inclination: besides, you ministers of cleanliness have been extremely remiss and negligent, not to say presumptuous, in bringing to such a personage and such a beard, trays, wooden troughs, and dishcloths, instead of ewers and golden basons, and towels of the finest holland: but the case is, you are base-born miscreants, and like castriffs as you are, cannot forbear shewing the grudge you bear to the squires of knights-errant." The whole scullion-ministry, as well as the major-domo, who came in with them, believed her grace was actually in earnest, and sneaked away in great shame and confusion, after having untied the dishcloth from the neck of Sancho, who seeing himself delivered from that imminent danger, went and fell upon his knees before the duchess, saying, "From great ladies great benefits are expected; and this that I have now received from your grace, I

\* Su alma en su palma. The original expression literally signifies, "His soul is in his hand," i. e. He is at his own discretion.

can in no other shape repay, than in wishing I were dubbed a knight-errant, that I might spend all the days of my life in the service of such a noble and exalted lady: a peasant I am, and Sancho Panza by name, with a wife and family, and serve in quality of a squire; and if in any of these respects I can serve your highness, I shall be more speedy in obeying than your grace in laying your commands." "Sancho, replied the duchess, it plainly appears that you have learned politeness in the school of courtesy itself: I say, it plainly appears, that you have been bred up at the feet of Don Quixote, who is the cream of compliment, and flower of ceremony; or, as you term it, Sarah-money: long life and prosperity to such a master and such a pupil; one the north-pole of knight-errantry, and the other the very star of squirish fidelity. Rise, friend Sancho, and I will remunerate your politeness, by prevailing upon my lord duke to perform his promise of the government, with all possible dispatch."

Here the conversation being broke off, the knight retired to take his afternoon's \* nap, and the duchess desired Sancho, if he was not very much disposed to sleep, to go and pass the evening with her and her women, in a very cool and pleasant apartment. Sancho told her, that altho' it was really his custom to sleep for four or five hours every afternoon, in the heat of summer, yet, for the satisfaction of her grace's goodness, he would that day strive with all his might to keep himself awake, and obey her commands in all things: he accordingly attended her steps; while the duke gave fresh directions for treating Don Quixote as a real knight-errant, without deviating one tittle from the style in which the ancient knights are said to have been entertained.

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\* In Spain, the people always retire after dinner, and sleep till six o'clock, whence, the afternoon's nap is called *Siesta*.



THE  
ATC H I E V E M E N T S

Of the SAGE HIDALGO,

D O N    Q U I X O T E  
DE LA MANCHA.

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B O O K    I I I .

C H A P .    I .

Of the pleasant conversation that passed between the duchefs, her women, and Sancho Panza ; worthy to be read and remembered.

**T**HE history then relates, that Sancho did not sleep that afternoon, but, according to his promise, went, eating all the way, into the apartment of the duchefs, who took great delight in hearing his conversation, and desired him to sit close by her on a joint-stool, tho' the squire, out of pure good-breeding, begged to be excused : but her grace told him, he should sit as governor, and speak as a squire, for, in both capacities, he deserved the individual seat of the champion Cid Ruy Dias.

Sancho, shrugging up his shoulders, obeyed and took his place, surrounded by all the damsels and duennas, who listened with profound silence and attention. Nevertheless, the duchefs was the first who began the discourse, saying, " Now that we are by

ourselves unheard by any body, I must intreat Mr. Governor, to resolve certain doubts of mine, produced by the printed history of the great Don Quixote; one of which doubts is this: as honest Sancho never saw Dulcinea, I mean the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, nor conveyed to her the letter of signor Don Quixote, which remained with the memorandum book in Sierra Morena, how durst he feign an answer, and pretend that he found her winnowing wheat, a circumstance altogether ridiculous and untrue, so much to the prejudice of the peerless Dulcinea's reputation, and so ill-becoming the station and fidelity of a trusty squire?"

Without making any immediate answer to this interrogation, Sancho rose from his seat, and, moving softly on his tiptoes, with his body bent, and a finger on his lips, examined the whole apartment, lifting up and looking behind the tapestry; and this scrutiny being made, returned to his stool, and replied, "Now, my lady duchess, that I am assured there is no skulker listening, and that we are not overheard by any but this good company, I will, without fear or trembling, answer all the questions of your grace; and first and foremost, I will own I look upon my master Don Quixote as an incurable madman; although sometimes he says things, which, to my thinking, and in the opinion of all who hear them, are so sensible and well directed, that even Satan himself could not mend them: nevertheless, I am really and truly, and without any scruple, fully persuaded within myself, that he is downright distracted. Now, as I am possessed with this notion, I venture to make him believe any story, without either head or tail, like that of the answer to his letter, and another trick that I played him six or eight days ago, which is not yet recorded in the history; I mean the enchantment of Donna Dulcinea, which I palmed upon

upon

upon him, tho' it was a tale as wild and uncertain as the hills of Ubeda\*."

The duchefs desired he would recount that enchantment or deception; and he accordingly related it exactly as it happened, to the no small entertainment of the hearers; but when he was about to proceed in his discourse, her grace interposing, said, "From this recital of honest Sancho, a scruple has started in my mind, and whispers me in the ear, since Don Quixote de la Mancha is so lunatic, crazy, and mad, and his squire Sancho Panza, who knows his infirmity, nevertheless serves and follows him, and even depends upon his vain promises; the said squire must, without all doubt, be more crazy and mad than his master: and if this be the case, as it certainly is, it would be no great sign of wisdom in you, my lady duchefs, to bestow an island on such a governor; for how will he be able to govern other people, who cannot govern himself?"

"'Fore Gad! my lady, cried the squire, your scruple starts in the right place; and I beg your ladyship will let it speak out in its own way; for I know it speaks truth. Had I been wise, I should have left my master long ago; but this was my fate and my misventure: I cannot do otherwise; but follow him I must: we are of the same town; I have eaten of his bread; I have an affection for him; he returns my love, and has given me his colts; but, above all, I am constant and faithful, and therefore nothing can possibly part us but the sexton's shovel. If your highness does not choose to perform your promise of the island, God made me of a less matter, and perhaps

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\* This is an expression proverbially applied to any story that is vague, inconsistent, or of dubious authority; for the hills of Ubeda make an extensive chain, the different parts of which are differently denominated, from the different countries or districts thro' which it extends; so that the whole is not easily ascertained.

your refusal may turn out to the ease of my conscience, for maugre all my madness, I understand the proverb that says, The pismire found wings to her sorrow; and mayhap Sancho the squire may get sooner to heaven than governor Sancho; there's as good bread baked here as in France; and by night all cats are grey; and sure the man his lot may rue, who has not broke his fast by two; between man and man the maw cannot differ a span; and as the saying is, With hay or with straw we'll fill up the crow; the little birds of the field have God for their steward and shield; four yards of coarse Cuença stuff are warmer than as much of fine Segovia serge; when we leave this world and are laid in the ground, the lord goes in as narrow a path as his labourer; and the pope's body takes up no more room than the sexton's; for though the one be higher than the other, when we go to the pit, we must lie snug, and make it fit; or we shall be obliged to find room, though scanty is the tomb; and so good night. Wherefore, I say again, if your grace will not give me the island, because I'm a fool, I shall be so wise as not to break my heart at the disappointment; and I have often heard, that the devil skulks behind the crosses; it is not all gold that glitters; and that from his oxen, his yokes, and his ploughs, Bamba the husbandman was raised to the throne of Spain; and that from his riches, pastime, and embroidery, Rodrigo was taken to be devoured by serpents, if the rhimes of old ballads do not lie."

Here Donna Rodriguez the duenna, who was one of the hearers, interposing, "Wherefore should they lie? said she, for the ballad says as how they thrust king Rodrigo all alive into a tomb full of toads, lizards, and snakes; and two days after, he was heard to cry with a weak and doleful voice, "Now they eat me! now they gnaw the part in which I sinned so heinously!" And therefore the gentleman is in the  
right



right to say he would rather be an husbandman than a king, to be devoured by vermin."

The duchess could neither help laughing at the simplicity of her duenna, nor admiring the discourse and proverbs of Sancho; to whom she replied, "Honest Sancho very well knows, whatsoever a knight promises must be fulfilled, even though it should cost him his life; now, my lord and husband, the duke, though no errant, is nevertheless a knight; and therefore will perform his promise of the island, in spite of all the envy and malice of the world; let Sancho then be of good cheer; for when he least thinks of the matter, he will see himself seated in the saddle of his island and dominion, and grasp his government, which he would not exchange for one of superfine brocade; but I charge him to mind how he governs his vassals, who, I give him notice, are all people of honest parents and approved loyalty."

"With respect to their being happy under my government, said the squire, you need not give me any thing in charge; for I am naturally charitable and compassionate towards the poor; and from him who can knead and bake, it is not easy to steal a cake. By my salvation, they shall not pass false dice upon me! I am an old dog, not to be taken in with,  
\* Come hither poor Tray. I know how to snuff my peepers upon proper occasions; nor will I consent to walk with cobwebs in my eyes; for I know where the shoe pinches. This I observe, because the righteous shall always have the benefit of my heart and hand, but the wicked shall neither have foot nor footing. In my opinion, every governor must have a beginning in the art and mystery of government, and perhaps, in a fortnight's administration, I shall lick my fingers after the office, and know as much of

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\* In the original, And thoroughly understand Tus, Tus; which is an expression in Spain, to wheedle a cur.

the matter as I do of day-labour, to which I was bred."

"Sancho, said the duchess, you are certainly in the right; for no man was ever a scholar at his birth; and bishops are made of men, and not of blocks. But to return to our former discourse about the enchantment of the lady Dulcinea; I take it for an absolute certainty, and not a bare asseveration, that Sancho's scheme of deceiving his master, and making him believe that the country-wench was Dulcinea, whom the knight could not know, because she was enchanted: I say, this scheme was altogether the invention of one of those enchanters who persecute Don Quixote; for I know from very good authority, that the village-maiden who skipped upon the ass, was really and truly the individual Dulcinea del Toboso; and that Sancho, in thinking himself the deceiver, was in fact the person deceived; a truth of which we ought no more to doubt, than of things we never saw; for signor Sancho Panza must know, that here also we have friendly enchanters, who, out of real regard, impart to us every thing that passes, truly and distinctly, without circumlocution or deceit; and therefore, Sancho may believe me, when I affirm, that the jumping wench was and is Dulcinea del Toboso, who is as much enchanted as the mother that bore her; and when we dream of no such thing, we shall see her in her own shape, and then Sancho will be undeceived."

"There is nothing more likely, cried the squire; and now I am apt to believe my master's account of the cave of Montesinos, where he saw my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, dressed in the same manner which I described, when I enchanted her for my own amusement. Now, the whole affair must have been quite the reverse, as your ladyship observes: for it cannot be supposed that my ignorant pate could contrive, in an instant, such an ingenious stratagem; nor can I think

think my master such a fool as, upon my weak and meager persuasion, to believe such an improbable device; but for all that, my lady, your goodness ought not to take me for an evil-minded person, seeing a blockhead, like me, is not obliged to bore into the designs and knavery of abominable enchanters. I contrived the scheme, in order to escape the displeasure of my master Don Quixote, and not with any design to do him hurt; and if it has turned out otherwise, there's a judge in heaven who knows the heart."

"Very true, answered the duchess; but tell me now, Sancho, the story of the cave of Montesinos, which I shall be extremely glad to hear."

Then Sancho Panza recounted every circumstance of that adventure, as it hath been already related; and her grace having heard the whole, "From this incident, said she, we may infer, that since the great Don Quixote says he beheld in that place the same country-wench whom Sancho saw in the neighbourhood of Toboso, it could be no other than Dulcinea, and that the enchanters of this country are very officious, and extremely curious." "This I will venture to say, replied Panza, that if my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is really enchanted, 'tis her own loss, and that it is no business of mine to enter the lists with my master's enemies, who are certainly both wicked and numerous. True it is, she I saw was a country-wench, for such I took her, and such I judged her to be. If that was Dulcinea, it ought not to be laid to my charge, nor am I to be blackened for that reason; yet I must be lugged in at every bawdy-house bench, with Sancho said this; Sancho did that; Sancho went, and Sancho came; as if Sancho were just such as they would please to make him, and not the very same Sancho Panza who has already travelled all the world over in books, as I have been informed by Samson Carrasco, who is, at least, a batcheleering person of Salamanca; and such people cannot tell an

untruth, except when it comes into their heads, or will turn to their account; wherefore nobody has any right to meddle with me; and seeing I live in good repute, and I have heard my master say, a good name is better than tuns of wealth, even shove me into this government, and they shall see marvellous things; for he who has been a good squire will never become a bad governor."

"All that honest Sancho has uttered, said the duchess, is Catonian wisdom, or, at least, the very essence of Michael Verino\*, Florentibus occidit annis. In a word, to speak in his own style, A good drinker is often found under a rusty cloak." "In sober truth, my lady, answered Sancho, I never in my life drank out of malice; from thirst I might, for I have not the least spice of hypocrisy in my belly; I drink when I choose it, and even when I would rather be excused, because I am desired so to do, that I may not seem shy or ill bred; for sure he must have an heart of marble who can refuse to pledge a friend, for though I put on my shoes, I will not defile them; especially, as the squires of knights-errant usually drink water, as they are always strolling through forests, woods, and meadows, and over rocks and mountains, without finding the smallest charity of wine, even though one should offer to purchase it with an eye." "I believe what you say, answered the duchess; at present Sancho may go to rest; and we shall afterwards talk more at large upon these subjects, and take order that with all convenient dispatch he may be, to use his own words, shoved into that same government."

Sancho kissed ~~his~~<sup>her</sup> hands again, and begged her grace would be so good as to give directions about

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\* A young Florentine, of great genius, who died in the seventeenth year of his age, and was lamented by all the poets of his time.



the entertainment of Dapple, who was the light of his eyes. When she asked, what he meant by Dapple; "My afs, replied the squire, whom, rather than use the vulgar term, I call Dapple: when I first came to the castle, I desired madam duenna here to take care of him; and, truly, she was as much affronted as if I had called her ugly and old; though I think it would be more natural and proper for duennas to look after cattle, than to regulate rooms of state. God's my life! what a spite a gentleman of our town had to these waiting gentlewomen!" "He must be some ill-bred clown, said Donna Rodriguez, the duenna; for had he been a gentleman of birth, he would have exalted them above the horns of the moon." "Enough, for the present, resumed the duchess: hold your tongue, Donna Rodriguez, and let signor Panza make himself perfectly easy, and leave me to take special care of Dapple, whom, as being a moveable appertaining to Sancho, I will place above the apple of mine eye." "The stable is a place good enough for him, answered the squire; for neither he nor I are worthy of being placed for one moment above the apple of your highness's eye; and I will as soon consent to his being disposed of in that manner, as I would to drive a dagger in my breast; for although, as my master says, in point of courtesy, one ought to lose the game by a card too much, rather than by a card too little; in respect to asses and the apple of an eye, one ought to proceed cautiously with the compass in his hand, and measure as he goes."

"Sancho may conduct him to his government, said the duchess, and there entertain him to his heart's content; nay, even infranchise him from all labour." "Your grace, my lady duchess, needs not think much of that, replied the squire; for I have seen more than one or two asses go to governments;

ments; and therefore it will be no new practice if I carry Dapple to mine."

This remark renewed the laughter and satisfaction of the duchefs, who having dismissed him to his repose, went to communicate the conversation to the duke; and this noble couple contrived and gave directions about the execution of a pleasant joke upon Don Quixote, which should turn out a famous incident, and be conformable in all respects to the style of chivalry; in which they invented a number, with such propriety and discretion, that they are counted the best adventures contained in this important history.

## C H A P. II.

Which gives an account of the information received, touching the means for disenchanting the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso: one of the most renowned adventures of this book.

**G**REAT was the satisfaction which the duke and duchefs received from the conversation of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; and being confirmed in their design of practising some jokes, which should bear a faint shadow and appearance of adventures, they took the hint for a very extraordinary contrivance, from the knight's account of what had happened to him in the cave of Montesinos: but what mostly excited the admiration of the duchefs, was the amazing simplicity of Sancho, who was by this time brought to believe, as an infallible truth, the enchantment of Dulcinea, though he himself was the only enchanter and projector of that whole stratagem. Their graces having given directions to the servants, touching the execution of the scheme they had laid, at the end of six days they went forth to hunt the wild boar, with as great an apparatus of hunters and spearmen as used to attend the king in person. Don Quixote was presented with a hunting suit, and Sancho

re-

received another of superfine green cloth; but the knight excused himself from accepting the present, observing that, in a few days, he should be obliged to resume the rugged exercise of arms, and therefore could not encumber himself with baggage and wardrobes; as for the squire, he took that which was offered to him, without scruple, intending to sell it with the first opportunity.

On the morning of the appointed day, Don Quixote armed himself at all points, Sancho put on his green suit, and mounting Dapple, which he would not exchange for the best steed in the stable, mingled among the troop of hunters: the duchess came forth very gaily caparisoned, and the knight, out of pure courtesy and good breeding, would have held the reins of her palfrey; but the duke would not consent to his performing such an office. At length they arrived at a wood, between two very high mountains, where the disposition being made, the toils set, and the people distributed in their different posts, the hunt began with a vast noise of hollowing and crying: and nothing could be distinctly heard for the barking of the dogs and the sound of the horns. The duchess alighted, and with a pointed boar-spear in her hand, took post in a place through which she knew the wild beasts were used to come; the duke and Don Quixote likewise dismounting, posted themselves on each side of her grace, while Sancho stayed in the rear, without parting from Dapple, whom he durst not quit, lest some misfortune should happen to that darling beast.

Scarce had they set foot on ground, and taken their stations, supported by a number of servants, when they beheld a monstrous boar baited by the dogs, and pursued by the hunters, running towards them, gnashing his teeth and tusks, and foaming at the mouth. The knight no sooner perceived this savage, than bracing his shield and unsheathing his sword, he advanced

ced to receive him; while the duke did the same with his boar-spear; but the duchess would have been the foremost of the three, had she not been restrained by her lord. Sancho alone seeing this furious animal, forsook his friend Dapple, and running full speed, in order to climb a lofty oak, found his endeavour altogether ineffectual; for having surmounted one half of the ascent, the branch on which he stood struggling to gain the top, unfortunately gave way, and in falling, he was caught by another stump of the tree, so that he hung dangling in the air, without being able to reach the ground. Perceiving himself thus suspended, that his green suit was torn, and supposing that if the wild boar should come up, he would be able to seize him as he hung, he began to utter such doleful cries, and roar so hideously for assistance, that all those who heard his clamour, without seeing his situation, actually believed he was in the jaws of some savage beast. At length the tusky boar being pierced and killed by the number of spears that opposed him, Don Quixote turned about his head, in consequence of Sancho's cries, by which he recognized his faithful squire, whom he saw hanging from the oak, with his head downwards, and hard by he perceived Dapple, who did not forsake him in his calamity: and, Cid Hamet observes, that he very seldom saw Sancho without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho, such was the friendship and fidelity subsisting between them. Don Quixote immediately advanced and unhooked Sancho, who finding himself delivered, and fairly placed upon firm ground, examined the rent in his hunting-suit, which grieved him to the soul; for in that dress he thought he had obtained an invaluable inheritance.

About this time they laid the mighty boar across a sumpter-mule, and covering him with sprigs of myrtle and rosemary, carried him in triumph, as the spoils of victory, to a large field-tent, pitched in the  
middle



middle of the wood, where they found the cloth ready laid, and the table furnished with such a grand and sumptuous entertainment as well bespoke the wealth and magnificence of the founder. Sancho presenting to the duchess the skirts of his torn suit, "If, said he, this had been hare or sparrow-hunting, my coat would have been secure from this unlucky accident; for my own part, I do not know what pleasure there is in attacking an animal, which, if he can once fasten his tusks on you, will deprive you of life. I remember to have heard people sing an old ballad that says,

May bears upon thy carcase feed,  
As erst on Fabila they did."

"That was a Gothic king, said Don Quixote, who, in going to the chase, was devoured by a bear." "That is the very thing, I say, replied the squire, I would not have kings and noblemen run themselves into such dangers for the enjoyment of a diversion which, in my opinion, hardly deserves the name, as it consists in murdering a poor beast that never committed any crime." "There, Sancho, you are mistaken, said the duke, for the exercise of hunting wild beasts is, of all others, the most necessary and suitable to kings and noblemen. The chase is a picture of war, comprehending schemes, feints, and stratagems for taking advantage of the enemy; by this we are enabled to endure extreme cold and excessive heat, to contemn ease and undervalue sleep; our bodies acquire strength, and our limbs agility; in a word, it is an exercise that affords pleasure to numbers, and does prejudice to none; and what renders it superior to all others is, that it cannot be enjoyed by every body, like all the other kinds of sport, except hawking, which is also peculiar to sovereigns and persons of rank: you must therefore alter your opinion, Sancho,

cho, and when you are governor, employ yourself in the chace, which you will find of incredible \* service." " Surely, that cannot be, answered the squire; a good governor will stay at home, as if he had a broken bone. It would look rarely indeed, if, when people fatigued with a journey, come to visit him upon business, he should be taking his diversion upon the hills; in that case the government would go to wreck. In good faith, my lord, such pastime is more proper for idle folks than for governors: I intend, God willing, to amuse myself with a game at cards at Easter, and with nine-pins on Sundays and holidays; for as to these chaces or cases, they neither suit my condition nor agree with my conscience." " God grant, Sancho may behave as he says he will, replied the duke; but, there is a wide difference between saying and doing." " Let it be as wide as it pleases, cried Sancho. A good paymaster needs no pawn; God's blessing is better than early rising; and the belly is carried by the feet, and not the feet by the belly: I mean that, with God's assistance, and a righteous intention, I shall certainly be able to govern like any goshawk; ay, ay, let them thrust their fingers in my mouth, and they shall see whether or no I can bite."

" The curse of God, and all his saints, light on thee, accursed babbler! cried Don Quixote: will that day never come, as I have often said, when I shall hear thee speak sensibly and distinctly, without lugging in old saws? My lord and lady duchess, I intreat your graces to let that madman alone; otherwise he will grind your souls, not between two but two thousand proverbs, dragged in as much to the purpose and as seasonably as I wish God may give him health, or me protection, if I desire to hear them." " The proverbs of Sancho Panza, said the duchess, though

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\* Literally, And you shall see it will be worth a loaf that will serve a hundred.

more in number than those of the Greek commentator, are not the less to be esteemed for the conciseness of the apophthegms. I can safely say for myself, that they give me much more pleasure than I should receive from others, tho' better culled and more suitable to the occasion."

In the midst of this and other such savoury conversation, they quitted the tent, to examine some snares they had laid; in which amusement the day was soon elapsed, and was succeeded by the night, which did not appear so serene and composed as it might have been expected at the season of the year, which was midsummer, but along with it came a certain *darkness visible*, which greatly assisted the design of the duke and duchess. When the night therefore began to fall, a little after the twilight, all of a sudden the four quarters of the wood seemed to be on fire, and here and there, and every where, they heard an infinite number of cornets and other warlike instruments, as if a great number of cavalry had been marching thro' the wood: so that the light of the flames, and the sound of those warlike instruments, dazzled and astonished the eyes and ears of the bystanders, and indeed of all the people in the wood. This noise was succeeded by innumerable *Lelilles*, or cries used by the Moors in battle; the trumpets and clarions exalted their brazen throats, the drums rattled, and the fifes resounded all together, in such a continued and alarming concert, that the man must have been utterly devoid of all sense who did not lose it in consequence of such confusion and uproar. The duke was confounded, the duchess amazed, Don Quixote astonished, Sancho Panza affrighted; and, finally, even those who were let into the secret, seemed to be seized with consternation, which produced among them a most dreary silence.

During this pause, came a postillion dressed like a devil, and instead of a cornet, blew an unmeasurable  
horn,

horn, which yielded an hoarse and dreadful sound. "Holla! brother courier, cried the duke, who are you? where are you going? and what troops are those that seem to march across the wood?" To these interrogations the courier replied in a dismal, hollow tone: "I am the devil, going in quest of Don Quixote de la Mancha: those who follow are six troops of enchanters, who bring upon a triumphant car the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso enchanted, accompanied by the gallant Frenchman Montefinos, to instruct Don Quixote in a certain method for disenchanting the said lady Dulcinea." "If you were the devil, answered the duke, as you say you are, and your figure seems to declare, you would have distinguished that same knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, who now stands before you." "'Fore God! and upon my conscience, cried the devil, I did not see him; for my thoughts are so much distracted by different avocations, that I had forgot the principal aim of my coming." "Without doubt, said Sancho, that devil must be an honest man, and a good christian, otherwise he would not swear 'fore God; and on my conscience! now am I fully convinced that there must be some worthy people even in hell."

Then the courier, without alighting, fixed his eyes upon Don Quixote, and pronounced: "To thee, the knight of the lions (and would I might see thee in their clutches), am I sent by the unfortunate, tho' valiant knight, Montefinos, who commanded me to desire, in his name, that thou wouldst wait on the very spot where I should find thee, because he brings along with him one Dulcinea del Toboso, in order to communicate what will be necessary towards her disenchantment: and as this message was the sole cause of my coming, there is no cause that requires my longer stay. Devils like me be with thee, and good angels guard that noble pair." So saying, he sounded his



his dreadful horn, and rode off, without waiting for the least reply.

This address renewed the astonishment of all present, especially of Sancho and Don Quixote : of Sancho, because, in despite of truth, he saw they were resolved that Dulcinea should be enchanted ; and of Don Quixote, because he could not be certain of the truth of what had happened to him in the cave of Montesinos. While he was wrapt in these meditations, the duke accosted him, saying, " Signor Don Quixote, do you intend to wait ? " " Wherefore not ? replied the knight, here will I wait, courageous and intrepid, tho' all hell should come to assault me. " " Then, for my part, cried Sancho, if I see another devil, and hear another horn like that which passed, I should as soon wait here as in Flanders. "

About this time the night being more advanced, a number of lights began to gleam through the wood, like the dry exhalations of the earth that glide through the air, and are mistaken by ignorant people for shooting stars : their ears were likewise invaded by a frightful sound, like that occasioned by the massy wheels of waggons drawn by oxen ; an harsh and grating noise, from which the very bears and wolves (if any chance to be in the way) are said to fly with terror. This uproar was succeeded by another more terrible than all the rest ; for all at once, at the four corners of the wood, there really seemed to be four encounters or battles : in one place was heard the horrid din of cannon ; in another a vast number of muskets was fired ; here resounded the cries of the combatants ; there the Moorish *Lelilles* were repeated with vast vociferation. In a word, the cornets, horns, bugles, clarions, trumpets, drums, artillery, and musketry, but, above all, the dismal noise of the cars, formed all together such a confused and horrible concert, that Don Quixote was obliged to recollect his whole

whole courage, in order to bear it without emotion: but Sancho's heart died within him, and down he came in a swoon upon the train of the duchefs, who received him as he fell; and, with marks of great concern, ordered her servants to throw water in his face: in consequence of this application he recovered, just as one of the waggons with the creaking wheels came up to the place where they stood. It was drawn by four lazy oxen wholly covered with black trappings, with a large lighted taper tied to each horn, and in the waggon was raised a lofty seat, on which sat a venerable old man with a beard as white as snow itself, that flowed down below his middle, and a large loose garment of black buckram: for the waggon being stuck full of lights, it was easy to observe and distinguish every thing that it contained. It was conducted by two ugly devils clad also in buckram, with such hideous features, that Sancho no sooner saw them than he shut his eyes, that they might not encounter such frightful objects. This carriage being come up, the venerable senior rose up from his lofty seat, and pronounced aloud, "I am the sage Lirgandeo." He said no more; and the waggon proceeded. Another carriage followed in the same manner, with another old man enthroned, who, ordering the waggon to stop, said, with a voice as solemn as the first, "I am the sage Alquife, the great friend of Urganda the unknown." And so the carriage proceeded. Then a third approached in the same style: but he who possessed this throne, instead of being old like the others, was a robust man of a very disagreeable aspect, who rising from his seat, like the other two, exclaimed in a more hoarse and diabolical tone, "I am the enchanter Arcalaus, the mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul, and his whole race." And so the carriage passed on; but when they had proceeded a little way, the three waggons halted; then ceased the dismal creaking of the wheels, and no other

other sound was heard but that of an agreeable, musical concert, which rejoiced the heart of Sancho, who took it as a good omen, and in that persuasion said to the duchefs, from whom he had not budged an hair's breadth, "My lady duchefs, where there is music there can be no harm." "As little should we expect any harm where there is light and illumination," answered the duchefs. "And yet, replied the squire, we may be easily burnt by such torches and bonfires as these, notwithstanding all the light and illumination they produce; but music is always a sign of joy and feasting." "Time will shew," said Don Quixote, who overheard the conversation; and he said well, as will appear in the following chapter.

### CHAP. III.

Being a continuation of what was imparted to Don Quixote, touching the means for disenchanting Dulcinea; with an account of other surprising incidents.

**M**Oving to the sound of this agreeable music, came one of those carriages called triumphal cars, drawn by six grey mules covered with white linen, and upon each was mounted a \*penitent of light, clad also in white, with a large lighted wax taper in his hand. The car was twice, nay thrice, as large as the carriages which had passed, and the tops and sides were occupied by twelve other penitents as white as snow, with their lighted tapers: a sight that excited equal terror and surprize. Seated on a lofty throne appeared a nymph habited in robes of silver tissue, bespangled with innumerable leaves of gold brocade; so that her dress, if not rich, was extremely

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\* *Disciplinante de Luz* is a cant phrase, applied to those who are exposed to a public shame.

gaudy : her face was covered with a delicate and transparent veil of fine tiffany, the plaits of which could not conceal the beauteous features of a young lady ; and the number of lights enabled the spectators to distinguish her charms and her age, which seemed to be turned of seventeen, but under twenty. Close by her appeared a figure, clad in what is called a robe of state, that reached to his feet ; and his head was muffled in a black veil. The car had no sooner come opposite to the duke and duchess, and Don Quixote, than the music of the waits, the harps, and lutes, ceased all at once ; then this figure rising threw aside his robe, and taking off the veil, disclosed to view the horrible and uncarnate form of death ; at sight of which Don Quixote was startled, Sancho overwhelmed with fear, and the duke and duchess exhibited some affected marks of consternation.

This living death standing upright, began, with a languid voice and tongue, but half awake, to repeat the following address :

I Merlin am, by histories bely'd,  
That represent the devil as my fire :  
A falsehood sanction'd by the lapse of time.  
I am the prince of magic, in whose breast  
The Zoroastric science lies entomb'd :  
The rival of invidious Time, whose wings  
Still seek to shade and darken all exploits  
Atchiev'd by the illustrious errant knights,  
For whom my friendship glows and ever glow'd.

Tho' all my fellows of th' enchanted tribe,  
The magi and magicians, ever nurs'd  
A disposition barbarous and harsh,  
Mine still was tender, gentle, and humane,  
A friend to all the various race of man.  
In the profoundest caves of gloomy Dis,

Where



Where my industrious spirit was employ'd  
In forming mystic characters and spells,  
Mine ears were wounded with the wailing cries  
Of fam'd Dulcinea that matchless fair.

I learn'd her strange enchantment, and condol'd  
Her transformation from a gentle nymph  
To the vile figure of a rustic wench.  
An hundred thousand volumes I perus'd,  
Fraught with the dark and diabolic art;  
Then in the horrible and ghastly trunk  
Of this dry skeleton my soul enclos'd:  
And now I come on purpose to impart  
An easy remedy for her mishap.

O thou! the glory of all knights who wear  
Impervious coats of mail and adamant:  
Thou light and lantern, path and north and guide  
Of all who quit the drowsy joys of sloth,  
And starting from the lazy down, embrace  
Th' intolerable use and exercise  
Of rude, unwieldy, sanguinary arms:  
To thee I speak, great chief, whose valiant deeds  
So far transcend the loudest blast of fame.

Quixote, for courage and discretion fam'd,  
La Mancha's mirrour and the star of Spain,  
In order to recover and restore  
Thy peerless mistress to her former state,  
Sancho, thy faithful squire, must undergo  
Three thousand and three hundred stripes, apply'd  
To his posteriors, passively expos'd;  
And he himself must wield the pliant scourge,  
And start, and smart, and tingle with the pain.  
Thus stands th' irrevocable doom pronounc'd  
By the fell authors of her dire mischance,  
And on this errand, gentles, am I come."

"I vow to God! cried Sancho, at this period, not to mention three thousand, I will as soon give myself three stabs with a dagger as three single stripes with a scourge. Now devil take such ways of disenchanting. I cannot conceive what my buttocks have to do with enchantments. Before God! if signor Merlin can find no other method for disenchanting my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, she may e'en go enchanted to her grave." "Heark ye, Don Garlic-eating rustic, said Don Quixote, I shall take and tie you to a tree, naked as your mother bore you, and not to mention three thousand three hundred, give you six thousand six hundred lashes so well laid on, that three thousand three hundred twitches shall not pull them off; and answer me not a syllable, or I will tear thy soul from thy body."

Merlin hearing this declaration, "Not so, neither, said he: the lashes to be received by honest Sancho must be voluntary, not upon compulsion, and at his own leisure; for there is no time fixed for the final execution: nevertheless he is so far indulged, that he may be quit for one half of the stripes, provided he will allow the other half to be inflicted by another hand, tho' it may chance to be a little weighty."

"No man's hand shall touch my flesh; neither another's, nor my own, nor weighty, nor unweighed. What a plague! did I, forsooth, bring my lady Dulcinea into the world, that my backside must suffer for the transgression of her eyes? My master, indeed, who is a part of her, and is continually calling her his life, his soul, his sustenance and support, may, and ought to lash himself for her sake, and take with all dispatch the necessary steps for her disenchantment; but for me to scourge my own body, I denounce it."

Scarce had Sancho uttered this remonstrance, when the embroidered nymph who sat by Merlin's spirit, rising up, took off her transparent veil, and disclosing

a face which to all the spectators seemed more than exceedingly beautiful, addressed herself in these words, directly to Sancho Panza, with a masculine assurance, and a voice that was not extremely melodious: "O! ill-conditioned squire! thou soul of a pitcher, heart of cork, and bowels of flinty pebbles; hadst thou been commanded, thou nose-slaying caitiff, to throw thyself down from a lofty tower; hadst thou been desired, thou enemy of human species, to swallow a dozen of toads, twice the number of lizards, and three dozen of snakes; hadst thou been urged to murder thy wife and children with some sharp and ruthless scymitar; it would not have been strange to see thee shy and fearful; but to make such objections to three thousand three hundred stripes, which there is scarce a naughty boy that does not receive every month, astounds, astonishes, and affrights the compassionate bowels of all this audience, as well as of all those who shall hear it in the future course of time. Turn, O miserable, hard-hearted animal! turn, I say, thy mulish goggle eyes upon these balls of mine that emulate the glittering stars, and see how they weep thread by thread and skein by skein, creating trenches, paths, and furrows through the delightful meadows of my cheeks! Wilt thou not relent, thou crafty and malicious monster, at seeing me in the flower of my age (for I am still in my teens, being no more than nineteen, which is one year short of twenty) consume and pine within the bark of an homely rustic wench? in which form if I do not now appear, it is owing to the particular favour of signor Merlin, who has indulged me so far, that my beauty might melt thy savage heart; for the tears of afflicted beauty soften rocks to cotton, and transform tygers into gentle lambs. Chastise, chastise, obdurate beast, that brawny beef of thine; arouse that slothful spirit which inclines thee to nothing but to gorge and regorge thy voracious maw, and set at

liberty the beauty of my face: and if for my sake thou wilt not mollify thyself, and listen to any reasonable terms, at least relent in favour of that poor knight who stands forlorn at thy elbow; I mean, thy master, whose soul I now can see traversed in his throat, not above ten fingers breadth from his lips, waiting for nothing but thy kind or rigorous reply, in consequence of which it will either leap out of his mouth, or retire to his stomach."

Don Quixote hearing these words, felt his throat, and turning to the duke, "By Heaven! my lord, said he, Dulcinea has spoke truth; for here do I feel my soul traversed in my throat, like the nut of a cross-bow." When the duchess asked what Sancho said to that circumstance, "I say, replied the squire, what I have said already, that the whipping I denounce." "You must call it renounce, said the duke, and not denounce." "I would your grace would let me alone, answered Sancho: this is no time for me to mind niceties and letters, more nor less; for I am so confounded at those stripes which I am to receive, or execute upon myself, that I neither know what I am saying or doing: yet I should be glad to know where my lady Dulcinea del Toboso learned that manner of asking favours. She comes to desire me to tear open my flesh with a horse-whip, and calls me foul of a pitcher, obdurate beast, and a whole rigmarole of villanous names, which the devil may suffer for me! What a plague! is my flesh made of brass? or is it any thing to me, whether she is disenchanting or no? What baskets of white linen, shirts, caps and socks (tho' I wear none) does she bring to soften me? Nothing but abuse upon abuse; without remembering the proverb, that says, An ass loaded with gold will skip over a mountain. A generous gift the rock will rift. We must fervently pray, and hammer away. I will give thee, is good; but here take it, is better. Then, my master, who ought to lead me fair and softly



softly by the hand, and persuade me with gentle words to whip myself into wool and carded cotton; declares, forsooth, that if he should once take me in hand, he will tie me naked to a tree, and double the allowance of stripes. These angry gentlemen ought to consider it is not only a squire, but a governor whom they desire to flog himself; as if it was no more than drinking after cherries. Let them learn, let them learn, with a vengeance, how to intreat and beg with good breeding; for all seasons are not the same; and a man is not always in good humour: here am I ready to burst with vexation to see the rent in my green coat; and they must needs come and desire me to whip myself with good will, when God knows, I am as far from doing it with good will, as I am from turning \*Turk."

"Nevertheless, friend Sancho, said the duke, if your heart does not become softer than a ripe fig, you shall finger no government of mine. It would be a fine scheme, indeed, if I should send to my islanders, a cruel, flinty-hearted governor, who would not melt at the tears of damsels in affliction; nor at the intreaties of wise, imperious, ancient sages and enchanters. In a word, Sancho, you must either consent to whip yourself, or be whipped, or lay aside all thoughts of being a governor."

"My good lord, replied the squire, will they not give me two days to consider and determine what will be for the best?" "By no means, cried Merlin: on this very spot, and this very instant, the business must be discussed: otherwise Dulcinea will return to the cave of Montesinos, and the appearance of a country wench; whereas, if you comply, she will, in her present form, be transported to the Elysian

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\* Literally, cacique; which was the appellation given to Indian princes.

fields, where she must reside until the number of the stripes be accomplished."

"Go to, honest Sancho, said the duchess, pluck up your spirits, and behave like a grateful squire that has eaten the bread of signor Don Quixote, who is entitled to the service and acknowledgments of us all, by his amiable disposition and sublime chivalry. Say aye, my son, to this same flagellation, and let the devil fetch the devil; leave fear to the coward; for a stout heart quails misfortune, as you very well know."

To these exhortations Sancho made no reply; but addressing himself to Merlin, with his usual extravagance, "Good your worship, pray tell me, signor Merlin, the meaning of one thing. A certain courier devil came here with a message to my master, from signor Montefinos, desiring him to stay in this place until he should come up; for he would teach him a way to disenchant my lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and hitherto we have seen no such person." To this interrogation Merlin replied, "That devil, friend Sancho, is an ignorant blockhead, and a very great knave. I sent him hither in quest of your master; not with a message from Montefinos, but from myself; for Montefinos is still in his cave, planning, or rather expecting his disenchantment, the worst of which is still to come; but if he owes you any thing, or you have any business to transact with him, I will bring you face to face wherever you shall appoint. In the mean time dispatch, and give your consent to this discipline, which, I assure you, will greatly redound to the advantage both of your soul and body: to your soul, from the charity of the undertaking, and to your body, as I know you are of a florid complexion, and will be the better for losing a little blood."

"What a number of leeches have we got in this world! said Sancho; the very enchanters are physicians:

cians : but since every body says so, although I cannot perceive it myself, I am content to give myself three thousand three hundred lashes, on condition that I may give them when and where I shall think proper, without being confined to any certain time, or rate of allowance ; and I will endeavour to discharge the debt as soon as possible, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, since, contrary to my former belief, she appears to be really beautiful. I likewise covenant that I shall not be obliged to fetch blood with the scourge, and that in case I should chance to be whipped by the officers\* of justice, every lash so received shall enter into the tale : item, lest I should commit a mistake in the number, signor Merlin, who knows every thing, shall take care to reckon them, and give me to understand how far I have fallen short, or exceeded the appointed score." " There will be no occasion to apprise you of the overplus, said Merlin ; for as soon as the number shall be completed, the lady Dulcinea will be disenchanting, and come, out of pure gratitude, to return thanks, and even a recompence, to the charitable Sancho for his good work. You need not, therefore, make any scruple about the superplus or the deficiency ; nor will Heaven allow me to defraud any person, even of a single hair." " A'God's name, then, cried Sancho, I consent in my tribulation : I say, I accept of the penance on the conditions aforesaid."

Scarce had Sancho pronounced these last words, when the music of the waits began to play again, and an infinite number of muskets were discharged, while Don Quixote, hanging about Sancho's neck,

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\* The other translators have interpreted *mosqueo* into a fly-flap, which is undoubtedly one of his meanings ; but as it likewise signifies flagellation at the cart's tail, I have taken it in this last acceptation, which, I think, heightens the humour of the passage.

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imprinted a world of kisses on his cheeks and forehead: the duke and duchess, and all the by-standers, expressed the utmost pleasure, the car began to move, and the beauteous Dulcinea, in passing, bowed to their graces, and made a profound curtsy to Sancho.

About this time the cheerful smiling morn advanced; the flowrets of the field, with heads erect, diffused their fragrance; and the liquid crystal of the rills, murmuring among the variegated pebbles, went sliding on to pay its tribute to the rivers, that waited to receive their customary dues: the joyous earth, the splendid firmament, the buxom air, and light unclouded; each singly, and altogether joined, prognosticated plainly, that the day, which trod upon Aurora's skirts, would be serene and fair. The duke and duchess, extremely well satisfied with the chace, as well as with the ingenious and fortunate execution of their design, returned to the castle, with full intention to perform the sequel of their jest, than which no real adventure could have given them more delight.

## CHAP. IV.

Which gives an account of the perilous and inconceivable adventure of the afflicted Duenna, alias the countess Trifaldi; together with a letter which Sancho Panza wrote to his wife Teresa Panza.

THE duke's steward was a man of humour and ingenuity, who acted the part of Merlin, and adjusted all the apparatus of the foregoing adventure; for he composed the verses, and directed a page to represent Dulcinea: finally, under the auspices of his lord and lady, he projected another of the most agreeable and strange fancy, that could possibly be conceived.

Next day the duchess asking Sancho if he had begun the task of the penance, which he was to undergo for the disenchantment of Dulcinea, he answered in the affirmative, and said, he had that same night given himself five lashes: but when she inquired about the instrument with which they were inflicted, he owned they were applied with his hand. "That is rather clapping than lashing, replied her grace; and I take it for granted, the sage Merlin will not be content with such delicacy: it will be absolutely necessary that honest Sancho should make a scourge of briars, or use a switch that will make him feel it; for learning is not acquired without pain, and the liberty of such an high-born lady as Dulcinea is not to be purchased for a trifle." To this remonstrance Sancho replied, "I wish your grace would lend me some convenient whip, or ragged rope's end, which would do the business without giving me a great deal of pain; for I would have your grace to know, that, although I am a labouring man, my flesh has more of the cotton than the mat-weed in it; and there is no reason that I should

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destroy

destroy myself for another's advantage." "In good time be it, answered the duchess: to-morrow morning I will give you a scourge that will fit you to a hair, and agree as well with the tenderness of your flesh, as if it was your own brother."

This affair being adjusted, "My lady, said Sancho Panza, your highness must know I have writ a letter to my wife Tereza Panza, giving an account of all that hath befallen me since we parted: here it is in my bosom, and wants nothing but a superscription. I wish your grace, in your great understanding, would read it; for, in my mind, it smacks of the governor; I mean, of the manner in which governors ought to write." "And who was the inditer?" said the duchess. "Who should indite it, sinner that I am, but myself?" answered the squire. "Did you likewise write it yourself?" replied her grace. "I did not so much as think of any such matter, said Sancho; for the truth is, I can neither read nor write, tho' I know very well how to set my mark." "Let us see this epistle, quoth the duchess, in which, I dare say, you have displayed the quality and extent of your understanding."

Then Sancho pulling an open letter from his bosom, the duchess took and read it to this effect:

#### Sancho's Letter to his wife Tereza Panza.

"IF I have been finely lashed, I have been well mounted; if I have obtained a good government, it has cost me a good whipping. This, Teresa, thou wilt not now understand, but shalt learn some other opportunity. Know, Teresa, I am determined thou shalt ride in a coach, which is a resolution pat to the purpose; for any other way of travelling is fit for none but cats. A governor's lady you shall be, and I would fain see the best of them tread



tread upon thy heels. I have sent thee a green hunting-suit, which was a present from my lady duchess. Make it up into a petticoat and jacket for our daughter. My master Don Quixote, as I have heard in this country, is a sensible madman, and a diverting fool, and I myself am nothing short of him in these respects. We have been in the cave of Montesinos, and the sage Merlin has pitched upon me to disenchant the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who in your parts is called Aldonza Lorenzo: with three thousand three hundred stripes, lacking five, which I am to give myself, she will be as much disenchanted as the mother that bore her. Thou shalt not mention a syllable of this to any person whatsoever; for if you go to seek advice about your own concerns, one will say it is white, and another swear 'tis black.

A few days hence I shall set out for my government, whither I go with a most outrageous desire of getting money; and I am told, this is the case with all new governors. I will feel the pulse of it, and give thee notice whether or no thou shalt come and live with me.

Dapple is in good health, and sends his most hearty commendations: I believe I shall not forsake him even if they should make me the Grand Turk. My lady duchess kisses thy hands a thousand times; return the compliment with two thousand; for, as my master says, Nothing is so reasonable and cheap as good manners. It has not pleased God that I should stumble upon another portmanteau with a hundred crowns as heretofore; but let that give thee no uneasiness, my dear Teresa, for he is safe who has good cards to play; and what is amiss will come out in the washing of this same government. One thing, I own, gives me great concern: I am told that if once I taste it, I shall be apt to eat my fingers; and should that be the case, it will be no cheap bargain; tho'  
the

the lame and the paralytic enjoy a sort of canonry in the alms they receive. Wherefore, one way or another, thou wilt certainly be rich and fortunate. The Lord make thee so, as he very well may, and preserve for thy service thy husband the governor.

From the Duke's castle,  
July 20, 1614.

SANCHO PANZA.

The duchess having read the letter to an end, "In two circumstances, said she, the honest governor is a little out of the way. First, in saying or insinuating, that the government was bestowed upon him, in return for the stripes he must undergo; whereas he knows, and cannot deny, that when my lord duke promised him the island, nobody thought of any such thing as stripes in the world: secondly, he discovers an avaritious disposition, and I should not like to see him a skin-flint; for greediness bursts the bag, and a covetous governor will do very ungoverned justice." "I did not write with that intention, answered the squire: and if your ladyship thinks this is not a proper letter, there is nothing to do but tear it and write another, which perhaps will be still worse, if it be left to my own numscull." "No, no, cried the duchess, this will do very well, and must be shewn to the duke."

Accordingly, repairing to a garden, where they were to dine that day, she communicated Sancho's epistle to the duke, who perused it with infinite pleasure. Here they went to dinner: and after the cloth was taken away, and they had entertained themselves a good while with the savory conversation of Sancho, their ears were suddenly invaded with the dismal sound of a fife, and a hoarse unbraced drum: all the company were startled at this confused, martial, and melancholy musick, especially Don Quixote, whose

whose emotion would not allow him to sit quiet. With regard to Sancho, all that can be said is, that he was driven by fear to his usual shelter, the side or skirts of the duchess: for the sound they heard was really and truly horrible and dreary. In the midst of this confusion and surprize, which took hold on all present, they saw two men enter the garden, in mourning-cloaks, so large and long that they trailed upon the ground. These figures were employed in beating two large drums, which were likewise covered with black, and they were accompanied by a fifer as black and dismal as themselves, and followed by a personage of gigantic stature, rolled rather than clothed with a cassock of the blackest hue, furnished with a train of an unmeasurable length. Over this cassock, his body was girded and crossed with a broad black belt, from which depended an immense scymiter, with hilt and sheath of the same sable colour. His face was covered with a black, transparent veil, through which appeared a huge and bushy beard as white as snow; and in walking he kept time to the sound of the drums, with great gravity and composure. In a word, his tallness, his demeanour, his melancholy dress, and his attendants, were sufficient to surprize, and did surprize, all those who beheld him without knowing the nature of the scheme. With the said solemnity of personification he advanced in order to kneel before the duke, who, with the rest of the company, received him standing; but his grace would by no means hear his address until he rose. The prodigious spectre complied with his desire and stood upright; then unveiling his face, and displaying the largest, whitest, thickest, and most stupendous beard that ever human eyes beheld, he fixed his eyes upon the duke, and in a grave, sonorous voice, extracted and discharged from his ample and dilated chest, pronounced, "Most high and mighty

mighty prince, I am Trifaldin of the snowy beard, squire to the countess Trifaldi, otherwise distinguished by the appellation of the afflicted duenna: from her I bring a message to your grace, requesting that your magnificence would be pleased to give her leave and opportunity to enter and declare in person her mishap, which is the strangest and the newest that ever the most hapless imagination could conceive: and first of all, she wants to know if the valiant and invincible knight Don Quixote de la Mancha now resides within your castle; for in quest of him, she is come a-foot and fasting, from the kingdom of Candaya to these your territories: a circumstance which might and ought to be deemed a miracle, or at least effected by the power of enchantment. She is now at the gate of this fortress or pleasure house, and only waits for your permission to come in."

So saying, he hemmed, and with both hands stroaking his beard from top to bottom, waited with great composure for the duke's reply, which was this: "Worthy squire Trifaldin of the snowy beard, many days are passed since we have been apprised of the misfortune of my lady countess Trifaldi, on whom the enchanters have intailed the epithet of the afflicted duenna: well may you, stupendous squire, desire her to come in; and here is the valiant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, from whose generous disposition she may securely promise herself all manner of aid and protection; and you may likewise give her to understand, in my name, that if my assistance be necessary, it shall not be wanting: for I think myself obliged to grant it, as being a knight, to which title is annexed, and belongs that maxim of assisting the fair sex with all our might, especially widowed, reduced, and afflicted duennas like her ladyship." Trifaldin hearing this declaration, bent his knee to the ground, and making a signal to the fife and drums



to repeat the same note, and resume the same pace with which they entered, he retired from the garden, leaving the whole company astonished at his presence and deportment.

Then the duke turning to Don Quixote, "In a word, renowned knight, said he, it is not in the power of all the clouds of ignorance and malice to conceal or obscure the light of valour and of virtue. This observation I make, because your excellency has been scarce six days in this castle, when the melancholy and afflicted come in quest of you from the most distant and sequestered countries, not in coaches or on dromedaries, but a-foot and fasting, confident of finding in that most valiant arm the remedy and cure of their toils and misfortunes: thanks to your illustrious exploits, which pervade and encircle the whole habitable globe."

"My lord duke, replied the knight, I wish that same pious ecclesiastic was here at present: he, who at your grace's table, the other day, expressed so much ill-will and such an inveterate grudge to knights-errant, that he might see with his own eyes whether or not such knights are of any service in this world, or, at least, be fully convinced that the distressed and disconsolate, overwhelmed with extraordinary woes and enormous misfortunes, do not go for redress to the houses of learned men, to the mansions of parish priests, nor to the knight who never dreamed of going beyond the limits of his own estate; nor to the idle courtier, who would rather inquire about news, that he might have the pleasure of repeating and retailing them, than endeavour to perform actions and exploits for others to perpetuate and record: the redress of grievances, the support of the necessitous, the protection of damsels, and the consolation of widows, are found in no set of people more than in knights-errant: that I am one of these,  
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I return infinite thanks to Heaven, and shall cheerfully undergo whatever danger and disgrace may befall me in the course of such an honourable exercise. Let this duenna approach, and beg what boon she shall desire; I will commit her cause to the strength of my arm and the intrepid resolution of my aspiring soul."

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CHAP.

## CHAP V.

In which is continued the famous adventure of the afflicted duenna.

THE duke and duchefs were exceedingly rejoiced to fee Don Quixote's behaviour correspond fo well with their design. Sancho interposing, "I wifh, faid he, this madam duenna may not throw fome stumbling-block in the way of my government; for I have heard an apothecary of Toledo, who talked like any goldfinch, obferve, that nothing good could happen where duennas interfered. Lord help us! what a fpite that fame apothecary had to the whole tribe; from whence I conclude, that feeing duennas of all qualities and degrees whatfoever are offenfive and impertinent, what muft thofe be who are afflicted, which they fay is the cafe with this \* Trifaldis, or three-tailed countefs? for, in my country, fkirts and tails, and tails and fkirts, are the fame thing." "Hold your tongue, friend Sancho, faid Don Quixote: this lady, who is come in queft of me from remote countries, cannot be one of thofe to whom the apothecary alluded, efpecially as fhe is a countefs; and when ladies of that rank ferve as duennas, it muft be under queens and empreffes; for in their own houfes they are honoured with the title of ladyfhip, and have other duennas in their fervice."

To this remark Donna Rodriguez, who was prefent, replied, "My lady duchefs has duennas in her fervice, who might have been counteffes, had it pleafed fortune; but the law's meafure is the king's pleafure: and let nobody fpeak difrefpectfully of

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\* Faldas, in Spanifh, fignifies fkirts.

duennas, especially of those who are ancient and maidens; for although I am not one of that class, I can easily perceive and comprehend the advantage a maiden duenna has over one that is a widow: and he that undertakes to shear us, will have no easy task to perform." "And yet for all that, replied Sancho, if my barber's word may be taken, you duennas require so much to be shorn that—You had better not stir the porridge though it stick to the pot." "The squires are always our enemies, answered Donna Rodriguez: they are imps of the antichamber, who are every minute making a jest of us; and except when they are at prayers, which is not often the case, their whole time is spent in back-biting, disinterring our bones, and interring our reputation. But let me tell those moving blocks, that, in spite of all they can do, we will live in the world, ay, in noble families, though we should die of hunger, and clothe our delicate or indelicate bodies with a black shroud, as they cover or shade a dunghill with tapestry on a day of procession. In good faith! if I were allowed, and the time required it, I could demonstrate not only to those who are now present, but likewise to the whole world, that there is no kind of virtue which does not centre in a duenna." "I believe there is reason, and a great deal of reason, in what the worthy Donna Rodriguez observes, said the duchess; but she must wait for a proper opportunity to appear in behalf of herself and other duennas, and confute the ill opinion of that malicious apothecary, as well as to eradicate those sentiments from the breast of the mighty Sancho Panza." To this remark the squire replied: "Since the fumes of a governor have expelled the vapours of a squire, I value not all the duennas upon earth a fig's end."

They would have proceeded with this duennian conference, had not they heard again the sound of the fife and drums, which announced the entrance of  
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of the afflicted duenna. The duchefs asked the duke, if it would be proper to advance and receive her, as she was a countefs and person of quality. "With regard to her being a countefs, faid Sancho (before the duke could reply), it would be right for your graces to go and receive her; but in refpect to her being a duenna, I think you fhould not move a ftep." "Who taught thee to interfere in fuch matters?" faid Don Quixote. "Who, fignor? replied Sancho; I interfere, becaufe I am qualified to interfere, as a fquire who has learned all the punctilios of courtefy in the fchool of your worfhip, who is the moft courteous and beft-bred knight that ever the province of courtefy produced; and in thefe matters, as I have heard your worfhip obferve, the game is as often loft by a card too many as one too few; but a word to the wife is fufficient." "It is even fo as Sancho has remarked, faid the duke; let us firft fee a fpecimen of the countefs, and from that fample confider what courtefy fhe deferves."

At that instant the fifer and drummers entered as before: and here the author concludes this fhort chapter, in order to begin another with the fequel of the fame adventure, which is among the moft remarkable of the whole hiftory.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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